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Contents of McClure's Magazine for October, 1925

(*Continued from page 802*)

Fawn O'Mera - - - - - - - - - - - *Elizabeth MacKinstry* 885
A Poem

Marie - *Sapper* 886
A Story

The Man That Got the Call - - - - - - *Elizabeth MacKinstry* 894
A Poem

The Last Lynching - - - - - - - - - *Christine W. Parmenter* 895
A Story. Illustrated by W. C. Nims

Whiz Bang Comes - - - - - - - - - - - - *Theodora Booth* 909
A Story

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE

The Vision at Panama - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 917
A Recently Discovered Letter Written by Christopher Columbus

Columbus - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Joaquin Miller* 922
A Poem

The World That Was Late - - - - - - - - *Arthur Mee* 923

This Pigeon Won a War Medal - - - - - - - - - - - 927

Poems - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Elizabeth MacKinstry* 928
Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry

"Golden Rule" Nash and His Millions - *Albert Sidney Gregg* 936

Poems in the New Handwriting - - - - - - - - - - - 940

Christianity—True and False - - - - - *Frederic W. Farrar* 942

In the Morning I Will Look Up - - - - - *Henry Vaughan* 943
A Poem

Railroads and Dividends - - - - - - - - *Schuyler Patterson* 944
Financial Article

THE NOVEMBER McCLURE'S

JUST BELOW THE SNOW

The Weird Enchantment of Timberline, By Clem Yore

It is the story of the perpetual frontier on the cold, bleak sides of the Rockies, where vegetation, at an altitude of 12,000 feet, wages a never ending battle with the elements.

"The day was still, ominous; the sky, a vast blue bowl inverted; the range, a field of dazzling white. Miles and miles of mountains were tangled everywhere, a panorama of unimagined splendor. The great hills seemed to sleep, to muse, to breathe. Then suddenly, from an overhanging snow-cornice we saw a vast zig-zag show.

"Half the snow shelf had dropped. It fell almost a thousand feet and vanished in a spume of frozen crystal.

"Hundreds of thousands of tons of snow had fallen and *not an echo came back.*"

KINGS, PRINCES AND GOVERNORS

The Life of a Royal Photographer

Ernest Brooks, the author, tells how little the officers of the General Staff cared about the hardships, the misery, the dangers and the suffering that the war caused. He recounts an incident which occurred while infantrymen were dying and the fate of Europe was hanging on the outcome.

"The great event was a spider fight. One captain caught a couple of very large spiders, which he named 'Kate' and 'Old Bill.'

"Their bodies were as large as a shilling piece. They were ugly and fierce, since the captain had fed them to make them so.

"Formal invitations were issued and staff officers came from all parts by motor to see the fight which ended in a victory for 'Kate.'"

ROOSEVELT AND GARY

The Story of Steel and the Panic of 1907

From unpublished documents and original sources, Miss Tarbell has written the HISTORY of the purchase of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co. It is a very different tale from the GOSSIP and RUMOR long associated with that transaction.

Unusual Short Stories and Other Features

THE NOVEMBER McCLURE'S

The Educational Department

ARE WE FACING A CRISIS

The Last Minute

Many parents have already chosen the school for their children. But these last days some are considering not simply individual schools but also the situation as a whole. Arthur B. Reeve believes we are "facing a crisis in education."

Certain Problems

Are we? Dallas Lore Sharp calls the intelligence test, lately much employed, "idiot confirming, moron-making." Lorne W. Barclay thinks that true education does not reach back far enough in the individual life. Commissioner J. J. Tigert sees "the failure of practice to keep abreast of scientific knowledge."

At the Top

Colleges are profiting by this mind-searching,—Yale, Harvard, Michigan, and others. Antioch seems to have made good in training both for effective living and for orderly thinking. Dartmouth, taking counsel with faculty and also with students, is scrapping much of the conventional and making toward "a unified, coherent whole."

The Chance for the Schools

By many the schools are regarded as having special chance to train for practical success. Albert Shaw writes that last June's "graduates who are now turning to business pursuits or taking up particular trades and callings will have some advantage over their friends and companions who are going to spend the next four years as college students."

Reasons Why

Some of the reasons appear worth while. Out of rich experience the following schoolheads write. Mrs. Mollie Woods Hare stresses the unparalled educational value of the constant supervision children get in the good boarding school. Mr. A. V. Galbraith says this is the way to train for worthy leadership. Lifting the discussion even higher, Mr. Frank E. Gaebelein thinks that schools definitely religious "do more to safeguard the moral future of the nation than any other single agency."

Working Together

The need now is for such cooperation as will enable young people to pass as easily from school to college as from class to class. The very improvement, sudden and marked, in both school and college makes transition more difficult than when standards were lower.

Antagonism?

Dr. John C. Sharpe in consequence to-day sees actual antagonism between school and college, and calls for readjustment under "a great leader, who will help us out of the confusion."

A Promising Outlook

About one thing my correspondents agree,—that many schools are now entering on a year of unusual prosperity.

LYMAN P. POWELL

Our Schools

Varying in type these schools are on the McClure's list

Birch Wathen in New York.
Modern day school for boys and girls

Miss Beard's School in New Jersey
Prepares for college and for life

A College Year Afloat
Trip round the world while studying in or for college

Dodge's Institute in Indiana
Telegraphy and Railway Accounting

Halliehurst Hall for Girls in West Virginia
For young women in connection with Davis and Elkins College

Kingsley School in New Jersey
For boys, small classes, long experience

Milwaukee School of Engineering
Teaches all kinds of commercial engineering

Hospital School for Nurses at the University of Michigan
One of the larger schools for nurses

St. John's School, Manlius, New York
College preparation with military training

Massanutten in the Shenandoah Valley
Preparatory and military for discipline

Old Dominion Academy in West Virginia
For small as well as big boys — part military

Riverside in Georgia
Academic, Military, Government Honor School

St. Elizabeth-of-the-Roses in Connecticut
A Mother School for younger boys and girls

Southern College in Virginia
Junior as well as preparatory

Stony Brook on Long Island
A preparatory school distinctly Christian

Wallcourt At Aurora-on-Cayuga, New York
Miss Goldsmith's school for high grade girls

Wayland Academy in Wisconsin
Coeducational, preparatory, junior

Westport Home School in Connecticut
Near New York, for young boys

Williston at Easthampton, Massachusetts
A modern school for boys on an old foundation

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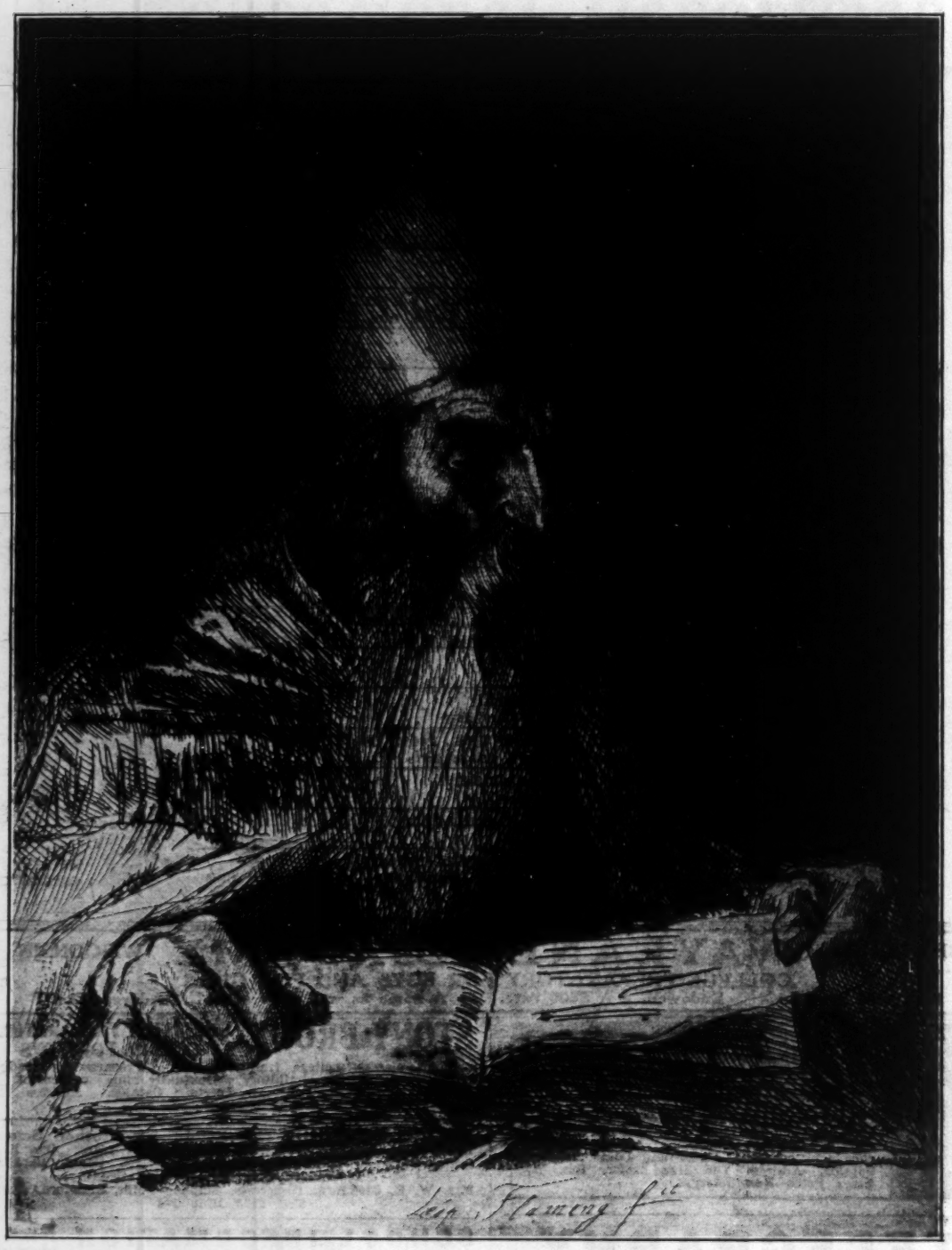


"A FATHER OF THE CHURCH."

The Monks Kept Learning Alive Through the Middle Ages and Developed the Most Beautiful Writing the World Has Ever Seen.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

New Series, Vol. I, No. 6 | OCTOBER, 1925 | Founded 1893 | Whole Number 376

CHILDREN WHO WRITE AS MEN WROTE BEFORE PRINTING

By

Frances M. Moore

Using The Letter-forms And Style Of Handwriting Employed By The Scribes Before The Invention Of Printing, Children Learn To Write More Easily, Faster And Better

FOUR factors determine the practicability of a style of handwriting:

It must be easily legible to those unfamiliar with the individual chirography of the penman. It must be capable of being produced at high speed. It must be as beautiful as is consistent with legibility and speed. Finally, it is desirable that it be simple, so that children may learn it easily.

Graily Hewitt of England has sponsored a system which may be called "Broad Edged Pen Writing." It has been adopted in many schools in Great Britain and has been successfully introduced in several private schools in the United States. The style combines to a surprizing degree these qualities of legibility, speed, beauty, and ease with which it may be taught.

Broad Edged Pen Writing is an educational atavism harking back to the days before printing was invented. Mr. Hewitt and other students had studied the handwriting found in the illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages. They were primarily interested in the beauty of the lettering. As they practised forming the characters they discovered, to their surprize, that legibility and speed were produced by the same strokes and the same technique that made the beauty of the letter-forms.

Then these artists realized that the manuscript writers of the Middle Ages, from necessity, must have discovered the best style of handwriting to meet the requirements of both reader and writer.

When a monkish scribe or copyist made a book by tracing each character with quill pen and ink upon pages of vellum, his primary concern was that his text should be legible. If his copy was difficult to read, his weeks and months of labor were in vain.

Next in importance for the monk's pencraft was the element of speed. Those custodians of the world's wisdom, who were copying the thoughts of the masters for the benefit of their own generation and for posterity, had little time to waste. There was an ever increasing demand for books, a demand so great that it could not be satisfied

From the Present Crisis

New occasions teach new duties; time makes
ancient good uncouth;

Gothic Architecture

The Gothic church plainly originated in
a rude adaption of the forest trees with all

Two samples of the handwriting of the same child. Above, her writing before she learned the new method; below, the resulting improvement.

until the invention of the printing press. Therefore the monks wished to copy as fast as possible.

These scribes were good craftsmen, many of them artists. They took a conscious pride in the appearance of the books they made. They worked for beauty as well as utility.

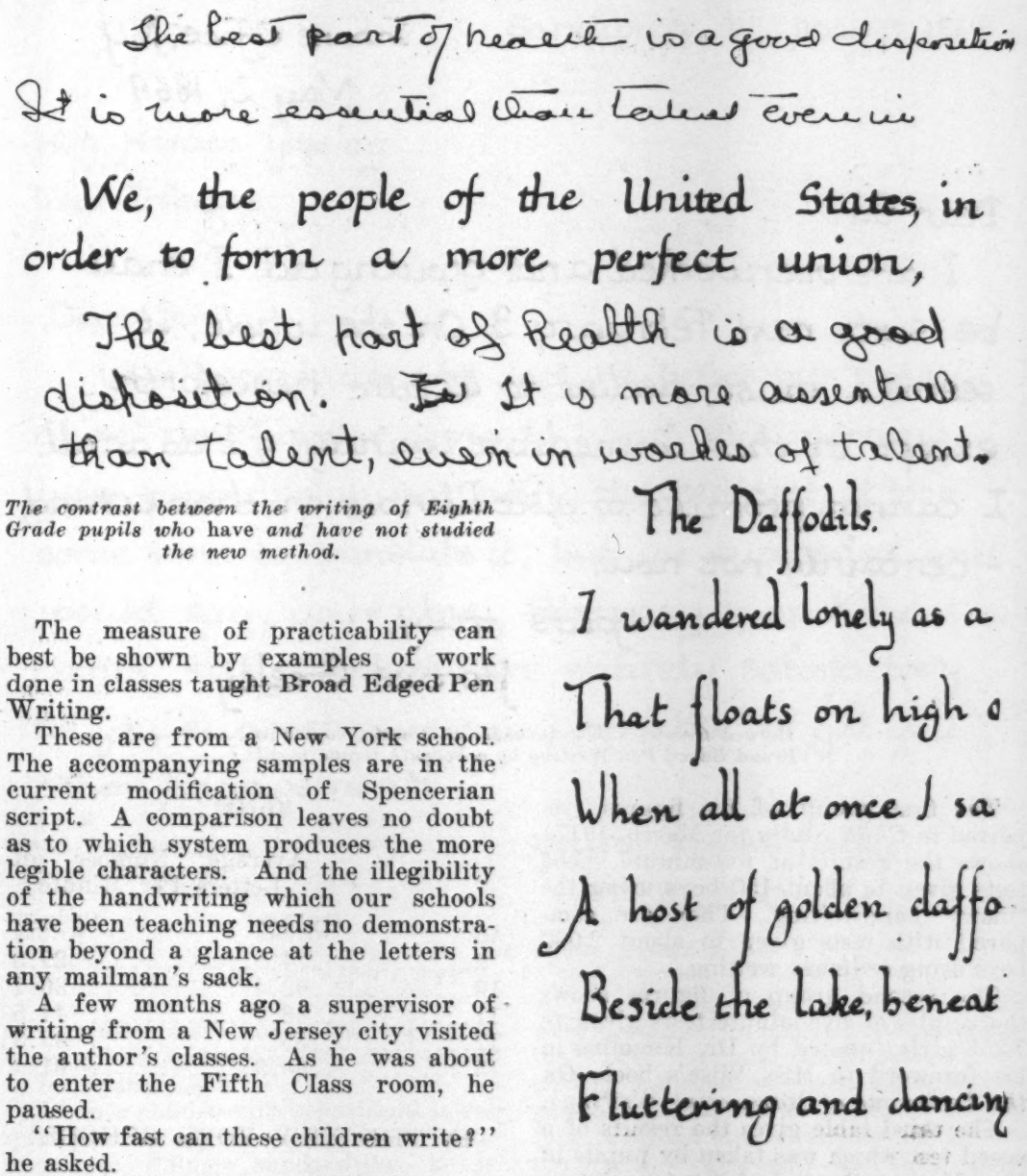
The English investigators decided that our requirements to-day are essentially the same as those of the monks. When our children are sent to school, we demand that they be taught to write legibly. Writing still has the object of transferring thought, although to-day it is used in note-books, letters, ledgers and memoranda instead of in the manufacture of ponderous commentaries and histories, such as the monks worked upon. For the convenience of our children and ourselves, we also ask that handwriting be speedy. And we wish it to be beautiful, to satisfy our esthetic sense.

Narrower-pointed pen (at the left) for adults. Broader-pointed pen (at the right) for children beginning to write.

No person invented handwriting or any style of handwriting. It was clearly a development that reached its highest perfection about the time that printing began. One who compares Fifteenth Century writing with that of the Twentieth Century cannot fail to observe that the monks, not the modern school masters, were the successful specialists.

So, if the children of the Twentieth Century can be taught as the monks were taught, it will be possible to attain a perfection of style which has been forgotten or ignored for four hundred years.

In 1906, Edward Johnston published his text-book, *Writing, Illuminating and Lettering*. About 1913, he and Graily Hewitt lectured to groups of teachers, pointing out the value for ordinary handwriting of the use of the tools and methods of the old scribes. Shortly afterward Mr. Hewitt published his *Oxford Copy-Book*. The writing, he said, "is derived chiefly from the writing books of F. Lucas of Madrid and Giovan Battista Palatino in Venice." Those men of the Sixteenth Century wrote while the high standard of handwriting still prevailed.


The best part of health is a good disposition
It is more essential than talent even in
We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union,
The best part of Health is a good disposition. It is more essential than talent, even in works of talent.
The Daffodils.
I wandered lonely as a
That floats on high o
When all at once I sa
A host of golden daffo
Beside the lake, beneat
Fluttering and dancing

The contrast between the writing of Eighth Grade pupils who have and have not studied the new method.

The measure of practicability can best be shown by examples of work done in classes taught Broad Edged Pen Writing.

These are from a New York school. The accompanying samples are in the current modification of Spencerian script. A comparison leaves no doubt as to which system produces the more legible characters. And the illegibility of the handwriting which our schools have been teaching needs no demonstration beyond a glance at the letters in any mailman's sack.

A few months ago a supervisor of writing from a New Jersey city visited the author's classes. As he was about to enter the Fifth Class room, he paused.

"How fast can these children write?" he asked.

He was assured that, although they had been using the Broad Pen Writing less than two years, they wrote as rapidly as any Fifth Grade children were expected to.

"I still doubt that," was his honest comment.

"How many letters a minute do you expect Fifth Grade children to write?"

"Fifty. They ought to write fifty letters a minute," the supervisor answered.

This Fifth Class was given a three-minute test, using as their copy the words, "Mary had a little lamb." The letters were counted and the averages for one minute computed. No child had written so few as fifty letters a minute and the fastest had written ninety.

Figures on speed in handwriting, however, to be authoritative, must cover the results obtained from many children. Since the new writing has been so recently introduced into the United States, no statistics of real significance are yet available. Dr. C. W. Kimmins, Chief Inspector of the London County Council Schools, has made tests in England which may furnish a standard of comparison.

Tribune Office, N.Y.
May 2, 1869

Dear Sir:

I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next February 3. On the whole, it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand, - certainly not now.

Yours truly,
Horace Greeley

Horace Greeley's letter to M. B. Castle, copied in Broad Edged Pen Writing by a Seventh Grade pupil.

The first group of his figures (reported in *Child Study* for March, 1917) shows the results of five-minute speed tests given to about 150 boys using the "new" handwriting. They are compared with tests given to about 2,000 boys using ordinary writing.

The second group of figures shows the results of five-minute tests given to 7,355 girls (quoted by Dr. Kimmins in his foreword to Miss Wise's book, *On the Technique of Manuscript Writing*).

The third table gives the results of a speed test which was taken by pupils in New York at the end of the second year after the "new" writing had been introduced.

IN THE ENGLISH SCHOOLS

Boys

Age	Average Number of Letters Per Minute: The "New" Writing	Ordinary Writing
9	44	25.1
10	56	32.9
11	58	40.2
12	61.4	46.6
13	72.6	54

Girls

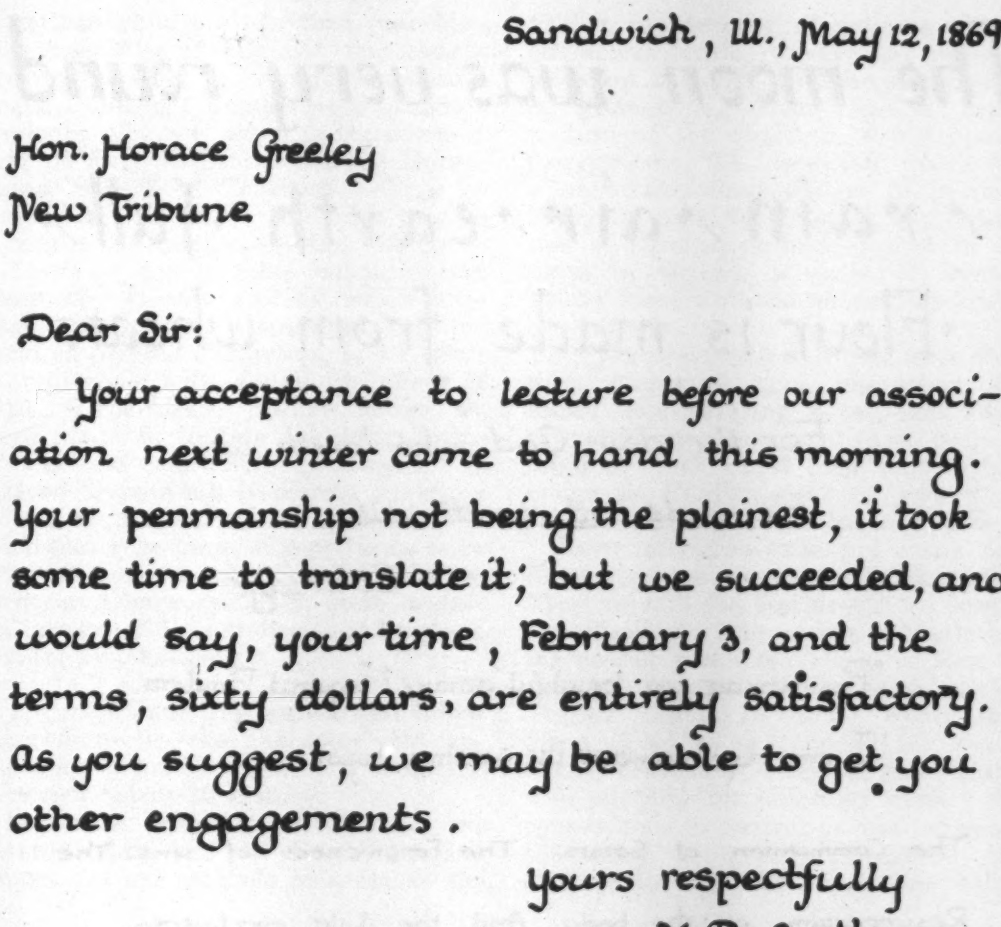
Age	Average Number of Letters Per Minute: The "New" Writing	Ordinary Writing
9	34.9	29.3
10	42.4	36.1
11	48.7	44.5
12	55	49.3
13	60.9	61

IN THE NEW YORK SCHOOL

Broad Edged Pen Writing

Age	Number of Pupils	Average Letters Per Minute
9	25	57.4
10	22	62.4
11	22	68.6
12	21	74.3

If reasonable speed and increased legibility were the only claims of the advocates of the Broad Edged Pen Writing, it would seem to have a distinct advantage over the methods now standard in most schools. But in addi-



Sandwich, Ill., May 12, 1869

Hon. Horace Greeley
New Tribune

Dear Sir:

Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it; but we succeeded, and would say, your time, February 3, and the terms, sixty dollars, are entirely satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements.

Yours respectfully
M. B. Castle

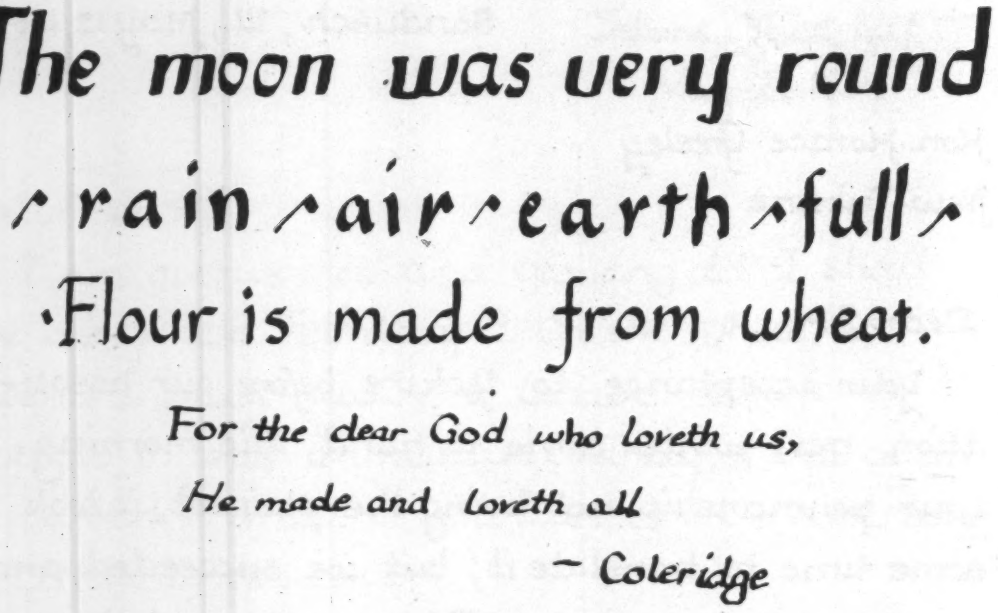
Castle's reply, which has become famous because of the writer's inability to read Greeley's hand.

tion to these essentials, it has a greater beauty, and instructors say it is easier to teach and learn.

When a child begins school and is required to study the improved Spencerian or Palmer handwriting, he is forced to learn four alphabets; an alphabet of printing capitals, of printing small type, of handwriting capitals and of handwriting small letters. On the other hand, if the child is sent to a school where the Hewitt system has been installed, he need familiarize himself with only two alphabets, the alphabet of printing capitals and of printing small letters, for the letter-forms learned are very close to type forms. He is saved nearly two years of drudgery.

It is significant that in the year Broad Edged Pen Writing was introduced into a New York school, the children were permitted to choose between using the "new" or using their old style of writing for their mid-year examination papers. A number of pupils in classes four, five, six and seven elected to use the "new." Not only did these girls finish their examinations in the required time, but in several instances they finished in less time than did those who were using the old writing.

Teachers whose pupils have been using this writing for a number of years claim that the improvement in spelling is extraordinary. The likeness between the written and printed form of the word is an aid in a process in which visualization is usually of more importance than any other factor. The distinctness of each letter in the alphabet tends to increase accuracy by making it impossible to conceal mistakes.


The moon was very round
rain air earth full
Flour is made from wheat.
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all
— Coleridge
"Pray who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.
"I am Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure.
The Communion of Saints: The Forgiveness of sins: The
Resurrection of the body: And the Life everlasting.
Amen

Examples of Broad Edged Pen Writing from the First Grade, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth (beginning at the top).

One cannot write an "i" and an "e" alike and place the dot between them.

The "high visibility" of the letters makes it easier for teachers to correct papers, for the mistakes appear immediately. The writing lends itself to orderliness of workmanship. It seems even to induce orderliness of thought. Since the letters in a word are separated, the writing cannot degenerate into a scribble.

The "new" writing comes to the United States, not as an untried theory, but as one which has proved its value through many years of use in English schools. It is particularly significant that no school has ever abandoned the method after once having adopted it. Its commercial worth is proven by the fact that several large English business houses provide instruction in it for all clerical employees who have not learned it.

In 1919 there appeared in a newspaper an interview with Mrs. Harriett Stanton Blatch, in which she advocated the adoption of Broad Edged Pen Writing. That was the first notice of the new writing to be published in this country. Before that, several of Mr. Hewitt's copy-books had been brought to the United States by Miss Katharine Wilkinson, but, so far as is known, it was not until 1922 that the new writing was actually introduced into a New York school.

In 1922, several persons became interested in its immediate adoption for

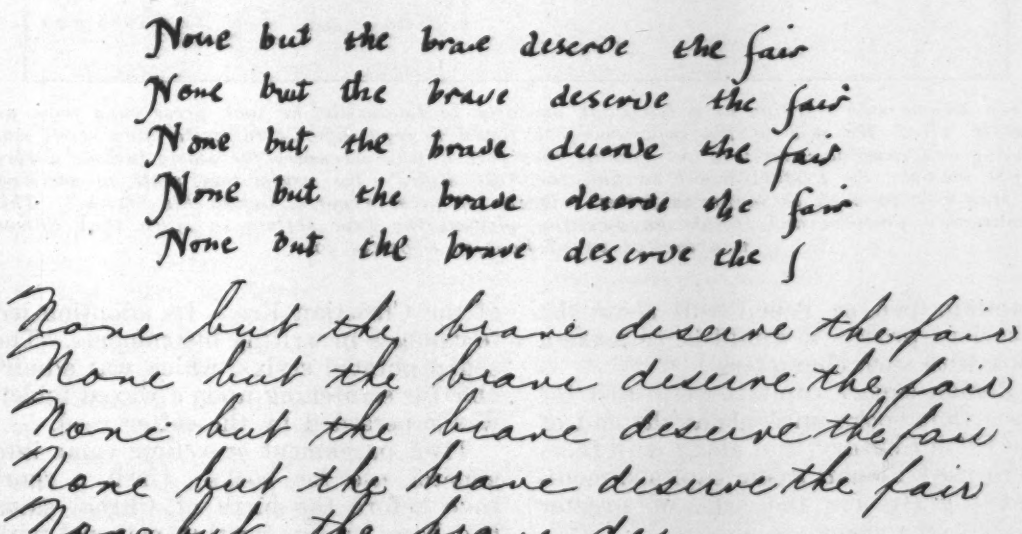
American children. In that year Miss Marjorie Wise of England, who taught the new method in London for several years, came to Columbia as a graduate student. She was asked to introduce it into the Lincoln School and the Horace Mann School of Teachers College at Columbia University, and later to give a course for teachers in the College.

There is one popular misconception about the Hewitt writing which supposes that it is an attempt to copy the form of printed characters, or an effort to reproduce with a pen the effect of type. Type-forms, history shows us, were made to imitate the letter-forms of the best manuscript writing. The *Oxford Copy-Book* is merely a return to one of the best of those models. It resembles type because type-forms were originally copies of manuscript letter-forms and have remained more or less stationary, while handwriting has been constantly changing.

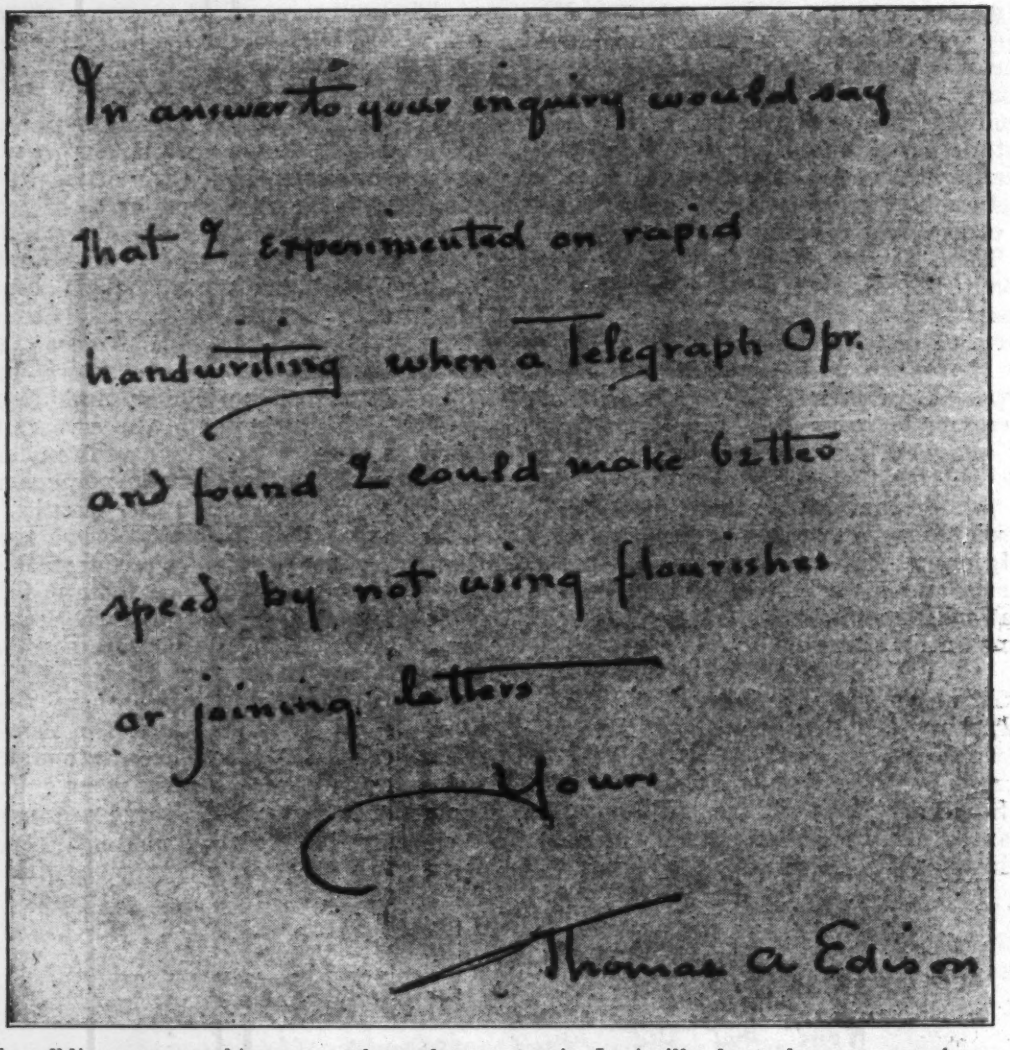
To understand the logical and illogical changes in the character and appearance of handwriting, it is necessary to review briefly its history.

Sometime after "the Garden was planted Eastward in Eden" human beings devised symbols to serve as the visible counterpart of speech. These characters became the type of alphabet we know through the successive stages of pictograph, which was a crude picture of the object it was supposed to represent; the ideograph, which was a conventionalized picture of a whole thought; and the phonogram, which was a conventionalized symbol to express in writing a series of sounds. To-day ideograph and phonogram alphabets are in use in Japan and China. They are so complicated that more than three thousand type characters are found in a printing house, and Japanese children must spend three years to learn as much about their written language as English-speaking youngsters can learn of theirs in three months.

More than two thousand years ago, Roman square capitals were perfected They are still the best design we possess for chiseling. The models of the lettering on our monuments may be seen to-day cut into the stone base of the Trajan column in Rome, where they have served as a standard for nearly twenty centuries. They are particularly well adapted for chiseling work. For convenience in writing it was necessary that they be greatly modified. An attempt to copy the inscription with a



An informal speed test (lasting one minute) conducted in the editorial office of McClure's Magazine. The writer of the new style formed 142 *characters while the other writer formed* 134. *The writer using the Broad Edged Pen Writing has been practising that method only two years, changing his hand as an adult. The other writer wished it made clear that he was writing for legibility and not for speed, during the test.*


In answer to your inquiry would say
that I experimented on rapid
handwriting when a Telegraph Opr.
and found I could make better
speed by not using flourishes
or joining letters
Yours
Thomas A Edison

When Edison was working as a telegraph operator in Louisville, he took press copy from an erratic wire. He said of his experience, "I found it very difficult to write down what was coming and imagine what was not coming, therefore it was necessary for me to become a very rapid writer. So I started out to find the best style." By using this style of writing, he was able to copy as many as fifteen columns of press reports during his "trick." This remarkably uniform and legible handwriting pleased the type setters so much that Edison was invited to go East to a better job.

fountain pen or pencil will show the laborious process it would be to make a book with such characters.

Roman square capitals were used for important books until about the end of the Fifth Century, and along with them were used Roman rustic capitals, modified slightly for the sake of greater facility in writing.

In the meantime, papyrus had been gradually adopted as the most satisfactory writing material. It is not known when it was first taken from Egypt to Rome, but it was common by the time of the Christian Era. Its adoption led to changes in writing instruments. The sharp pointed stylus, which was admirable for scratching upon a waxed tablet, was superseded by the softer reed.

Then parchment or vellum came into general use for books. Until a short time before the birth of Christ, skins had been used as writing material with considerable difficulty because it was not known how to tan them so they could be written upon on both sides. Eumenes II of Pergamum (197–158 B. C.), according to the story, desired

Manuscript box and tablets.
(Roman Era.)

to enlarge his library. He was opposed in his literary ambition by the rulers of Egypt, who forbade the export of papyrus. They hoped to prevent the growth of a library that might rival their own. It is the first recorded instance of a monopoly in knowledge.

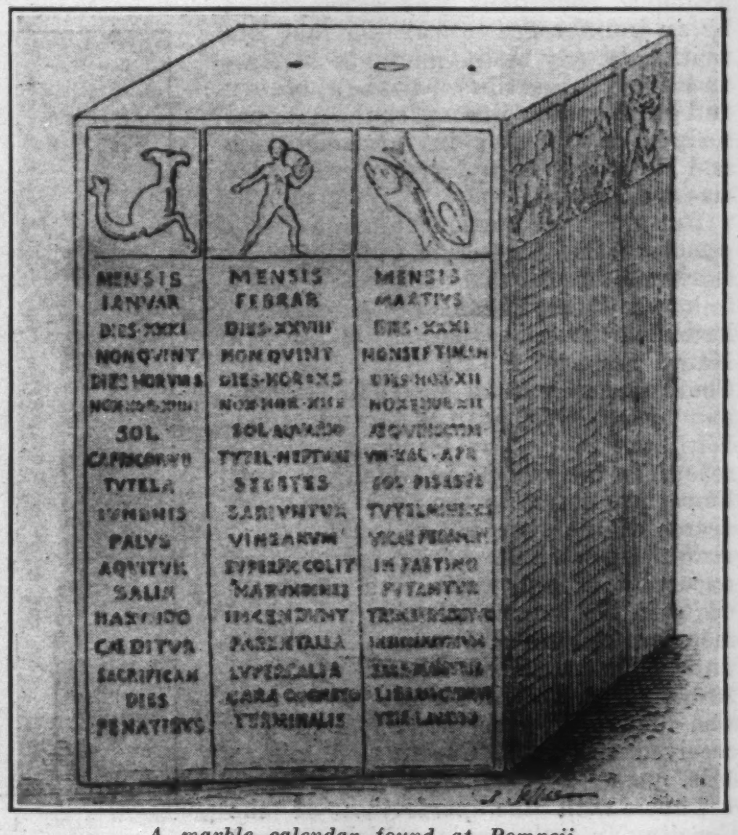
King Eumenes, not willing to be circumvented by an export boycott, turned his mind to the problem of the free library, and told his court inventors and chemists to provide a method of tanning skins so that one could write upon them on both sides. As failure in the experiment was likely to be followed by an execution, the chemists and inventors worked night and day and discovered parchment, which took its name from the city of Pergamum.

Again the use of a new writing material led to the introduction of a new tool, and again the combination brought about a change in the form of letters. The reed, as used in Egypt on sheets of papyrus, was commonly frayed at the end, so that it produced a brush-like stroke. The Greeks and Romans, however, discarded the brush and invented the pen, sharpening the reed to a broad point. This introduced into writing a new possibility, the contrast of thick and thin strokes. When parchment was universally adopted and the reed supplanted by a quill pen, the full beauty of this contrast between thick and thin strokes became apparent.

The tendency toward curved strokes was deliberately cultivated after the introduction of quill pen and parchment. This resulted in the

Tablets, papyrus and inkstand.
(From Pompeii.)

unical alphabet of which the beautifully rounded letters are the characteristic forms. As early as the Fifth Century, this tendency to curved form had gone still further. There appeared practically a whole alphabet of curved



A marble calendar found at Pompeii.
The letters are Roman square capitals.

Egyptian writer.

forms known in the history of writing as a "half-unical" alphabet. This came directly from the proper use of the broad edged pen on parchment.

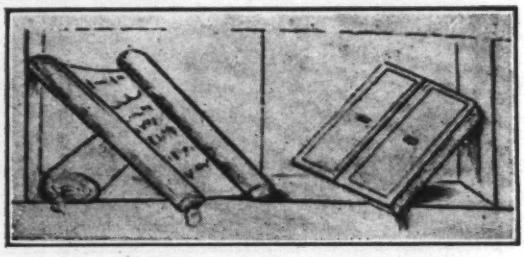
It was, in reality, the first small letter alphabet.

The disintegration of the Roman Empire withdrew the standard which Roman scribes had furnished for the entire realm. Distinct nations, each with its own national consciousness, appeared in Western Europe. National "hands" began to develop with characteristics as readily identifiable as the national characteristics of speech.

The readjustment of political and economic conditions was accompanied by an indifference to learning that left writing largely at the mercy of careless and ignorant scribes. Though beauty and grace appear in some of the national scripts, particularly in the Lombardic and Italian, no high degree of excellence was maintained.

But the appreciation of fine writing was not lost. A reaction from the careless work of the early Eighth Century followed Charlemagne's accession to the Frankish throne. Of this, Sir Edward Maude-Thompson said the reign of Charlemagne was an epoch in the history of handwriting in Western Europe. With the revival of learning, came a reform in the writing in which works of literature were to be preserved. A decree of the year 789 called for a revision of church books; this work naturally brought with it a great activity in the writing schools of the chief monastic centers of France. At Tours, under the reign of Alcuin of York, Abbot of St. Martin's from 796 to 804, was developed the hand which has received the name Carolingian minuscule.

Thus, with the perfection of the Carolingian minuscule which spread from France to adjoining kingdoms, the



Ancient books.

alphabet reached its consummation in the dual form of capital and small letters. The practise of the scribes established their respective uses to which we are accustomed.

The seven hundred years between the fixing of the letter-forms in Charlemagne's reign and the Italian Renaissance may be called the period of perfecting the art of writing, of which the basic principles had already been determined. Many types of script were developed in various countries, but each of them had as its foundation the letter-forms determined by the use of the broad quill pen on parchment.

A saint writing.
(From a manuscript at the University of Poitiers.)

The Eleventh Century marks the actual beginnings of the different handwritings now typical of the several European countries; but all are cast in a common mold. Modifications appear as the expression of differing national or individual characteristics. But there was no radical change in the tools and materials used by scribes. Paper appeared about the close of the Century, but it is so like parchment in use and appearance that its adoption cannot be considered a fundamental change.

During the Renaissance handwriting reached its highest degree of excellence. It is the handwriting of the Fifteenth Century which has supreme interest for the student.

During these centuries, many true artists were writers by profession. Their manuscripts are proof of talent and painstaking devotion to their calling. They did not vary the letter forms, because the Carolingian minuscule was adapted to their purpose. They made no effort to improve upon broad edged pen and paper as their tools, because they found them eminently suited to their work—the best tools to satisfy their demand for legibility, ease of execution and beauty.

The "new" writing is not a slavish imitation of the "book hands" of the scribes.

It is more exactly a reproduction of the "cursive" writing, which was the every-day hand of the copyists. It happened that the investigators found specimens of both "hands" of individual Fifteenth Century scribes; one was the formal hand which they used in copying books, the other was the rapid presentment of this formal lettering.

Papyrus book or roll.

School-master, historian, priest and publisher all in one. Many of the churchmen fully realized their responsibility.

In the writing of books, legibility and beauty mattered most; in the ordinary usages of the monks, speed superseded beauty in importance. The modifications that appeared in the "cursive" hand were those which resulted from drawing the letters more rapidly.

Among the most interesting manuscripts are those written in the copyist's "book hand" with marginal notes in the "cursive" writing of the scholar owner. The models for letter-forms are the same in both hands. It is on the informal "cursive"

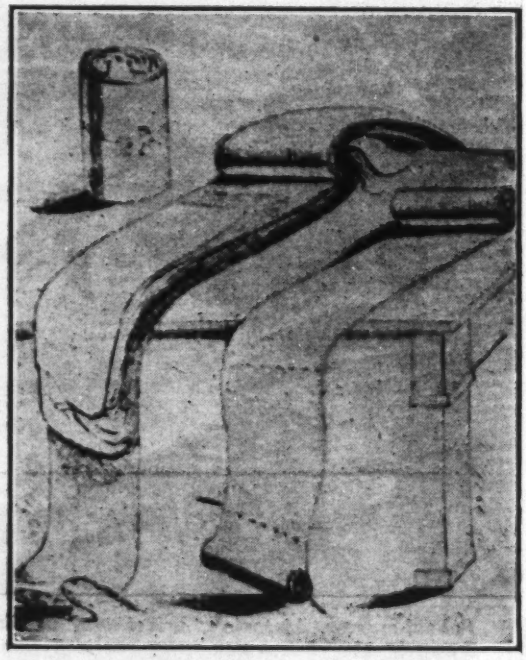
This copyist of the Middle Ages decorated his parchment book with this portrait of himself at work. Note the position of his writing desk and the way he held his pen.

characters that Broad Edged Pen Writing of to-day is based.

Modern handwriting, connected with the name of Spencer in America, appeared as a result and by-product of copper plate engraving. With the invention of printing, the number of professional scribes became smaller and smaller as the demand for their work diminished. This rendered the teaching of handwriting a problem. As a solution of the difficulty, the copy-book idea was born. Engraving had been invented in the Fifteenth Century and the newly discovered art furnished a convenient means of reproducing copies. Any casual experiment will show that working on copper with a burin, as the tool is called, requires a special technique, as different from that of writing with a pen as the technique of writing with a pen is different from tapping the keys of a typewriter. The copper is soft but resistant. The burin is sharp-pointed.

The attempt to imitate handwriting with this tool resulted in changes in letters that made them unrecognizable as descendants of the pen-forms of old. These are some of the changes:

Loops were added to straight line letters. There was a necessary connection of all the letters in a word, because, after lifting the burin from the metal, it was difficult to replace it at the right spot without scratching. In order to join the letters the form of some of them had to be changed. There was also a wider separation of letters in the words. Most important of all, there developed an excessive slope in writing. This was a forward slope because of the convenience of engraving with a backward slope and the subsequent

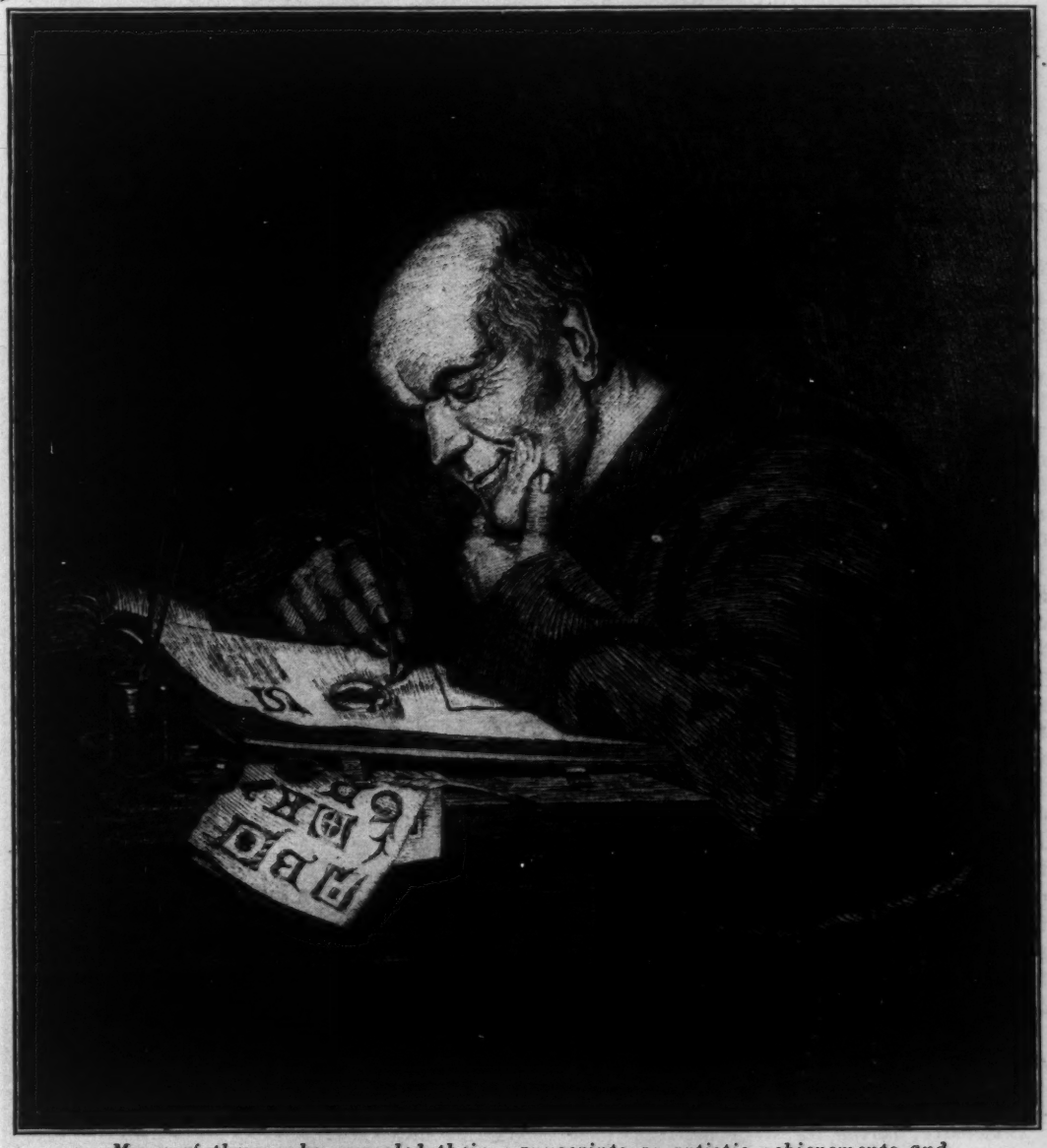


Old English manuscripts on parchment.

reversal of the copy in reproduction.

The addition of loops and the engraving slant effectually did away with the straight and regular lines of writing as it had appeared in the manuscripts, thus destroying the stability and downrightness of the old pen writing. It is the indefiniteness (due to the absence of straight lines) that makes the handwriting of to-day so difficult to teach and to read. One's first impression of poor handwriting, either a child's or an adult's, is that the writing does not seem to know where it is trying to go.

Then there soon appeared the pen cut to a fine point like a burin. This new pen enabled school children more easily to follow the copper plate models in their copy-books. It also introduced the necessity for depending upon alternate pressure and release of pressure to secure the beautiful gradation of thick and thin strokes which had been natural to the broad edged pen. It led to flourishes that effectually concealed the essential form of letters. The steel pen made it possible to imitate the burin more closely than did the fine pointed quill. The use of this new tool served



Many of the monks regarded their manuscripts as artistic achievements and made the copying of them a labor of love.

to exaggerate more and more the deviation from old letter forms.

The recent reformers of handwriting had as their problem the restoration of the old broad edged pen. These pens had been used by artists for lettering. Now, with the effort to revive the old letter-forms, the pens are again being used for ordinary writing.

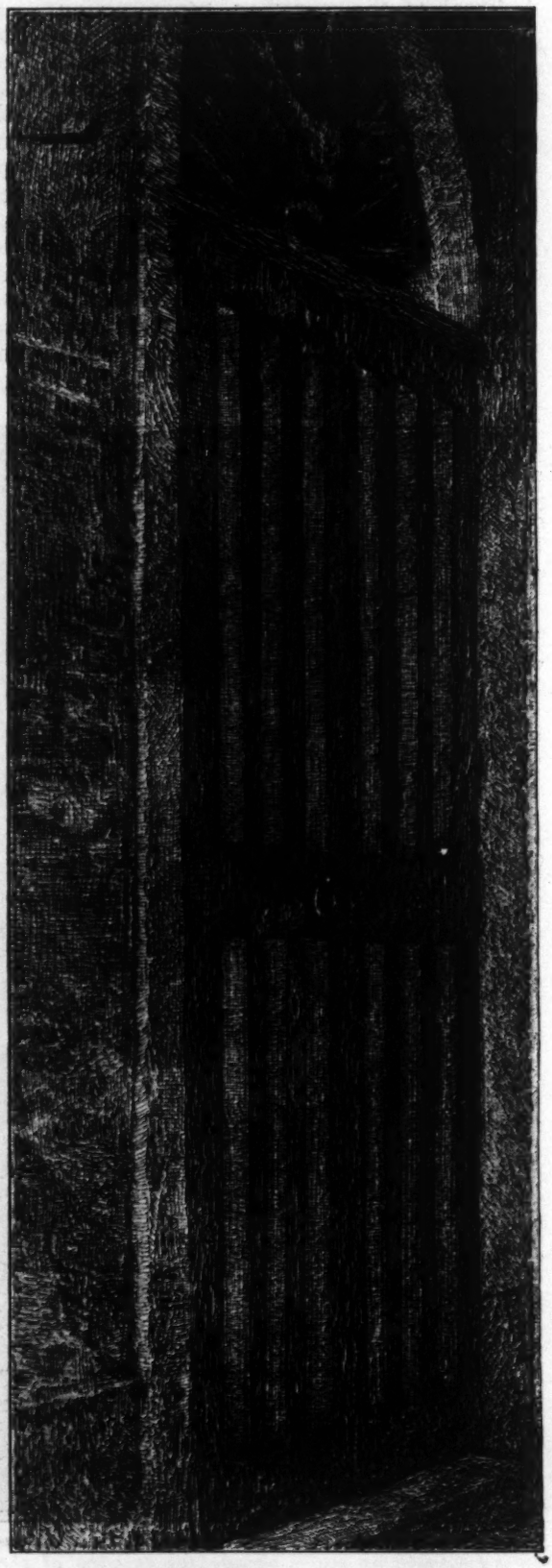
In the United States, as in England, this new-old writing has been called "Print Writing," "Print Script," "Manuscript Writing" and "Script." Of far greater moment than the name used by various exponents of the revival of letter-forms used in the Middle Ages, is the tool employed. With the idea of simplifying the first steps, some teachers have their pupils begin with the pencil or fine point pen, introducing the broad edged pen after the letter-forms have been taught.

This seems unfortunate because the broad, square-point pen by its peculiar conformation dictates to a great extent the very forms of the letters. In the large sized letters which the beginner makes, the pen has much to do with determining the size of the letters. Properly handled, this remarkable tool seems actually to do the writing. The expert may use whatever type of pen he chooses; the untrained beginner learns best the proper forms of his letters by using the tool which in the evolution of handwriting determined what these forms should be.

Freeman says that the majority of school pupils should learn to write in the first six years of elementary school.

The writer believes that this may easily be accomplished with Broad Edged Pen Writing. The forms of the letters will be mastered by the end of the fourth year, while the fifth and sixth will be devoted to gaining needed speed and to continued practise for uniformity of appearance.

This achievement should not be difficult with competent instruction



The monastery door was the only gate to knowledge, during the strife and ignorance of the Middle Ages.

CASE LIBRARY.

and the use of an instrument like the old broad edged pen.

With such a pen the Doomsday Book was written. With such a pen King John affixed his reluctant signature to the Magna Carta. With such a pen the Bishop of Beauvais signed Joan of Arc's death warrant, and his scribes used it to record the details of her "heresy."

There is a certain romance about handwriting not confined to the love letters of the ages.

Take away everything from the world except the inhabitants and those books that have been written by hand, and succeeding generations could reconstruct the best of the past and build a brilliant future. Handwriting is the most enduring, most powerful, most remarkable of the arts. You may raze a city, slaughter the inhabitants, destroy a nation, but written words live on. The written phrase, "The greatest of these is charity," will endure longer than the name of vandal, tyrant or conqueror.

A great thought, once written, will survive, though the paper be burned or the parchment crumble into dust.

In its form, handwriting should be worthy of the dignity of its mission.

KINGS, PRINCES AND GOVERNORS

Fourteen Years of Press Photography at the British Court

By ERNEST BROOKS

CHAPTER III

NOVEMBER of 1911 saw me on board ship again, this time journeying with the recently-crowned King George and Queen Mary to India and the Durbar. Their Majesties had together made a visit to India in 1906, as Prince and Princess of Wales, and both had been touched by the cordiality of their welcome. Their determination to re-visit that country so soon after the coronation occasioned no little surprize in England, and there were many who doubted the wisdom of such a tour. But the apprehension felt for the safety of the new sovereign was allayed when day after day progressed with reports of nothing but triumphant acclamation of Their Majesties all through India.

I remember the beginning of that trip particularly well, since it was then I took my first picture in colors. The King, the Khedive of Egypt and Lord Kitchener comprised the group at Cairo.

The Khedive was especially interested in photography, and was chatting with me on the subject while I was arranging my camera, until King George, tired of waiting, called out, "Come on, Khedive, we are to be taken in colors this time."

At Aden, where the King attended a garden party given by the Governor, an incident occurred that almost resulted in the stranding of the Official Photographer. I had failed to see King George leave the party, with the result that, when I arrived at the quayside, I discovered there was no vessel to take me out to the Medina.

I saw the Governor's launch returning, and I realized that King George was already on board. The Governor found me there in a state of anguish, for I knew the Medina was due to sail immediately. He was good enough to send me out in his launch, but, as we left the quayside, the Medina commenced to steam slowly off.

I stood up in the launch's bow and made futile gesticulations with my arms, shouting, "Hi, stop!" I

The author and Lee, the Royal hairdresser, play Darby and Joan for the amusement of the Court party on the Medina. The author is on the right.

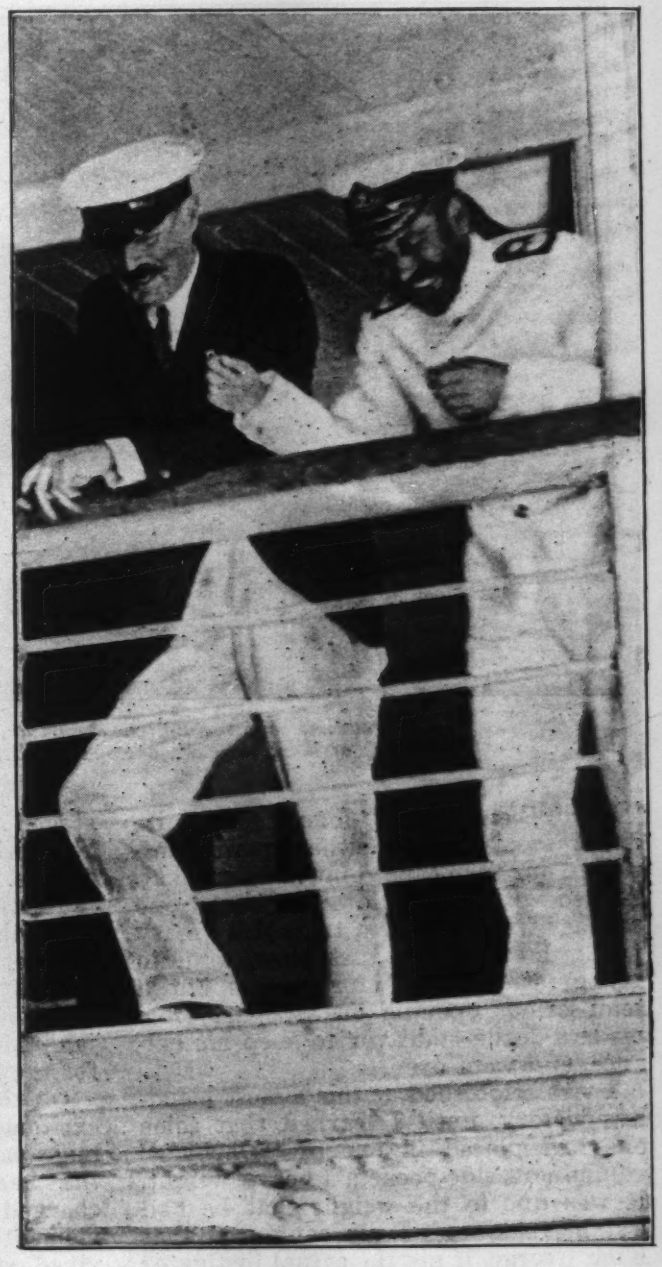
knew that if I missed it I would not get another for seven days.

The Medina did not stop, but we came alongside, and I was pulled up by a rope thrown down to me. Thus I made a not too dignified arrival on board. His Majesty, I learned later, had witnessed the whole performance with great amusement.

On the voyage out, King George had ordered me to take some photographs of himself, as he wanted them for Christmas card purposes. I did so and showed him the prints.

I knew that His Majesty was always very particular about his appearance in photographs, but I was not quite prepared for the "blowing up" I got on this occasion.

The King's eyes are extremely difficult to photograph accurately; they are so blue that they appear very pallid in a photograph. But it was not that weakness which aroused the King on this occasion. It was the fact that I had failed to remove the thin lines beneath his eyes. "Take these lines away," he ordered, giving me back the prints. I had to carry out a very careful retouching on the negative before the King was satisfied.



King George, snapped as he was watching the antics of Darby and Joan.

Life aboard the Medina was very pleasant. There were numerous diversions which made the time pass pleasantly on what was an ideal voyage, concert parties being not the least of these. One of the big occasions was the sports meeting held on the white deck under a turquoise sky. I remember Queen Mary's flushed elation when she won the egg-and-spoon race, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Mistress of the Robes, making a good second.

King George, although taking no active part in the program, was by no means aloof. He contented himself with the rôle of onlooker, and it was obvious from the frequency and heartiness with which he laughed that he was thoroughly enjoying himself. He smilingly congratulated the Queen on her victory.

The event from which His Majesty appeared to derive most amusement, however, was the pillow fight on the greasy pole, in which competition Mr. Lee, the Royal hairdresser, and myself were opponents. Lee was dressed as

It requires eight hundred elephants, besides a small army of men, to make a Royal hunting party possible.

"Darby" and I was "Joan," and, quite apart from our somewhat quaint costumes, our turn caused much merriment. Armed with soft pillows, we faced one another while sitting astride this greasy pole. I aimed the first blow, and, to my great surprize (for it was but a semi-serious opening on my part) Lee made a futile endeavor to keep his balance, and went over.

I was astonished at this almost bloodless victory, until I learned that some one had placed in one of "Darby's" voluminous side-pockets a heavy weight. It was due to the weight that he had lost his balance. I am convinced that King George, if not the actual instigator of the affair, at least had a hand in it. He certainly enjoyed a good laugh over the contest.

I shall never forget the pomp and gilded ceremony of the state functions in India. They were dazzling affairs, the like of which I had never seen before, nor since. I secured some wonderful photographs, but I must confess that by the time I had seen the last of the official pageantry I was glad. I was tired of it, and it was with relief I learned that we were forsaking the staged display of glittering Indian festivities and leaving for the jungle.

In the Royal train we traveled to Biknathori, from which point the party journeyed by swift motor cars along a specially prepared road to the camp which had been laid out by the Maharajah of Nepal, whose guest the King was for the time being.

On the way we had our first touch of excitement in the early evening when a huge panther, attracted by the glare of the headlights of one of the cars, charged into it. No one thought for a moment that the animal could have survived such a furious full-tilt charge. Yet, when the car was pulled up and careful search made, there were no signs of the animal beyond some bloodstains on the hard surface of the road. Apparently it had had sufficient strength, although seriously wounded, to gain the shelter of the surrounding tangle of undergrowth.

Nepal is one of the most closely guarded states in India, and we were proceeding right into its heart. Foreigners are barely tolerated here as a rule, and, in fact, only gain admittance

by special permission. All the members of the Royal party on this occasion were supplied with buttonhole badges on which was King George's photograph. One could not travel without displaying one of these badges. Special permits were also issued, and, I believe, even His Majesty carried one.

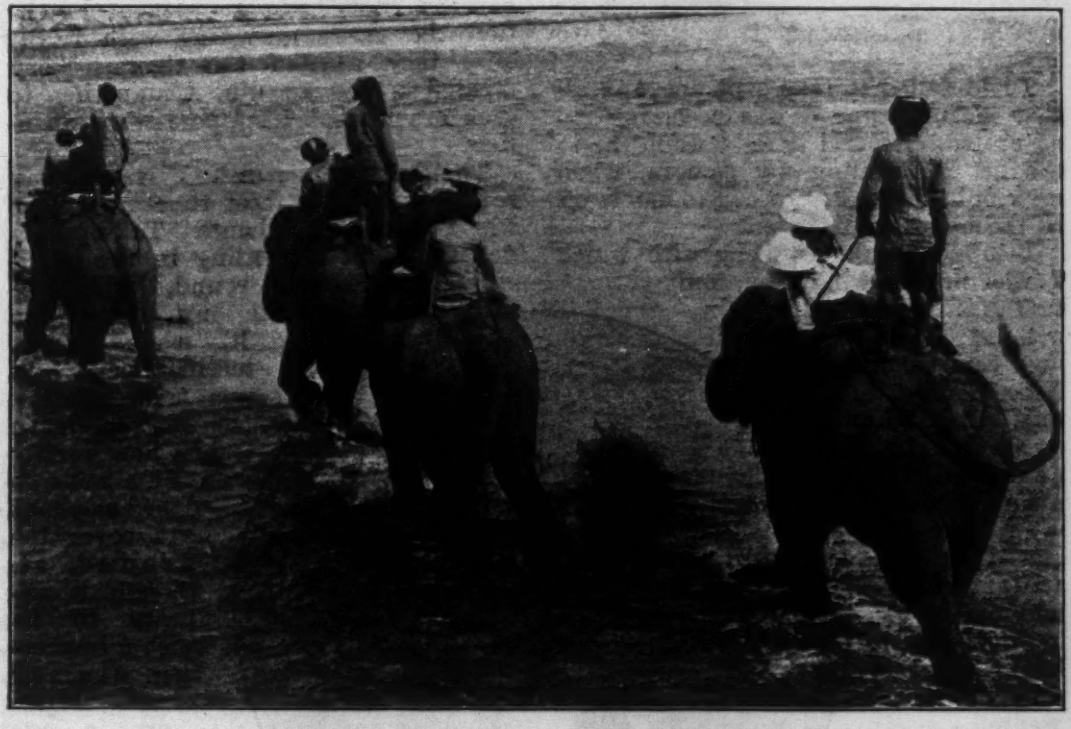
As time was limited, and since the Maharajah of Nepal was anxious that the King should enjoy good sport, no fewer than eight hundred elephants were brought together from different parts of the state and housed in several great compounds near the camp.

These elephants were used for "beating" purposes, and to surround selected areas into which wild animals had been lured by means of live bait.

I saw the preparations for the first shooting expedition. A buffalo was tied to a tree quite close to the river, and the scent soon attracted the wild animals of the neighborhood. I heard their throaty rumblings during the night, mingled with the anguished calling of the buffalo. The buffalo had ceased to exist by the time the eight hundred elephants, in charge of the shikaris, commenced to work inwards towards the center of a circle, about half a mile in diameter, the following morning.

King George is a wonderful shot with a rifle. I have seen him achieve some almost miraculous feats in bagging game in England, and I wondered how he would fare in this more serious and more dangerous sport.

He was as cool as ice, and the fierce nature of the animals seemed to make no impression whatever upon him. He might have been shooting grouse or partridge for all his demeanor showed.



My elephant enjoyed bringing up the rear. He was small, and his perversity was in inverse ratio to his size.

One morning, two magnificent tigers and a goodly-sized bear crashed out of the jungle into a small clearing where the King sat, alert, in the howdah of his elephant. His Majesty stopped the two tigers within ten yards of each other with successive shots. Luckily, I had just time to secure a photograph of the tigers charging before they were laid low.

It was a difficult matter for me on occasions to work up close enough to the

King to secure the pictures I desired. I was mounted on a very small elephant whose perversity was in inverse ratio to its size.

It seemed to enjoy bringing up the rear, and I was almost exhausted by my efforts to keep pace with the others who were mounted on more tractable and longer-striding animals. One day my mount was particularly laggard. Only by dint of great patience and coaxing had I reached the side of the King from time to time, and, on each occasion, my elephant had changed its mind again and had stood like an obstinate mule when I wanted it to proceed.

I had failed to take a photograph all that morning and I was becoming exasperated. Several times I would be in the act of leveling my camera, when my elephant would proceed to amble off in the opposite direction.

I suppose the frequency with which I was approaching him, only to fall into the rear again without making use of my camera, annoyed King George. At any rate, when eventually I reached the position I wanted, he glared at me and testily told me to go to the devil! But I got the picture I wanted

King George thought the elephant a particulary sagacious animal. My opinion was that it was the personification of perversity. I remember, after some pictures of mine had been published, that he took me to task about one.

The scene was described something like this: "H.M. King George big-game shooting in Nepal. His Majesty's bag included six fine elephants."

"What do you mean by saying that, Brooks?" he asked. "You know that I would never kill such an intelligent creature as an elephant."

I explained that, while the picture was undoubtedly mine, I was not responsible for the description. I know King George was more than annoyed at the slip that had been made.

Another example of my elephant's wilfulness was provided the following day. I should have thought that elephants would have become quite accustomed to their work in connection with game hunting, and would have shown little signs of uneasiness. Such, however, was not the case. Almost without exception they were quivering with fright once they scented the tigers. They created a terrific din, trumpeting to each other what I suppose were warnings.

The beast on which I was riding seemed to be the most timorous of the whole army of elephants. Taking sudden fright at a rustling in the grass, it headed round, and, despite all my efforts to check it, made off at a terrific pace. It was a revelation to me to learn just how swiftly a fear-maddened elephant can cover the ground, although it appears to be such a lumbering, clumsy animal. When I saw it was making for the camp I felt relieved. Once having arrived there, it halted as suddenly as it had started, and I took a flying fall from its back, but fortunately escaped with little more than a shaking.

King George waiting for a tiger to break cover.

There was one member of the Royal party, at least, who was heartily glad when the shoot was over. During the few nights spent at the camp he lived in constant dread of tigers, and could seldom sleep. This was partly due to the fact that a practical joker who knew

The tiger, snapped at the moment the King shot him.

of his fears made a habit of serenading him outside his tent each evening. The poor fellow was too scared to venture outside, otherwise he might have discovered that a human agent was responsible for the blood-curdling roars, which had so terrified him.

In some way the affair came to King George's ears, and one day during an expedition His Majesty, turning quickly towards the timid one and pointing to a thick patch at the fringe of the jungle into which a startled deer had sprung, inquired, "Did you see that tiger?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," the poor fellow stammered obviously very ill at ease.

"Good Lord! Who'd have thought it?" was the King's comment. "Fancy any one mistaking a deer for a tiger."

During expeditions such as these, lunch would be served to the company in a clearing which would be cut in the heart of the jungle by the shikaris. The native party and the Royal party dined in distinct camps, and around each group, as they lunched, would be drawn a cordon of men to prevent any interruptions from denizens of the jungle.

A little incident which happened on the occasion of one such halt is worth recording. King George had crossed the intervening space between the two camps and was approaching the Maharajah, when his shadow fell across some of the native food already laid out in preparation for the meal. Unobtrusively the potentate made a signal, and the food was at once removed, to be thrown out later as refuse and "unclean!" All because the shadow of one who was not of their faith had passed across the table!

It was while we were staying at the Circuit House at Delhi that King George almost missed his soup through the over-zealousness of a Cameron Highlander on sentry duty.

The Royal party were living in tents on the grounds of what was called the King-Emperor's Camp. Food for the dinner table had to be brought across the lawn from the kitchens to the marquee that served as the dining-room.

The first night the Royal party sat down to dinner there was a strange delay. King George has a distinct partiality for soup. No soup appeared on the table. Indeed none of the course materialised. His Majesty, unaccustomed to being kept waiting in this manner, could not surmise what had

happened. He had his sergeant-footman despatched to make inquiries of the chef.

Hurrying across the lawn, the sergeant-footman witnessed a quaint tableau. A sturdy Cameron Highlander with bayoneted rifle at the "engage," was holding up the chef, who stood expostulating, a perspiring figure behind a small cloud of steam rising from the soup tureen in his hands.

"Ye'll no cross here without a permit," the sentry was declaring fiercely, taking not the slightest notice of what the chef, in anguished tones, was trying to say.

"But this is the King's soup. I am the King's chef. Don't you understand His Majesty will be waiting?"

"Ye'll no cross here without a permit," the sentry persisted doggedly.

The sergeant-footman eventually succeeded in manoeuvering the chef away from the point of that bright bayonet, and despatched him at once to the dining tent. In the meantime, he persuaded the sentry that the chef was not to be hindered in the future.

Naturally, the sentry reported the matter to his orderly officer when he came on his rounds, and so through different channels the story went until the matter was reported to the Master of the Household, who promptly told King George. And the King enjoyed the joke thoroughly.

Every one of the Europeans with the Royal party suffered dreadfully from the extreme heat, even at those times when we were sitting about idling. During a journey one day the heat was even more oppressive than usual.

A good story was related to me about this trip. King George, as a rule, is able to endure tropical conditions very well, but on this occasion even he was affected. The train was luxurious with a wonderfully equipped bathroom. En route, His Majesty decided to make use of the cold plunge and spray in the bath. Before disrobing, His Majesty had a look at the bath, and tentatively commenced to manipulate the various knobs and stops and taps which governed the water supply. Having tried all the various regulators, the King was perplexed by the fact that no water appeared.

At length an attendant was summoned. "Is this," said the King, pointing to the bath, "a shower-bath or a harmonium?"

And then the attendant discovered that, although the bath taps were in working order, some one had forgotten to replenish the water tank above.

A three hours' wait at any station is seldom an interesting experience. At Nagpur, however, where the Royal train was forced to remain for that period, the tedium of waiting was relieved in an unusual manner. The station and the surrounding approaches swarmed with Indians. They even crowded onto the line and formed a dense mass around the train.

And for three hours they sang *God Save the King* without a break. It was a weird choral effort, perhaps the strangest the King has ever heard. No two sections of the crowd appeared to be singing in time or singing the same part of the anthem; the lung energy used must have left these Indians exhausted when ultimately we moved on. For months they had been rehearsing the anthem, and, doubtless, they thought it was in consideration of their vocal efforts that the wait was prolonged from one of a few minutes to something approaching three hours.

I secured some excellent photographs during our stay in India, as well as during the two voyages. Upon my return, I was commissioned to compile albums, each containing a complete pictorial record of the tour. These albums were intended as souvenirs to be presented to the various maharajahs.

The selection of the pictures and the general make-up of the albums was left entirely to me, and I took particular pains with the task. I had each album bound in Royal red morocco lined with gold, and I felt rather proud of my work.

Her Majesty, however, pointed out to me very soon that I had made a serious error in the lettering on the cover of the album. The Queen had one of the albums in her hand at the moment, and at first I thought she might be referring to a typographical error, although I had passed the proofs very carefully and had observed nothing amiss in the first specimen copy. She explained herself in the next sentence.

The title was "King-Emperor's

Indian Durbar Tour." Queen Mary observed that the correct title should have been "Indian Durbar Tour of King-Emperor and Queen-Empress." I apologized for my oversight, and the Queen graciously allowed the subject to drop.

This incident afforded me yet another example of how particular Her Majesty is about many matters. I have the highest regard for Britain's Queen, and I admire her business-like methods. On another occasion they were brought before my notice.

A letter reached me from Her Majesty's secretary, asking for an explanation of a certain charge I had made. Queen Mary frequently ordered from me for her own purposes prints of photographs I had taken. My usual charge for these was 6d. each. It was when I charged an additional 3d. per print that I was taken to task for the increase.

My explanation that the cost of materials had risen appeared to be satisfactory, for the letter I had in reply was to the effect that Her Majesty quite appreciated my point, and accepted the explanation. A postal order for 1/–, the additional charge, was enclosed.

When I was sending prints to Buckingham Palace, I was in the habit of wrapping them up in hand-made paper tied with a piece of pink tape. Queen Mary told me that I was not to use such expensive paper for the purpose, and that ordinary wrapping paper would do quite as well. This was a typical example of those little economies, in themselves almost insignificant, that collectively resulted in a considerable sav-

King George and four tigers he killed.

ing, which Queen Mary set about making immediately after she came to the throne.

During the course of my work as Official Photographer I learned many secrets about Royalty, and society. None was stranger perhaps than that of the "Veiled Lady" who was wife to a former Lord-in-Waiting to His Majesty, King George.

It happened that I was staying at the beautiful country seat of this peer for the purpose of obtaining photographs of the visit of Their Majesties. I observed that the Lady of the Manor had not been present in person to welcome the Royal guests, but, beyond inwardly remarking that this appeared somewhat extraordinary, I thought little of the matter. It was only when night fell that I was made aware of the significance attaching to her absence.

As I returned to my room for the night, the butler followed me, and a conversation ensued.

"There is nothing you will desire, sir, after you retire?" asked the butler.

The question was quite an ordinary one. It has been put to me time after time in much the same phraseology. But this evening there was something in the manner of the speaker and in his tone that seemed to me to remove this question from the ordinary. I felt that there was more than routine courtesy prompting the question.

"No, I don't think I shall require anything," was my reply.

"Then, in that event, you will not require to leave your room until being called in the morning."

Again I had the feeling that there was something unusual about this fine old mansion. There was just a suggestion of an order about the butler's remark.

"Of course not," I rejoined. "But you appear to be rather solicitous on my behalf."

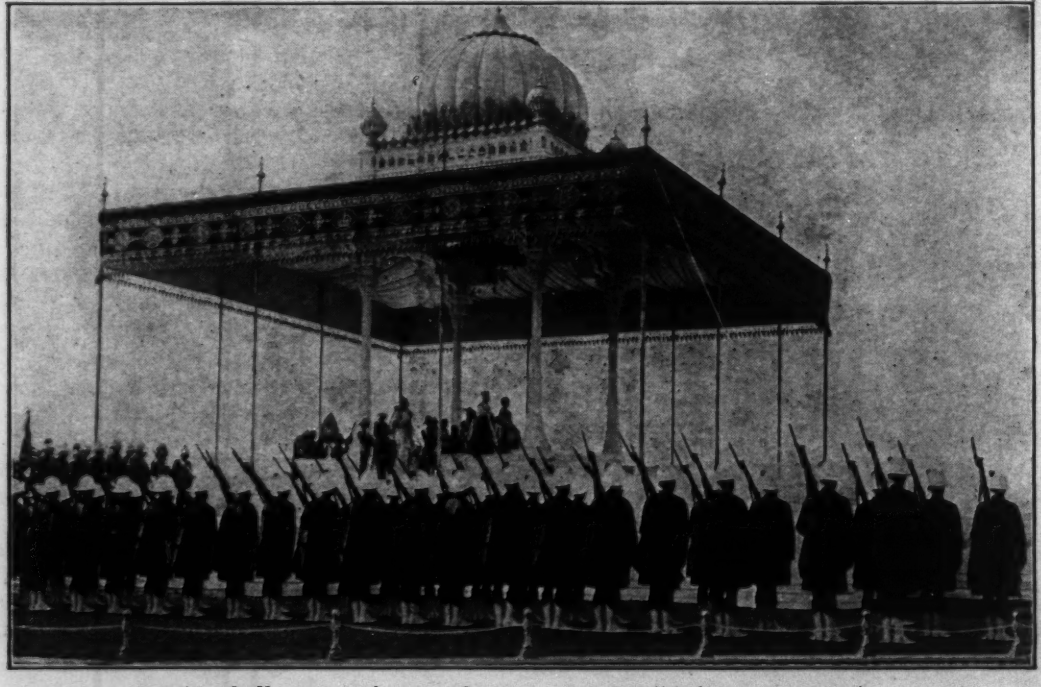
"Ah, I see, sir, that you are not aware of the custom of the house."

I looked sharply at the man. His face remained impassive. Observing that I remained silent he continued.

"After retiring, no guest is permitted to leave his or her room. It is an order of the master's, and it is my duty to see that every one is acquainted with it."

And then I heard the secret.

This man had been for nine years the butler at the house, and had never once seen the mistress. For ten years the lady's husband had not beheld his wife. She remained, a recluse, closeted in her



"I shall never forget the pomp and gilded ceremony of the state functions in India." The Durbar of 1911.

room, attended only by a personal maid and a footman. Only during the night and in the early hours of the morning did she leave her seclusion and move about the house, a white-robed and white-veiled figure, inspecting the work done by the servants during the day.

After the butler withdrew, and before finally retiring, an irresistible impulse overcame me. I opened my bedroom door a bare inch, and, with my eye fixed to the aperture, peered out into the dark landing, straining to catch a glimpse of that fair, fragile wraith of whom I had heard. Then there came to me the realization that I was breaking a confidence, and I quietly closed the door and stole into bed.

I learned later that her Ladyship's eccentricity was ascribed to religious mania. Others declared that a broken love romance was at the bottom of it. Whatever the cause, she lived a silent, lonely life in this beautiful mansion.

She slept during the day and generally rose about one A. M., retiring again at five or six in the morning. Sometimes she would travel up to London in a closed motor-car with black glass windows, and walk about in Berkeley Square Gardens for a few minutes. The chauffeur had orders to turn away his head from the moment he brought the car to a standstill till the signal came to start.

In the absence of special ceremonies or out-of-town visits by Their Majesties, I frequently took pictures of them in their domestic surroundings for their private albums. Sometimes I would do some extra prints which I would hand over to the Master of the Household to use in conjunction with the dinner menus, on which the photographs were pasted.

These pictorial menu cards became quite a feature of many state banquets and other dinners at the Palace. I believe President Poincaré still retains one on which are pictures of his arrival at Portsmouth and in London.

He was greatly surprized at what was, to him, quite a novelty, and asked for and obtained the autographs of both the King and the Queen on his menu as a memento of the occasion.

It is not often that Their Majesties give autographs, and I recall how I once, quite innocently, was the cause of both the King and the Queen having to sign their names forty times in one evening.

The King was leaving for Ascot

King George, just before the Durbar. It is the only photograph ever made of the King walking while wearing the crown.

one day. I photographed his departure from Windsor Castle, and made about fifty prints from the negative. I knew that a large and distinguished company would be dining in the evening. The photographs appeared on the menus as usual.

Among the guests were the Duchess of Portland, Lord Roseberry, Lord and Lady Stanley, Lord Ilchester and Lord Lonsdale. The photograph was considered excellent, and, before the company adjourned, each member of the company had passed his or her menu card completely around the table for autographs.

The result was that King George had to sign his name about forty times. The following day the Master of the Household, Sir Derek Keppel, tactfully informed me that I must not print so many copies of photographs for the menus in future.

Shooting expeditions allowed me ample scope for photographs. I obtained a very fine picture of the King with the gun at his shoulder pointing upwards, and many newspapers printed it. Some time afterwards, on another shoot, I approached his Majesty and asked if he would pose for me in a somewhat similar position. It was very difficult taking His Majesty when in the act of shooting, as he fires rapidly and swings in all directions.

"No," King George replied at once. "I am not going to pose for you. Every Tom, Dick and Harry is being photographed in that pose just now."

During grouse-shooting at Balmoral, the Royal party were enjoying a rest on the open moor. Game had been plentiful, and one and all, without exception, had had creditable bags. Members of the party were sitting about resting.

Lord Dynevor, who was accompanying our present King, then Prince of Wales, squatted down and, producing pen and paper, began to write.

His Majesty smiled at him, and inquired genially if he were writing to Her Ladyship.

"Yes, sir," Lord Dynevor replied. "I always write twice a week when I am away from home."

"Why, I wrote every night when I was away," came the rejoinder.

"Yes, sir," came the ready response, "but you did not have to pay the postage!"

One of the best stories of the King's earlier life as Prince of Wales refers to a visit he paid with General Mundy to Victoria Barracks. It was a semi-official visit of inspection and both the King and the General were in mufti.

The General requested the sentry at the gates to allow them to pass. The Irish Guards were stationed there at the time and discipline was very strict.

"I am sorry, sir," was the sentry's reply. "I cannot let you pass."

The old martinet was not to be put off by a sentry, and he repeated his request, more authoritatively this time.

"I cannot open this gate withou orders, sir," repeated the sentry.

"Don't you know who I am, man," thundered the General in a rage. "I am General Mundy."

The sentry's reply was disconcerting.

"I don't care if you are General Tuesday week! I am not letting you pass."

In connection with my first shoot I remember I made myself look foolish. I was on a newspaper at the time and, when told that I should have to proceed to Bolton Abbey, the Duke of Devonshire's place, to get some exclusive pictures, I realized that I must appear in my best.

I rigged myself out carefully. My sartorial efforts, however, caused the greatest amusement, particularly as I had donned a brand new pair of shiny patent-leather shoes.

The weather broke down, and I received a soaking. Even then, it never occurred to me how ridiculous I looked in patent shoes at a grouse shoot, until the Prince of Wales (our present King) pointed out the fact.

"The man's an ass," he remarked to one of the party.

Nevertheless, it was the Prince who ordered the superintendent of his wardrobe to see that I had a clean suit of clothing in which to return to London, a kindly act which I appreciated.

When I arrived at the office I was greeted with the remark: "Hello, Brooks, how did you fare in all that rain? Weren't you drenched?"

"Oh, I was soaked all right, but the Prince loaned me a vest and a pair of his pants!" And such is the atmos-

A Royal Christmas card, which King George and Queen Mary sent to their friends in 1911.

phere of skepticism in a newspaper office that I had to display the Prince of Wales's feathers done in red on the silk vest before my story was accepted.

I still have the garments in my possession.

I have often wondered from whom King George inherits his remarkable ability with a rifle or gun. I should not say it was from his Royal father. King Edward was a very different shot.

Possibly that was why he was so pleased with a photograph I had given to him. It represented the late King in the act of lowering a gun from his shoulder while, high up in the corner of the photograph, a dead bird was falling.

Perhaps I may now admit that I had superimposed the picture of the bird. There was no falling bird in the original picture.

It was King Edward, too, who demanded of me why I had to come so close to him when I was taking a photograph.

"So that your Majesty will appear larger in the negative," I replied.

"Umph!" was the only comment.

I have been in some awkward corners during the course of my work in photographing Royalty. One very uncomfortable predicament in which I found myself was, I remember, when I had to photograph King George and Queen Mary together. The intention was that two million copies of the photograph should be sent to the troops at home and at the front. These pictures were sent, but the prints were not from my negative. I missed the order.

The story of that lost opportunity revolves around soup, of all things. I may be giving away a Buckingham Palace secret, but it is necessary to illustrate what I am about to relate. King George is at times inclined to be a little "touchy" unless he has a plate of soup about eleven o'clock each morning. This morning soup is invariably served in the gold tureen, on which a crown is embossed, a vessel which was a coronation present from the Prince of Wales to his father.

His Majesty had been rather rushed on the day appointed for the photograph. Hurry of any kind is disliked in the Palace, where, as a rule, everything goes with the smoothness of efficient machinery. As a matter of fact every clock in the Palace is fifteen minutes ahead of Greenwich time, and this device has, I am certain, much bearing upon the extreme punctuality for which the Royal Family are famous.

It had been necessary for King George to travel to Tring to review some troops there, consequently he had had no opportunity to partake of his eleven o'clock soup. By the time he had returned to the Palace it was close on the luncheon hour, which is one o'clock.

I had everything in readiness when the King returned, accompanied by the Queen, who was looking beautiful in a wonderful sable fur coat.

"We must be photographed before luncheon, George," Her Majesty said.

"I am tired," was King George's rejoinder.

The Queen insisted, however.

"Come along, don't be tiresome," was what Her Majesty said. The King came. I could see that, in all probability, I should have some difficulty with my work.

I had no assistant to help me, and had previously arranged a nice cloth background of painted pillars in the conservatory, where His Majesty plays squash rackets and tennis all the year round.

The moment King George saw the back-cloth, he objected to it.

"I am not going to stand against that," he declared testily, and he took up a position a little to the left of it. As His Majesty did so, I observed that he was standing quite clear of the background to which he objected, and I might still be able to get him where I wanted him.

"Will your Majesty kindly come a little more to the right?" I asked while focusing my camera. King George took a tiny pace in the required direction. It was not sufficient.

Again I tactfully repeated the request.

King George took a longer step this time, angrily exclaiming as he did so, "Get on with it, man, don't take so long."

Great beads of perspiration were massing on my forehead. I was the acme of discomfort. However, I had now got His Majesty into the position I wanted against the pillars and with the Queen beside him. Quickly I took my picture.

All the time this was happening I could hear chuckling and laughter behind me. Princess Mary, the Duke of York, and others of the Royal children were peeping through the conservatory door, thoroughly enjoying themselves.

I developed my plates very carefully. Technically the photograph, which I presented to Their Majesties for approbation, was very good but King George appeared in it just as he felt. There was a suggestion of a frown on his features. The Queen, however, looked charming, and thought the photograph of herself very nice.

King George was very obviously displeased with it. "I don't scowl like that," His Majesty said. "What have you been doing to the photograph?"

To that Queen Mary's comment was,

"Well, George, you know you were not very helpful that day."

The proof prints were returned to me as unsuitable.

On the following day, Their Majesties attended the funeral service for Lord Roberts, at St. Paul's Cathedral. I was present at St. Paul's, obtaining photographs, and, in my absence, a messenger had come from the Palace to state that I could take another photograph of the King and Queen upon their return. No one at my studio knew where I was to be found. The result was that another photographer was commissioned to do the work.

I understood later that the King was very pleased with this photograph, but that the Queen, on the other hand, was not. She was not wearing her sables, and, in the photograph which was issued to the troops, Her Majesty was portrayed in a low-necked dress with pearls.

His Majesty was always a very strict censor of the photographs I submitted for approval. Once he was very decided about a photograph I had taken of Princess Mary. It showed her in her first evening frock—Princess Mary was quite a girl then. It was a lovely, pannier frock, which showed to the fullest advantage in the photograph.

But King George was not pleased with it. He didn't like the panniers, and said they had to be cut out of the picture. Princess Mary was so disappointed at this edict—she thought both frock and photograph delightful—that I took only a very slight trimming off each pannier.

King George returned the print again, still dissatisfied, with the instructions that the photograph was not acceptable unless still more of the side panniers was removed.

In its final form, the photograph showed Princess Mary in a frock cut almost to her figure. The pannier frock which she so admired had given place to another. That is the only time I have combined photography with dress designing.

Although His Majesty invariably liked to see proof prints of all the photographs of Royal interest which I took, and to choose from them the ones that I could circulate to the press and those of which he desired copies personally, I came to the conclusion that he would very often accept Queen Mary's decision in regard to them.

The first intimation of this I had was in the form of a letter from Her Majesty's Lady-in-Waiting, thanking me for a set of prints I had sent to the Palace. The letter continued: "The Queen would be glad if Mr. Brooks would always send a duplicate set to the King, when he sends to Her Majesty, as she knows His Majesty would like to have probably the same ones that the Queen has chosen."

I often wondered how artists found King George as a sitter and whether they ever had any experiences similar to mine of that day when His Majesty returned from his review of the troops at Tring.

Then I learned that the King was relieved of the tedium of too many sittings by a deputy, one of the Household servants. When Sir Luke Fields painted the now famous picture of King George in his coronation robes, His Majesty sat only for his head and other essentials. The robes were worn for the most part by the King's brusher, the man who cleans his boots. On more than one occasion, I believe, this man has thus posed for a Royal picture.

When H. M. King George returned his German uniform and decorations after the outbreak of war, I followed his example and sent back to the ex-Kaiser the diamond scarf-pin which he had given to me on the occasion on which I was presented to him in 1911 by Prince Christian at the outset of our shooting expedition in the Carpathians.

I have often wondered if the ex-Kaiser recalled that. Not many months ago I wrote to him at Doorn, reminding the fallen Emperor of our meeting and asking permission to photograph him. This was the reply I received:

"His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Wilhelm II, remembers Mr. Brooks quite well, but has no wish whatever to see him."

Yet, prior to the war, I received many privileges from the ex-Kaiser, through the instrumentality of Prince Christian, and I still have a remembrance of a most unfortunate mishap that lost me a considerable sum of money.

I had gone to Berlin to photograph the Crown Prince's wedding, and spe

cial facilities had been granted to me. The result was that I obtained many exclusive pictures. After the ceremony, when I returned to my hotel in the famous Unter den Linden, I pulled down the blinds in my room and switched off the lights while I changed the plates from my dark slides into a special box, preparatory to their despatch.

I was in a hurry. This proved my undoing because, when I switched on the light again, I discovered that I had omitted to replace the covering on the box, with the result that my plates were fogged.

In despair, I dashed back to the Schloss in an endeavor to get at least one picture of the bridal pair. But they had left on their honeymoon.

While the ex-Kaiser refused to see me, I had less difficulty with Ludendorff, with whom I recently took lunch in his beautiful villa on the outskirts of Munich.

Learning that I was visiting Germany, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Christian's son, wrote to me asking if I would stay a few days at his palace at Primkinau in Silesia.

He received me very hospitably, and one of the first remarks he made was, "How sorry I am that I cannot return to England again." He spoke of old times at Cumberland Lodge with a wistful sort of expression in his voice and eyes, but became indignant at the attitude of the British Government in depriving him of the right to wear his British decorations.

Before I left, he gave me a message to take to Lord Burnham to the effect that that newspaper proprietor had treated him in a fashion such as his father would never have done. Prince Albert was referring to a scathing article which he said had appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, on *Enemy Princes*.

A letter of introduction from Prince Albert paved the way to my meeting with Ludendorff, who received me with great courtesy.

After lunch we sat in his study, I at the window which overlooks one of the most exquisitely kept gardens I have ever seen, and he in his armchair beside his desk with his favourite Alsatian wolfhound at his feet.

A man of action Ludendorff undoubtedly was, but I received the impression that there was much of the dreamer about him. Lines that added a sternness of his face altered when he laughed or smiled. His features softened surprizingly as he stopped to stroke the fine head of his dog.

He showed a polite interest when I said that I had been Official Photographer with the troops in France, but he made no move to talk of the War.

"You see I have been reading your Shakespeare," he remarked.

"You say 'our' Shakespeare, sir. I thought the German savants claimed Shakespeare as their own?"

His eyes twinkled beneath the heavy brows. "Oh, well," was his rejoinder, "I suppose if you never claim anything you will never receive anything."

"But, again, he that does not expect will not be disappointed."

"So! But he is a poor fellow who would not enjoy the thrill of anticipation on account of the possibility of disappointment."

We went outdoors, and I secured some pleasing negatives before leaving.

I have mentioned that the ex-Kaiser presented me with a scarf-pin as a souvenir of my visit. The gifts of King George and Queen Mary generally take the same form, and I still cherish a beautiful gold and enamel scarf-pin which Their Majesties presented to me after the Durbar. The Prince of Wales usually gives watches or pipes or walking-sticks.

When Prince Christian, who was also in the habit of giving scarf-pins, asked if I would rather have such an article or a five-pound note, I promptly declared for the note, a decision which caused him much amusement. His pins were worth much more than that.

NEXT MONTH

In the third instalment of the story of his life as Court Photographer, Ernest Brooks tells of his adventures as official war photographer. He reveals the luxurious life of staff officers at the British Headquarters during the dark days of 1915, and tells how a famous General sent him to Boulogne for a bottle of hair oil, because baldness worried that commander more than a German attack.

FORTY YEARS BETWEEN

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

AH, if it had been any one but him!" exclaimed Captain Hadow.

"It's horrible to call him a deserter," said Francis.

"Don't let's do it!" said the Captain.

"We have to say something, sir," returned the first lieutenant helplessly.

"One can always lie, I suppose," said Hadow.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do myself for Jack Garrard," said Mr. Francis.

"Why not say he was kidnapped here by the hill tribes?" said Hadow. "We aren't certain sure he wasn't, and no one can deny but what he might have been."

"But the admiral would be bound to inquire into it," said Mr. Francis. "Sooner or later he'd send a ship."

"Trust Jack to do his own lying when she gets here," said Hadow. "Besides, he'll be sick of the whole thing by that time and only too glad to step aboard."

"But won't we be asked why *we* didn't rescue him?" asked Francis.

"No, no, I have it!" cried the Captain.

"It's certainly a case for stretching a point, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"Enter in the log," said the Captain, speaking very slowly and thoughtfully, "that passed Midshipman John de Vigne Garrard, failing to report himself at the expiration of his leave, was afterwards discovered to have been kidnapped by the hill tribes of Borabora Island. On my threatening to land a party to recover him I was dissuaded by King George, who cleared himself of any personal responsibility in the matter, and who promised, if only I would give him time, to recover the man without bloodshed or any cost to Her Majesty's Government. The King urged that the use of force would imperil the officer's life, which otherwise he had every confidence would be spared."

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"You'll give old George a flaming character," added Hadow.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"Pile it on about his reverence for the Queen, and the way he gave beef to the ship," said Hadow.

"And what then, sir?" inquired Mr. Francis.

"Well, you know," said Hadow, "my orders here leave me a pretty wide latitude. You can't tie down a surveying ship in wild waters the way you can a simple patrol. By George, sir, I'll lay the ship back here in nine months and retake Master Johnny Garrard."

"If he has any realization of his position he will then go down on his knees and thank you, sir," said Mr. Francis.

"He's more likely to come aboard whistling!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Of course it will involve a little—insincerity," said Mr. Francis.

"You mean we'll have to lie like blazes," said the Captain.

"Well, yes," observed Mr. Francis.

"I hope that's understood," said the Captain. "But I can't bear to see a fine lad ruined for a bit of squeamishness. Were he thirty he might go hang; but nineteen—Good Lord, one must have a little mercy."

"Where would any of us be now, sir," said Mr. Francis, "if we had each of us received full measure for a boyish error?"

"I know I was a rotten bad egg myself," said Captain Hadow.

"If I may say it without offense, sir," said Mr. Francis, "I think you are taking a very noble course in respect to this unfortunate lad."

"Of course I don't want you to think I justify desertion," said Hadow quickly, not ill-pleased at the compliment. "Gad, sir, it's a shocking thing; bar actual cowardice, I positively know nothing worse. Were Jack my son, I'd rather see him stretched dead at my feet. I tell you, Mr. Francis, that when I first heard the news I was stunned; I

felt myself trembling; the dishonor, the infamy of it struck me here!" Captain Hadow laid his hand on his heart.

Mr. Francis nodded a silent assent.

"But we'll save him!" cried the Captain. "We won't permit this ugly business to blast his life."

"You may count, Captain Hadow, on our most loyal and hearty support," said Mr. Francis.

"Thank you," said the Captain, "and you will pass the word along that the subject is not one to be discussed."

"Quite so, sir," said the first lieutenant.

"Not a word!" exclaimed the Captain. "Though you might coach the King a bit about the hill tribes. But, of course, not a whisper that we're ever coming back!"

"No sir," said Mr. Francis.

"This must go no further than you and me," said Hadow.

"It shall not, sir," returned the first lieutenant.

"We shall sail to-night at the turn of the tide," said the Captain.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Francis.

It was not nine months—it was fifteen and some days to spare—before the *Dauntless* again raised the peak of Borabora and backed her main-yard off the settlement. In the course of that eventful year and a quarter she had zigzagged the whole chart of the Eastern Pacific, and from French Frigate Shoals to Pitcairn, from Diamond Head to Little Rapa, she had sounded and plotted reefs innumerable, and had covered with a searching persistency vast areas of blue water dotted on the chart with e. d's and p. d's.*

She had twice taken the ground, once so hard and fast that she had shifted her guns and lightered a hundred tons of stores among the gulls and mews of a half-sunken reef; she had had an affair with the unruly natives of the Walker Group, and had blown a village to fragments and not a few of the Walkers themselves into a land as unchartered as their own; she had tried a beachcomber for murder and had dangled him at the main-yard-arm, giving him later on a Church of England service, a hammock, and the use of a cannon-ball at his feet. She had poked her nose into cannibal bays, where women of wild beauty and wilder license swarm off to the ship in hundreds until the marines drove them back with muskets, and fired at their own comrades, who, in their madness, leaped after them into the waters; she had laid for weeks in enormous atolls, where the only life was that of birds and the silence was unbroken save for the long roll of the surf and, at night, the ghostly scurrying of turtles over the sand; she had been everywhere in those labyrinthian seas, those haunts of romance and mystery, with love, danger, and death always close aboard.

It was morning when Hadow raised the island, a fleecy speck of cloud against the sky-line, and he shortened sail at once and lingered out the day, so as to bring him up to it by dark. After supper every light on board was doused, and the great hull, gliding through the glass-smooth water, merged her steep sides and towering yards and canvas into the universal shadow. With whispering keel and a wind so fair and soft that one wondered to see the sails stiffen in the bolt-ropes, the man-of-war stole steadily to leeward, with no sound but the occasional creak of cordage, or the hoarse murmur of voices from the lower deck. Hadow himself, pacing the quarter-deck in his boat-cloak, was lost in reverie, while the ward-room and the steerage, in unredeemed darkness, held nothing but dozing men.

By ten the ship was hove to close ashore, and the lights of the little settlement glimmered through the palms. The warm night, laden with exotic fragrance and strangely exciting in the intensity of its stillness and beauty, hid, beneath its far-reaching pall, the various actors of an extraordinary drama. With pistols buckled to their hips, Brady, Winterslea, Hotham, and Stanbury-Jones, four officers of the ship, together with Hatch, a flinty-faced old seaman who could be trusted, all slipped down the ladder into the Captain's gig and pulled with muffled oars for the break in the reef. Picking their way through the pass, with the surf on either hand roaring in their ears, they slowly penetrated the lagoon and headed for the king's house. The shelving beach

* Existence doubtful: position doubtful. Familiar contractions still on any Pacific chart.

brought them to a stop, and, all jumping out to lighten the boat, they drew her over the shingle and made her painter fast to a pandanus tree. Then, acting in accordance with a preconcerted plan, Winterslea was sent forward to track down their prey, while the rest huddled together to await his return.

Ten minutes, twenty minutes, passed in palpitating suspense. A girl drew by, wreathed in flowers; she looked out to sea, then up at the stars, and shrank again into the shadow. From the neighboring houses there came the sound of mellow voices and of laughter. A pig rooted and rustled among a heap of coconut shells. Half an hour passed, and from far across the water, as faint and silvery as some elfin signal, the ship sent her message of the time—six bells.

Panting and crouching, Winterslea groped his way among them.

"Come!" he said.

They followed him in silence, unloosing their holsters and grimly ready. A pair of handcuffs clinked in Hatch's jumper. They inhaled the deep breath of tried and resolute men, inured to danger, and accustomed to give and to receive an unflinching loyalty.

Winterslea, with keen perception, led the way like a hound, skirting lighted houses and following devious inland paths. The comparative openness of the village began to give way to the ranker undergrowth of the plantations behind it. The path sank into a choking vegetation that stood on either side and brushed their faces as they followed in single file. A fallen tree gave them the passage of a stream.

"There!" said Winterslea.

The path opened out on a little clearing among the trees, and showed them, set on high, the outlines of a native house. Like all Tahitian houses, it was on the model of a bird cage, and the oval wall of bamboo, set side by side, let through vertical streaks of light from the lamp or fire within. As the whole party drew nearer, they heard, deep below them on the other side, the pleasant sound of falling water, and realized that the cliff they were mounting overlooked a little river at its foot. Here, in exquisite seclusion, Jack Garrard had chosen the spot for his moral suicide.

Creeping up to the house and looking through the cracks of the bamboos, his comrades saw him sitting within, dressed like a native in tapa cloth, with bare chest, and flowers in his tawny hair. He was sitting in a hammock, and with her head against his knee a beautiful girl was looking up into his face, one hand locked in his. In that land of pretty women she was the one that outshone them all, Tehea, the sister of the king, for whose sweet favor every man on board had sought in vain. And here she was, with her long hair loosened and her eyes swimming with love, looking up at the lad who had given name and honor to win her heart. The pair were hardly more than children; and Brady, a sentimentalist of forty, with red hair, sighed as he peeped through the eaves and thought of his own dear girl at home.

Garrard laid down the pipe he had been smoking, and, in happy unconsciousness of any audience but the woman at his feet, began to sing. His voice had always been his greatest charm, and the means of gaining him the friendship of men much older than himself. It had won Hadow. It had won Francis. There was not a bluejacket on board the *Dauntless* but whose eyes had moistened under the spell of Jack's clear tenor. No one could render with such delicacy, purity and sentiment those ballads, now so old-fashioned, that used to solace our seafaring fathers in the 50's. Jack lay back in the hammock, and with wonderful tenderness and feeling sang *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton,* repeating the last verse several times over. It was plain that something in it—some phrase or line—had deeply moved him, for he suddenly bent over and laid his face in his hands, shaking with a strange emotion. Tehea arose, and, throwing her arms round his neck and forcing away his hands, pressed her lips to his wet eyes. Even as she did so, Brady gave the signal for the whole party to move round to the door.

He entered first, the others close behind him. Jack leaped to his feet, white and speechless, his wide-open eyes those of an animal at bay. Brady, Winterslea, Stanbury-Jones, Hotham, Hatch, the familiar faces daunted him like the sight of ghosts. Friends no

longer, they were now avengers with the right to track him down and kill him.

"Jack!" cried Brady in a stifled voice.

The lad took a step back. The girl moaned and tried to run between Hatch and Stanbury-Jones. The old seaman caught and shook her like a dog, tearing away the whistle she put to her lips and dashing it on the floor. Jack put up his hand and snatched a pistol hidden in the thatch of the roof. Brady on the instant leveled his own and thundered out:

"Drop it, or I'll shoot!"

"Shoot and be hanged," returned Jack, and with that he turned his pistol on himself, and, placing the muzzle against his forehead, pulled the trigger.

It missed fire.

Before he could try again, Brady had caught him round the neck, while Hatch, resigning the girl to Stanbury-Jones, ran in and snapped the handcuffs on his wrists.

"Jack!" cried Brady, "we aren't going to hurt you. We're rescuing you from the hill tribes. Man, you're saved!"

"You never was no deserter," said Hatch.

"Mind you back us up, old fellow," said Winterslea.

"Give us your fin, boy," said Hotham.

It was some time before Jack could pull himself together. When at last he did so, and began to appreciate the generosity of his Captain and shipmates, and their astounding concern to save him from the penalty of his crime, he underwent one of those reactions when despair gives way to the maddest gaiety. He swore at Hatch, and made him take off the irons; he got out a bottle of white rum and forced them all to drink his health; he kept them in a roar with the story of his adventures, and laughed and cried in turn as he described his life ashore.

"What does she want?" demanded Brady, as Tehea insistently repeated some words in native.

"She says," said Jack, calmly picking up the whistle from the floor and touching it to his lips, "she says I've only to blow this and you will all be dead in five minutes!"

A hush fell upon the company.

Jack, with an oath, flung the whistle from him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am grateful. I am d—d grateful. If I live I shall try and repay each one of you. I shall be worthy of your kindness." He went round and shook hands solemnly with every one of them.

"D—d grateful!" he repeated.

"Let's be off," said Brady.

"Now, lad, your word of honor," said Winterslea.

Jack looked about him helplessly.

"I suppose I've no right to ask such a thing," he said. "I know how good you've been to me already, and all that. But—but, gentlemen—she's my wife. I love her. I shall never see her again. May I not entreat a single minute for myself?"

"No," said Brady.

Jack went over to Tehea and took her hand. He put his arms about her, and, unashamed before them all, pressed her comely head against his breast. He tried to explain the inexorable fate he was so powerless to resist; in incoherent whispers he told her he would break his chains and return to her, free in the years to come to devote his life to the woman he loved. He called her the dearest names and begged her not to forget him. But she, with a perception greater than his own, swept away these despairing protestations with disdain. The daughter of one king, the sister of another, could she not meet force by force? These fierce intruders with their rough voices and drawn pistols, who were they to threaten a princess of royal blood and carry away her lover before her eyes? If they were strong she was stronger, and what ship cannon, she asked, however murderous or far-ranging, could penetrate those mountain recesses whither she would carry him before the morning. Ah, she said, it was for him to choose between her and them; between Britain and the Island; between love and the service of the white Queen beyond the seas.

"I have chosen," he said.

Her eyes flashed as she freed herself from his arms.

"I am hateful in my own sight for having loved you," she said.

"Will you not even wish me well, Tehea?" he asked.

"No!" she cried, "I hope you will die."

He turned away.

"*Siati,*" she cried after him.

He came back to her, downcast and silent.

"Remember," she said in an agony of sweet relenting, "that wherever thou goest, however many the years that may divide us, however wide the waters or the land, I shall be here waiting for thee, here in this house of our happiness, and if I die before thou comest, here thou wilt find my grave."

"Tehea," he said, "as God sees me, some day I shall return!"

She took his hands and looked up into his face with such poignant longing and tenderness that Jack's comrades, already uncomfortable enough, were quite overcome by the scene. Tough old Hatch snuffled audibly, and Brady could hardly speak.

"Come, come, lad," he cried huskily, "you mustn't keep us longer!"

Jack unclasped the girl's hands and suffered himself to be led away by his comrades. Stumbling and falling against one another in the dark, they made shift to find the uncertain path, Winterslea in the lead coo-eeing like a bushfellow for them to follow. Little by little they gained the sleeping village, and pressed on to the beach beyond, where their boat was already afloat on the incoming tide. They took their places without a word, and pulled out in the direction of the ship. In the pass, rising and falling in the swell, they burned a blue light, which the Dauntless answered with another and ran up a masthead lantern to guide them. A few minutes later they clambered up the ladder, the boat was hoisted in, and the boatswain's whistle was rousing the watch on deck.

"Mainsail haul!"

By morning the island had sunk behind them, and, standing on the dizzy main-royal yard with one arm round the mast, Jack could make out nothing but a little cloud on the horizon.

At sixty John Garrard was a post-captain, a Knight-Commander of the Bath, and within a year of receiving flag rank and the command of a fleet. His career had been more than distinguished, and he had won his way to the front as much by his fine personal qualities as by his invariable good judgment and high professional attainments. He had earned the character of a man who could be trusted in situations involving tact, temper, and diplomatic skill; and no captain in the navy was more confidently ordered to those scenes of international tension, which, in spite of statesmen, so often arise in some distant place to menace the peace of the world.

He had never married, and when rallied on the subject was wont to say, with a laugh, that the sea was his only mistress. No one had ever ventured to question him much further, though his friends were often piqued—especially the women—as to an implied romance in the Captain's earlier life. It was known he supported two old maid sisters, the Misses Hadow, the impoverished daughters of his first commander; but in view of his considerable private fortune this drain on his resources seemed scarcely the reason of his renunciation. Nor did it seem to his admirers that any woman could have had the heart to refuse him, for even at sixty he was a noticeably handsome man, and was endowed besides with more than the advantage of good looks—a charm of manner, a distinction, a captivating gallantry that made him everywhere a favorite.

"But, you see, Jack isn't a marrying man," his friends explained, as though that well-worn phrase explained everything.

He was in command of the Inflexible battleship, one of the Australian squadron, when she developed some defects in her hydraulic turning gear and was ordered home to England by Admiral Lord George Howard for overhaul. The Captain's heart beat a little faster as he realized his course would take him south of the Societies. He spread out the chart on his cabin table and sighed as he laid his finger on Borabora. He shut his eyes and saw the basaltic cliffs, the white and foaming reefs, the green, still forests of that unforgotten Island. He was a boy once more, with flowers in his hair, wandering beneath the palms with Tehea. How often had he thought of her during all these years, the years that had carried him unscathed through so many dangers

in every quarter of the world. For him she was still in her adorable girlhood, untouched by time, a radiant princess in her radiant isle, waiting by the shore for his return. It shocked him to remember she was not far short of sixty—a fat old woman, perhaps, married to some strapping chief, and more than likely with grown children of her own. How incredible it seemed!

But a word and he might land and see her. But a word and the questions of forty years might yet be answered. Answered, yes, to shatter as like as not, with pitiless realities, the tender figment of a dream. No, he said, he dared not expose himself to a possible disillusion, to play into the hands of sardonic nature, ever mocking at man. No, but he would carry his ship close inshore and watch from the bridge the unfolding bays and tiny settlements of that lost paradise; and then, dipping his flag to his vanished youth, he would sink over the horizon, his memory thrilled and his sentiment unimpaired, to set his face for England.

Dawn was breaking as he slowed down to leeward of the Island and watched the shadows melt away. It was Sunday, a day of heavenly calm, fresh yet windless, with a sea so smooth that the barrier reefs for once were silent, and one could hear, from across the hushed and shining water, the coo of pigeons in the forest. Under bare steerage way, with the leadsman droning in the forechains, the ship hugged the shore and steamed at a snail's pace round the island. On the lofty bridge, high above the wondering faces of his command, the white-haired Captain, impassive, supreme and solitary, gave no sign of those inner emotions that were devouring him. Along the shore the sight of the battleship brought out here and there a startled figure or a group. A couple of laughing girls, astride on ponies, raced the Inflexible for a mile, and then, their road ending in a precipice, threw kisses with their saucy hands. Little children ran out into the lagoon, shouting with joy; old men, in Sunday *parius* and with black Bibles under their arms, turned their solemn eyes to seaward and forgot for a moment the road to church. A white man, in striped pajamas, was surprised at morning coffee on the veranda of his little house. He darted inside, and reappeared with a magazine rifle, which he emptied in the air, and followed up his courtesies by raising and lowering a Union Jack the size of a handkerchief. The battleship dipped her stately white ensign in acknowledgment, as a swan might salute a gnat, and swept on with majesty.

With every mile the bays and wooded promontories grew increasingly familiar as Sir John was borne towards Lihua, the scene of his boyish folly. He looked ashore in wonder, surprized at the vividness and exactness of his recollection. He might have landed anywhere and found his way through those tangled, scented paths, with no other guide but memory. There was Papaloloa, with its roaring falls; there, the *ti'a a Peau*, where he had shot his first goat; yonder the misty heights of Tiarapu, where Tehea and he had camped a night in the clouds in an air of English cold. It was like a homecoming to see all these familiar scenes spreading out before him. He looked at his hands, his thin, veined, wrinkled hands, and it came over him, with a sort of surprize, that he was an old man.

"That was forty years ago," he said to himself. "Forty years ago!"

As Lihua opened out and he perceived, with an inexpressible pang, the thatched houses set deep in the shade of palms and breadfruit-trees, he felt himself in the throes of a strange and painful indecision. He paced up and down the bridge, he lit a cigar and threw it away again; he twice approached Commander Stillwell as though to give an order, and then, still in doubt, turned shamefacedly on his heel.

"By the deep nine!" came the hoarse murmur of the leadsman.

It lay with him to stop the ship or not—a word and she would come shivering to a standstill; a word and the boatswain would pipe away his gig and the crew would be running to their places. His heart ached with the desire to land; but something—he knew not what—withheld the order on his lips. Let him remain silent and the opportunity would pass away forever. It was passing now with every turn of the propeller. Had he not told her he would return? Had he not whispered it that

night when they were torn apart? Did he not owe it to her to keep the promise of forty years, a promise given in the flush of youth and hope, and sealed with scalding tears?

His resolution was taken. He ordered Commander Stillwell to stop the ship and lower a boat.

"I am going to treat myself to a run ashore," he said by way of explanation.

The vessel slowly stopped. The covers were whipped off the gig. She was hoisted out and lowered, the crew dropping down the ladder into their places at the peep-peep-peep of the whistle.

"I leave the ship," said Sir John, not to convey a fact patently obvious, but in obedience to a naval formula.

He was landed at a little cove where in bygone days he had often whiled away an hour waiting in charge of Hadow's boat. It gave him a singular sensation to feel the keel grate against the shingle, and to say to himself that this was Lihua! He drew a deep breath as he looked about and noticed how unchanged it all was. There were some new houses in new places, and grass on the sites of others that were endeared to him in recollection; but it was Lihua after all, the Lihua of his boyhood, the Lihua of his dreams. For a while he strolled about at random, walking with the phantoms of the past, hearing their laughter, seeing their faces, recalling a thousand things he had forgotten.

It came over him with a start that the village was empty. Then he remembered it was Sunday, and they were all in church. Thank God, there were none to watch him, no prying, curious eyes to disturb his thoughts. But they would soon be out again, and it behooved him to make the best use of his solitude while he might. He struck inland, his heart beating with a curious expectancy; at every sound he held his breath, and he would turn quickly and look back with a haunting sense that Tehea was near him, that perhaps she was gazing at him through the trees. He approached his old home through overgrown plantations. It awed him to part the branches and to feel himself drawing near at every step to the only house he had ever called his own. As he heard the splashing waterfall he stopped, not daring for the moment to go on.

When at last he did so, and mounted the little hill, he found no house at all. Nothing but ferns and weeds, man high. He moved about here and there, up to the armpits in verdure, in consternation at discovering it gone.

His foot struck against a boulder. He had forgotten there were any rocks on the hill. He moved along and his foot struck again. He pressed the weeds back and looked down.

He saw a tomb of crumbling cement, green with age and buried out of sight under the tangle.

It had never occurred to him before that Tehea might be dead.

He held back the undergrowth again and peered into the depths. Yes, it was the grave of a chief or a woman of rank, one of those artless mounds of cement and rock that the natives, with poetic fancy, used to call *falelauasi*, houses of sandalwood; *oliolisanga*, or the place where birds sing; or in vulgarer speech simply *tuungamau*, or tombs. These words, unspoken, unthought of for forty years—lost, overlaid, and forgotten in some recess of his brain—now returned to him with tormenting recollection. He laid both hands on the thick stem of a shrub and tore it out of the ground. He seized another and dragged it out with the same ferocity. It was intolerable that she should suffocate under all this warm, wet jungle that intruded itself, like a horrible canaille, where there were none to drive it back. He would give her air and sunshine, she that had loved them both; he would uncover the poor stones that marked her last resting-place; he would lay bare the earth that wrapped her dead beauty.

He worked with desperation until his hands were bleeding, until his eyes were stung and blinded with the streaming sweat. Dizzy with the heat, parched with thirst, and sick with the steam that rose from the damp ground, he was forced again and again to desist and rest. He cut his waistcoat into slips and bound them round his bloody hands; he broke the blades of his penknife on recalcitrant roots that defied the strength of his arms; he labored with fury to complete the task he had set before him. Here he stood, within four walls of vegetation, the sky above

him, the cracked and rotted tomb below, satisfied at last by the accomplishment of his duty. The gold on his sleeves was dirty and disordered; one of his shoulder-straps dangled loose from his sodden coat; his trousers were splashed with earth. But for the moment the Post-Captain was forgotten in the man, as he mused on the tragedy of human life, on the mysteries of love and death and destiny, on his own irrevocable youth now so far behind him, when he had forfeited his honor for the dead woman at his feet. He called her aloud by name. He bent down and kissed her mossy bed. He whispered with a strange conviction that she could hear him, that he had kept his promise to return.

Then, rising to his feet, he turned towards the sea and retraced his steps. The people were still in church, and the village was deserted as before. He walked swiftly, lest they might come flocking out before he could reach his boat, to torture him with recognition, with the question they would ask, with their story of Tehea's death. Then he laughed at his own fears, remembering his white hair and the intervening generation. Time had passed over Borabora too. The world, he remembered, was older by forty years. Older and sadder and emptier.

He swung himself up the ladder, mounted the bridge, and put the vessel on her course. The telegraph rang, the engineers repeated back the signal, and the great battleship, vibrating with her mighty engines, resumed once more her ponderous way.

TIR-N'AN-OG*

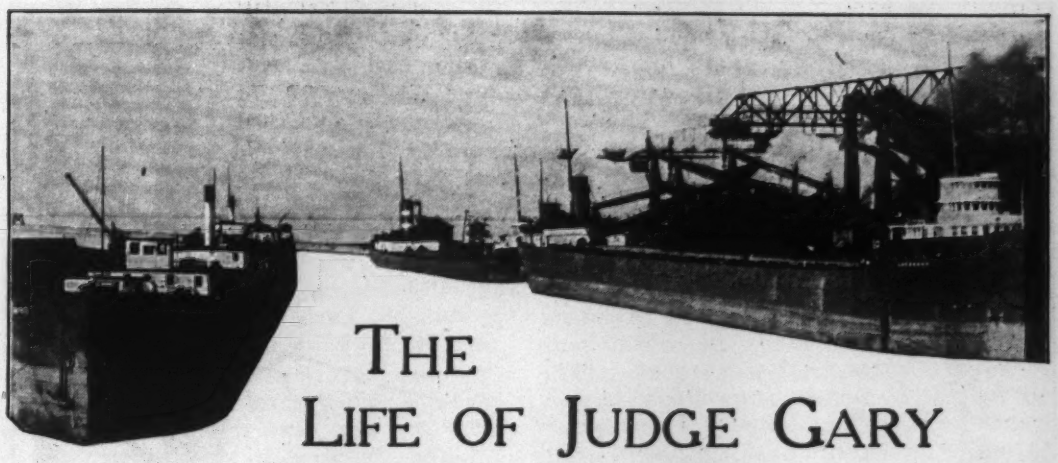
O it may be the path that the sea gull takes
  Will bring us to Tir-n'an-Og to-night,
The sorrowful spell of the sea foam makes
  Their wings so white.

Or it may be the gold and the crimson proud
  Of to-morrow's sunset will see us come
Where far from the trouble of wind and cloud
  The soul finds home.

I'll be holding you close in a quiet place
  And may be the trouble will cease
That came from wanting your beautiful face,
  Or turn to peace.

—*Elizabeth MacKinstry*

*Tir-n'an-Og, Land of the Fay, Land of the Young.



THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY

By IDA M. TARBELL

IRON sinks'' was the statement in the text of the old New Hampshire primer. The Twentieth Century, with fleets of metal ships on the water, revised it to read, "steel floats." Steel is used for pens, for ships, railroads, automobiles, for a million and one purposes. To manufacture it, the world's first Billion Dollar Company was formed, the U. S. Steel Corporation, with a Chicago lawyer, Judge Gary, at its head as Chairman of the Executive Committee. He was placed there by J. P. Morgan, who financed the consolidation.

Then began a conflict of opinion, especially between members of the Executive Committee and Mr. Charles M. Schwab, President of the Corporation and former President of the Carnegie Steel Company. At times Mr. Schwab seemed inclined to over-reach his authority. By frequently repeated arguments, Judge Gary helped to secure the rights of the Executive Committee to actually direct affairs, and induced his fellow board-members to give more consideration to fair play with the public and to the rights of the stockholders. The report of the results at the end of 1901 was most encouraging—large profits without an advance in price. In 1903 Mr. Schwab resigned.

This instalment tells of the Corporation's differences with organized labor.

CHAPTER VII

What Shall We Do With Labor?

WHEN the United States Steel Corporation began in 1901 to look over the kingdom which it was to rule, at no point did it find greater contrasts in physical conditions, in practises, in attitudes of mind, in relationships, than in labor. If there were as unsanitary, disorderly, and utterly unfit mills and mines as ever existed, in its acquisition, there were certainly some of the finest that the country had seen at that day; nothing

Mosquito control by draining swamps through open ditches at the Muscoda Ore Mines of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company.

better than the Worcester Wire Mills, nothing finer than the Pencoyd Iron Works or the McKeesport Tube.

If at many points there had been entire inattention to the living conditions of the workers, the Corporation had inherited the finest industrial town then existing in the country—Vandergrift, forty miles northeast of Pittsburgh. It was entirely owned and officered by workers and had been built by George McMurtry in the 90's as an adjunct to what was then probably one of the finest rolling mills in the world. If, in the majority of the plants, there was no attention paid to the health or the cultural advantages of the workers, this was not universal. Homestead had its imposing Carnegie Library, offering many opportunities for study beside books. The Illinois Steel Company had founded at its Joliet plant in 1889 what all contemporary students of conditions in industry declared to be a model institution. Any employee of the company was eligible to the Steel Works Club as it was called. Its headquarters, "The Athenaeum," was leased by the men and contained a good gymnasium, a swimming pool, a library. The men ran classes, a savings bank, a mutual life insurance company, bought homes on the instalment plan, and cooperated in the buying of flour, coal, potatoes and other necessaries.

The Steel Corporation not only started with this model club but with the man who had set it going, Walter Crane, who had gone from Joliet to the Carnegie Steel Company.

The temper and relations of workers and management were as varied as their conditions. There were plants like the Pencoyd where sons, fathers and

grandfathers had worked and always in peace—self-reliant, independent men, interested only in making steel. There was every variety of unionism, from the out and out idealist unselfishly intent on improving his group, to the out and out venal union politician selfishly intent on keeping his group in turmoil. According to the best authority, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel & Tin Workers, which led unionism in the industry in 1901, numbered only about 13,800 men out of about 433,600 iron, steel and tin workers in the country. Their hold in the plants which the Corporation had taken over was strongest in tin, practically the whole industry being then organized.

The most serious factor in this labor inheritance, however, was not numbers or conditions; it was an after-war state of mind in the Carnegie plants. The terrible Homestead strike of 1892 had left a suspicion and bitterness in the minds of men and management which made natural free cooperation out of the question. There was a will to war on both sides. Management had been the victor and as a body it was resolved that unionism never again should strike riot in its plants. Mr. Carnegie had come to feel that one of the assets of his company was its non-union basis. Frick, who had been the active head of the Carnegie concerns at the time of the Homestead strike, had been shot and stabbed nearly to death by an anarchist sympathizer of the workers, and was determinedly anti-union. The majority of the Carnegie executive officers and superintendents who now held important positions in the Corporation—Mr. Schwab, Mr. Gayley, Mr. Corey—were heartily with him. They had been leaders in the Homestead war.

While there still were hostile aggressive groups among the men, probably two-thirds of them were by temperament non-union. Many of them were almost if not quite as suspicious of organized labor as of organized employers. They no more liked the idea that they could not get a job without joining a union than they did that they could not get it if they did join.

Now what was the Corporation to do with this labor situation? Was it possible to bring living conditions to the standard at Vandergrift, to build up institutions in which men could by cooperation provide for a rainy day, build homes, make sure of opportunities for recreation and self-improvement? Could they harmonize the divergent views of unionism so that one spirit would run through the body? That is, was it possible for the Corporation to have a labor policy, or should it be left to the subsidiaries, each to develop its own? The question was forced on the Executive Committee only three weeks after it came into existence by one of its ablest and most experienced members, William Edenborn, of the American Steel & Wire Company. The public ought to be informed at once, said Mr. Edenborn, that the U. S. Steel Corporation was not an employer of labor, that each of its companies looked after labor in its own way—took care of its troubles—settled it own strikes.

What did this mean? Chairman Gary and Mr. Percival Roberts, Jr., saw at once. It meant a degree of independence in the subsidiaries that might be fatal to the new undertaking, preventing the growth of a common spirit and of uniform policies in other things beside labor. To perpetuate the motley collection of practises they had inherited, to continue the antagonism and contradictions meant disintegration, not integration. They must have a uniform labor policy, but that meant time—time to examine what they had, to sift. com-

Judge Gary and one of his closest associates.

pare, decide, educate. This was no question to settle as one might the purchase of ore lands, the building of a new furnace. They must take time, and the upshot of Mr. Edenborn's remarks was a decision to keep hands off the labor situation at the different plants until the Corporation was fully established—"temporize for the next six months or year"—the minutes put it.

But they were not to have time. The scales which the Union Mills of the Corporation had signed with the Amalgamated were soon to be reconsidered; it was rumored the Association proposed to deal not with the individual plants, but with the "trust." The Corporation might decide to keep its hands off, but it could not remain deaf and blind to the fact that there was increasing danger of a challenge. Rumors and reports reached it from the newspapers, from its visiting subsidiary presidents and executives. The question it had decided to dismiss, was—so the minutes show—receiving more time than any other. It was not merely whether or no the Corporation, as such, was to have a labor policy or was to allow each subsidiary to develop its own, it was their attitude toward labor—was it to be militant or cooperative?

The discussion developed wide divergence of view, as an early incident shows. Judge Gary had asked a member of the Committee, of large experience in handling men, for his opinion.

"I have always had one rule," said this gentleman. "If a workman sticks up his head, hit it." It was the Carnegie rule, born of war. "So long as I am here," said Judge Gary, "no workman's head shall be hit! You can get another chairman, but I shall never recognize that policy."

As the days went on, the discussion continued and uneasiness grew. Judge Gary particularly did not like what he heard of the plan of the Amalgamated. One may fairly ask why, if Judge Gary was uneasy, he did not insist on his publicly expressed policy, quoted in the last article: "Laboring men and capital should be brought together and we should know all the facts, and on that evidence all of us will properly consider and decide these questions." It was a policy that, as things were in the or-

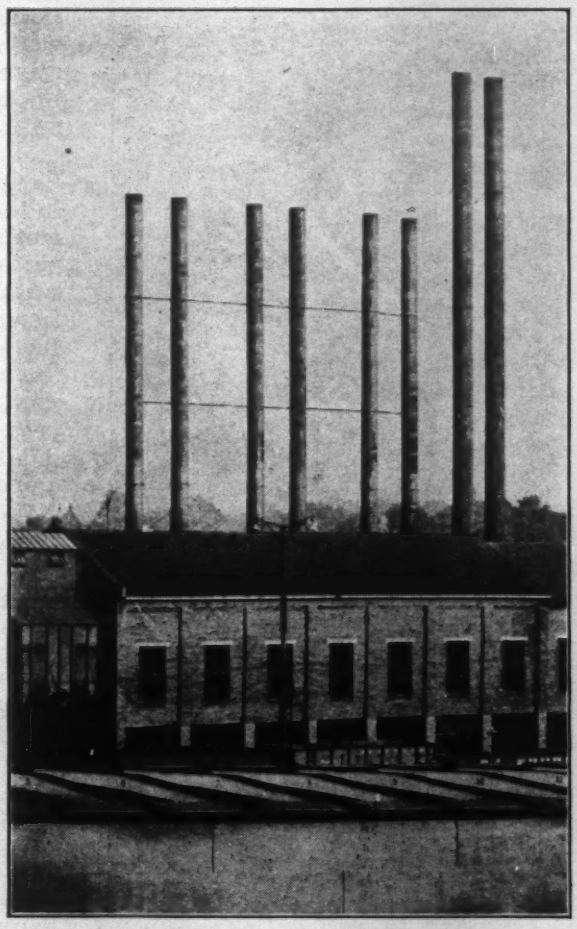
Privates in the U. S. Steel Corporation's army of workers.

ganization, had not a shadow of a chance. President Schwab was speaking for operation in all its phases at that moment. He had assumed the direction of the subsidiary presidents. The last thing Mr. Schwab, with his Carnegie traditions, would have countenanced in 1901 was a call upon the Amalgamated for a conference. Moreover, the minutes show Mr. Schwab from the start most optimistic. There was no reason for anxiety, he insisted. He and Judge Gary made a hurried survey of their kingdom in May, and Mr. Schwab came back to tell the worrying members of the Committee that nothing he had seen gave him any reason to believe that the Amalgamated would force their hand.

If the Amalgamated held to its reported position, the anxious objected, a strike would follow.

"Only a remote possibility," laughed Mr. Schwab.

"If you are wrong," warned Gary, "it may be a big strike."



One of the many small plants of the Steel Corporation.

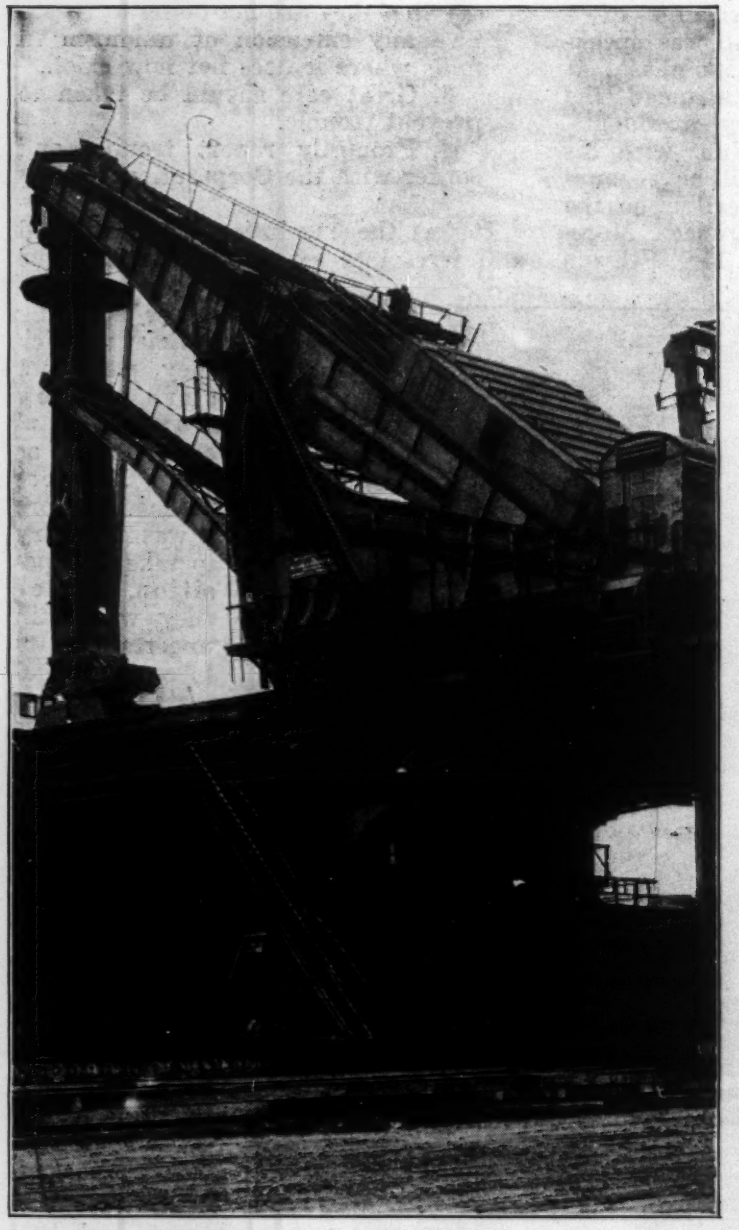
Out of their uncertainties and their divergence of view, they were steadily forced by events to find points on which they could agree. By the middle of June they adopted a resolution declaring:

1. We are unalterably opposed to any extension of union labor.
2. When the question comes up, we advise subsidiary companies to say that they are not going to recognize any extension of unionism in mills where it does not now exist.
3. Great care should be taken to prevent trouble.
4. Promptly report trouble and confer with the Corporation.

It was the resolution of a divided and irresolute set of gentlemen who found themselves adopting policies which they were not sure they wanted to adopt, and, as Mr. Roberts claimed, before it was necessary to take any position, since they were still uncertain as to the Amalgamated's action. Mr. Roberts was the more emphatic because he had been insisting that the policy in regard to unionism should be uniform throughout the Corporation, this being of course the logic of his contention that the undertaking was a consolidation not a combination. If it was a good thing, said he, everybody should recognize it; if bad, nobody. The latter was the view of the Carnegie group. It was for casting out the unions, root and branch.

Judge Gary took a middle ground. "We found them here," he said, "we have contracts with them; we should let things stand as they are."

The uncertainty which led to the June resolution was soon removed, for on July 1st, the President of the Amalgamated, Mr. T. J. Schaeffer, declared



A fifteen ton Hulett electric machine.

that unless all the mills of the Sheet Steel Company and the Steel & Hoop Company, both of which were partially unionized and were prepared to grant something—not everything—signed the scales, he would call out not only these companies, but the Tin Plate company, regardless of the fact that it had already signed. The threat brought matters to a head in the Corporation. The Board of Directors became active now. "We believe," they resolved, "it would be a fatal mistake to accede to the demands of the Amalgamated Association. It would compel us to recognize union labor in all of our works."

But if the Corporation was not willing to extend the union, it was not obstinate about consulting with its officers who were threatening to strike. Committees were appointed and there was much running to and fro. Anxious outsiders—members of the newly organized Civic Federation—put in their oar. There were meetings at Mr. Morgan's office, out of which nothing in particular came, though the fact remained that the financial head of the new Corporation had been sufficiently open-minded to make at least a cooperative gesture. Nor was the Corporation unyielding in regard to acts in the subsidiary companies which seemed to it unfair, for when a non-union plant at Wellesville, Ohio, finding that a lodge of twelve men had been established in the plant, discharged the men, the Executive Committee, looking on this as an unnecessarily hostile manoeuver, ordered the men reinstated.

When Mr. Schaeffer found the Corporation would not accede to his demands, he called the strike for July 15th. Thus, just three and a half months after the great aggregation began business, that disaster happened which the minutes of the Executive Committee show its Chairman especially dreaded. "It was the worst time of the worst year to have any trouble," he had told the Committee. He had counseled concession—temporizing—anything, even if humiliating to pride to settle.

But the strike was on in spite of his best efforts.

His chief anxiety now was lest the men in the Illinois Steel Company should go out. This company, it will be remembered, was part of the Federal Steel Company of which he had been the president up to the time that it went into the United States Steel Corporation. The men there had formed a plant organization and had affiliated with the Amalgamated. Judge Gary had been proud of the friendly relations between the workers and the management in the Illinois Company. He dreaded to see them disturbed now. The men had signed the scales—would they follow Schaeffer's order to strike? He became so anxious about it that he went to Chicago to consult with the particular vice-president of the Illinois Steel who had labor relations in charge and who was known to be on good terms with the officers of the plant association. If the men had any legitimate grievance, he told the vice-president, anything which would incline them to follow Schaeffer's order, he wanted to know it, and, if possible, adjust it.

But the men soon took the matter into their own hands, and in August they issued a circular to the public, explaining their reasons for not obeying the order of the President of the Amalgamated to strike.

"The principles of union labor are as dear to us as to any men in the country who earn their living by honest toil," they announced, "but we do not think we should be expected to violate every rule of business integrity and personal honor for a matter of sentiment, for this is a time when we must not let our sympathy get away with our better judgment."

It was not many weeks before it became apparent that the strike was to be far less disastrous than Judge Gary had feared. As a matter of fact, the Amalgamated strike of 1901 was not popular in labor circles. Leaders like John Mitchell of the Mine Workers, and Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, had advised against it, and, when Schaeffer ordered out men who had already signed scales and certain groups refused to break their contracts, the strike was lost—though it did drag on until September, when the Amalgamated gave up.

Mr. Schaeffer came down to New York, and in Mr. Morgan's office he and the Association's secretary signed a compact with Mr. Morgan, Judge Gary and Mr. Schwab, which a report to the Board declared "most satisfactory."

"It was on the basis," said this report, "that all mills which had been non-union heretofore should continue as such, and that all mills in which we had made even a

Employees of the Steel Corporation who were still holding in January, 1924, the first stock in the company offered to them in 1903.

preliminary start since the strike was declared should be continued as non-union in the future. This was agreed to. We might have exacted harsher terms with reference to the number of non-union mills, but it was not thought wise by your Management to take the position of openly oppressing organized labor. We established other principles which we considered of much more importance; for example: that the Amalgamated Association would not endeavor to organize men in our non-union mills, that if such men were organized, they would refuse to receive them into their Association or give them charters; this they agreed to."

The explanation of the settlement given by the Amalgamated press was in a very different tone:

"The causes that led up to this unsatisfactory settlement were the overwhelming odds that the Association had to battle against—the daily press, public opinion, the advice of prominent labor leaders and the withdrawal of credit by merchants. The injunction issued by the federal courts, the degeneracy of the ex-members who happen to hold managing positions in the tin plate mills becoming strike-breakers and teachers of strike-breakers, going among their former associates in unionism, tempting and seducing them from the standard of unionism by bribery and promises of prominent and steady employment, the unlimited use of money by the United States Steel Corporation, and its evident willingness to spend millions to teach green labor to become experienced and skilled, its power to use all of the aforesaid agencies show that the Amalgamated Association was left almost entirely to its own resources to battle with the greatest combination of capital the world has ever known, while the trust, with its immense money power to begin with, was aided by every agency the public could furnish it with. Thus it became evident that it was suicidal for the Association to keep up a contest that would result in greater losses each week that it was prolonged."

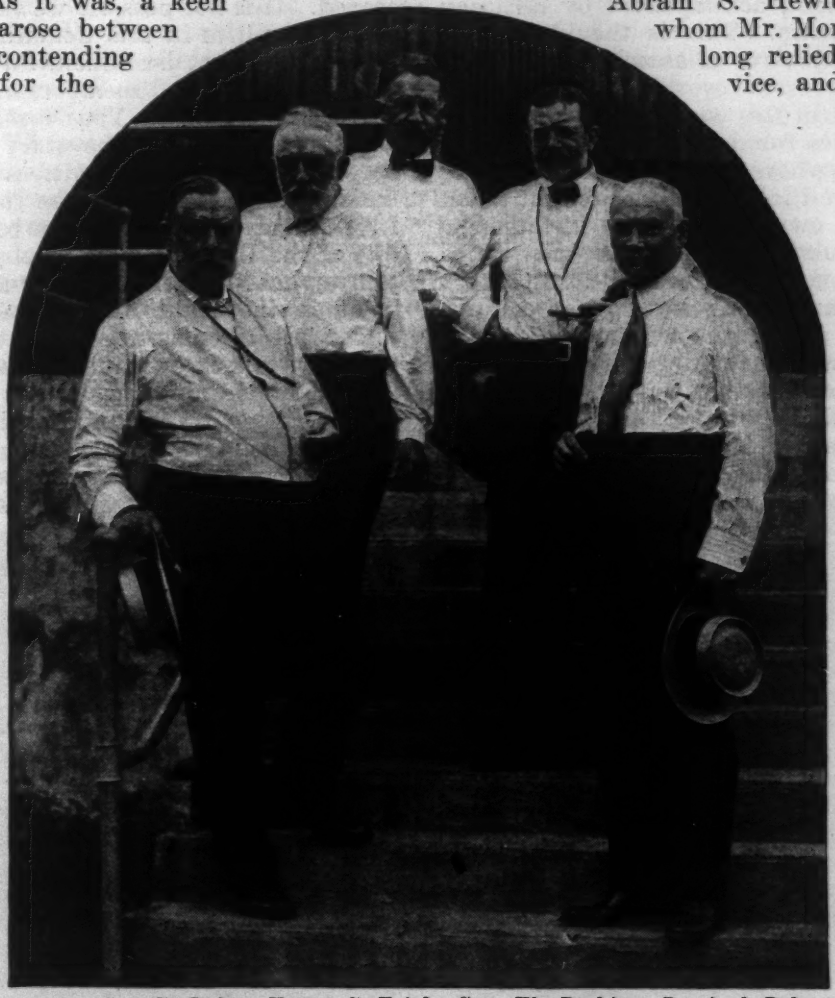
The statement does not mention the act which did more than anything else to turn public men against the Amalgamated—breaking their contracts. It gave the Corporation a powerful weapon for the future. "You can't trust the Amalgamated. It signs and repudiates."

The strike of 1901 forced the settlement of two important points. The first was that the Corporation was to

have a labor policy, the second was that the first article of that policy was to be the open shop—no dealings with organized labor save where it was established when the Corporation was formed. That plank has never been changed. To-day it is stronger in the Corporation probably than ever, though one element involved in organized labor, some better means of communication between management and men, is recognized to-day as one of its unsettled problems. But more of that later.

If it had not been for discussions as to authority going on between the Chairman and President of the Corporation, as well as between the Executive and Finance Committee, the next plank in its labor policy might well have been the first and certainly would have followed on the heels of the first. As it was, a keen rivalry arose between the contending factors for the honor of originating a plan whose acceptance was a foregone conclusion. Mr. Robert Bacon in his testimony in the steel suit says that "one of the first things" considered by the new company was "a plan of cooperation and participation in the benefits and profits of the company" by labor. Judge Gary had long been interested in such a scheme and had talked it to Mr. Morgan, who, Bacon claims in this testimony, had the solution of no question so near to heart as that of creating more satisfactory conditions of labor. "This interest," declared Mr. Bacon, "had been evidenced in hundreds of ways in dealing with the questions that came up between the different corporations in which he was interested"—which has never been the popular notion of the Morgan attitude.

Abram S. Hewitt, upon whom Mr. Morgan had long relied for advice, and who, at



Left to right, Geo. F. Baker, Henry C. Frick, Geo. W. Perkins, Percival Roberts, Jr., Hon. Elbert H. Gary. Members of the Finance Committee, Bayview, Ala., June 7, 1917.

his earnest request, had gone into the Corporation Board, had no doubt strongly influenced him in these matters. Mr. Hewitt was one of the thoughtful students of industry who saw that what was needed under the changing industrial conditions was the development of points of mutual interest—practises which would overthrow by demonstration the prevailing notion that the interests of labor and capital were inherently antagonistic and could only be settled by force. Ten years before this, in 1890, Mr. Hewitt had laid down his views; he had continued to talk them, and undoubtedly to Mr. Morgan in particular.

"Most of the writers of the day," said Mr. Hewitt, "have failed to comprehend the significance of the great movement which pervades all civilized people. It is toward concentration of management, accompanied by diffusion of ownership. This is the keynote to the mighty wave of association which is passing over the world, and is particularly felt in this country, where the opportunities for development are greater than anywhere else. The harmony of capital and labor will be brought about by joint ownership in the instruments of production, and what are called 'trusts' merely afford the machinery by which such ownership can be distributed among the workmen."

That was the philosophy which Mr. Morgan and Judge Gary had accepted and which they especially were anxious to see realized in the new venture—but which was delayed by internal politics and jealousies. The delay was particularly exasperating to the outspoken Mr. Percival Roberts, Jr., who finally, in February, insisted that there be a decision. He pointed out that profit-sharing among officers existed in some of the companies and not in others, that there was complaint—rightfully—that if the inequality continued there would be serious trouble. And, to force immediate attention, Mr. Roberts introduced a resolution whereby all employees shared, and which made the Corporation and not the constituent companies the distributor.

The debate that followed shows better than any others recorded in the minutes how far personal differences had gone as well as what inroads on the authority of the Executive Committee the Finance Committee had made, for it brought out the fact that Mr. Schwab had started that Committee at work on a profit-sharing plan. Mr. Roberts protested that it was a violation of the by-laws—the Executive Committee was the originating committee. "The Finance Committee feared that if the matter got in here," commented Mr. Schwab, "there would be a row!"

The "row" was so imminent that Chairman Gary read the Committee one of his little lectures. "None of us ought to forget," he told them, "that this United States Steel proposition is something that a few years ago no man would have had the audacity to conceive, it has so many ramifications. It is to be doubted whether under ordinary circumstances ordinary individuals could have succeeded as we have succeeded. It is not possible we should not have difficulties in this Committee, that there should not be difficulties between this Committee and members of the Finance Committee. You remember I suggested to you at the start the line between these two Committees was not fixed, that would have to be found out. Like ourselves they have the best interests of the United States Steel Corporation at heart. It is only a question of what is the right and proper thing, under all circumstances. Let us get together, talk it over and come to some mutual understanding."

The matter dragged until the summer of 1902, when Mr. George Perkins, who by this time was beginning to realize that the patience and spirit of accommodation which Judge Gary had been showing through the multitude of trials was an asset which he had underestimated, brought whatever had been gathered so far to him for consultation. The two men spent much time over the scheme. It is to Judge Gary that Mr. Perkins gives chief credit for the result, in a most generous tribute he once paid his colleague.

"Judge Gary," said Mr. Perkins, "has a positive passion for doing good things, big things, behind the screen of somebody else's personality; and credit that belongs to him—tremendous credit—lands elsewhere. Over and over he has made me protest against his insistence that I or another should accept applause for accomplishment directly belonging to himself; for instance, in em-

ployees' pensions and profit-sharing."

It was on December 31, 1902, that the circular announcing the perfected plan was made public—a New Year's gift.

What the plan proposed was to make it possible for every wage and salary earner in the Corporation, from the one with $800 or less a year to the one with $20,000 or more, to invest in the 7% cumulative preferred stock of the Corporation. As the par value of that stock was $550,000,000 and the most conservative estimate of the tangible value of the properties—good will not considered—was around $680,000,000, it was a safe investment even at par. The Corporation offered the stock at $82.50. Its market value was from $86.50 to $89.75 in January of 1903, the month when the employees were first mulling over the proposition.

The amount of the stock the employee could buy was graded. It amounted to 20% of his income if he was receiving $800 or less, 12% if from $2,500 to $5,000, and 5% if $20,000 or more. He paid for his stock in monthly instalments running over three years. He received his 7% interest from the first payment and was charged 5% on deferred payments. If he kept his stock, remained with the Company and showed proper interest in its welfare, he was to receive a premium of $5 a year for five years.

The announcement of the scheme—the first any corporation had tried with all grades of workers—naturally attracted a great deal of attention—often surprized attention, as in the case of the New York *World!*

> It reveals Mr. Morgan as something besides the most successful organizer of trusts and mergers. Behind this comprehensive scheme, carefully worked out as it is in all its details, there is evidently a mind moved by humanitarian impulses.

Some of it was begrudging attention like that of the New York *Evening Post:*

> The scheme seems well adapted to its declared aim of attaching to the company its officers and employees and will probably be accepted by most of them, since they risk very little by so doing. It does not bear the character of benevolence or philanthropy in any sense, and makes no pretentions of that sort. It can be judged only by its results from the business point of view.

What interested the authors of the undertaking much more than public opinion, however, was the response from the workers.

The method of presenting the offer was simple enough. A circular, stating clearly what was pro-

posed was sent to the superintendents of the various plants, with an order to post it on the bulletin board and make it available in the men's reading rooms. The reception that this circular met in the various plants and from the different classes of employees is interesting. Mr. C. E. Close, the present head of the Safety and Sanitation Bureau of the Corporation, was at that time an assistant superintendent in the plant at Greenville, Pennsylvania. He studied the scheme closely, and, making up his mind that it was an excellent thing for everybody, promptly subscribed for all the stock that the class in which he stood allowed. Other men in responsible positions did the same, but not a single one of the six hundred laborers, so far as Mr. Close could discover, took a share. He was disturbed by this. "It is because they don't understand it," he told his chief. "They take stock in all sorts of questionable enterprises, diamond mines and oil wells. Now here is something solid—sure. It ought to be explained to them." His superintendent warned him that he should do nothing more than explain, not try to influence, so he went out among the men in the plant, explaining. The result was that about one hundred of the six hundred men subscribed according to their means. Mr. Close will tell you that it often happens to-day, when in the discharge of his duties as head of the Safety Bureau he goes into a plant where there is still at work some one of this original group, that a man will come to him and thank him for the interest he took in explaining the scheme to him. Often he will say that the investment made it possible for him later to buy a home which he now owns outright.

In all, 26,399 subscribed to the scheme in this first year. It is interesting to know that through all the ups and downs of the steel stock—and they have been many—some of these men still hold on to their original investment. In the South Works of the Illinois Steel Company there are nine working men who still own twenty-four shares of what they bought in 1904. They form the majority of a group of twelve stockholders whose income from stock subscriptions in the last twenty-one years was recently reckoned. It is running ahead of my story, but it shows how this plan has worked out. These twelve men, all of them in manufacturing processes, have bought in twenty-one years 172 shares of preferred stock for $62,274. They have had a gross return on this stock of $30,223.21. They have also bought 354 shares of common —common was first offered in 1908— at a cost of $30,266. They have had a gross return on this in sixteen years of $25,377.38. The market value of these stocks which cost them about $46,500 was at the close of 1924 about $63,500.

That is the way it has worked out for those who held it. But back in 1903 it was anything but sure, and when in the fall of that year the long period of prosperity which the steel industry had enjoyed came to a sudden halt, when wages and the quarterly dividend on common were cut and steel preferred bought at $82.50 fell to $49, it looked serious enough.

There was much bitter criticism of the Steel Corporation for having led workers into something unstable and speculative. "It has been a matter of much amazement to practical men," said John Moody in his *The Truth about the Trusts*, published in 1904, "that such an irrational and ill-considered scheme should have been accorded serious thought for a moment. Instead of being a *profit*-sharing plan it has already turned out in the short space of one year a *loss*-sharing plan and the frightened employees, instead of being won to friendliness by being made partners, are apparently feeling that they have been unfairly dealt with and that the managers of the Corporation actually intended to unload on them."

While there were employees no doubt that felt as badly as Mr. Moody, it is a fact that in 1904—the year in which the earnings of the Steel Corporation fell to the lowest point in its 24 years of history—its employees dropped from 168,000 to 147,000, its average wage from $716 to $677 and its common stock received no dividends—9,912 employees subscribed for stock. Six of these were working men in the group of the Illinois Steel Company whose adventure under the plan we have already related. There is no doubt that thoughtful working men throughout the Corpora-

tion had their confidence materially strengthened at this juncture by the serious effort that was made to take care of subscribers who had lost their positions through the slump in business. It was not to be held against them, so a circular they received announced, that they were not able now to meet their payments, and, when the plants opened again, if they came back they could take up their subscriptions where they left them. They were to have their bonuses regularly, too. It looked like an effort to play fair.

Then they were impressed by the fact that the Corporation was passing its common stock dividend. "At least," they said to one another, "they are not helping themselves out of earnings when dropping wages and closing plants." But the men could not know the good-natured though royal battle that Judge Gary had had with Mr. Morgan in order to bring this about.

Mr. Morgan had been very proud of the showing made so far by the Corporation. He had perhaps said more than was wise about its earning power and its ability to stand shocks. At least, when Judge Gary came to him at the end of 1903 to say that he believed the dividend on the common stock should be entirely passed until business had righted itself, he was obstinate in his refusal to consent.

"My business," says Judge Gary in telling of the episode, "was to look after the future. I did not think it was safe to pay dividends at that time, and I took great pains to tell him why. But he did not agree with me. One morning in the course of this discussion, we began to talk about eleven o'clock and went on until it was time for him to leave between three and four. He had not given in. 'Come back in the morning,' he said. I went back and we talked nearly all that day. At last I felt it was hopeless.

"'Mr. Morgan,' I said, 'I am going to be very frank. If it had not been for you this Corporation could not have been formed. It was your name and influence which brought in the competing companies. No other man could have done it. If anything happens to it, you, more than any other man, will be held responsible. For two days you have been trying to convince me that we should continue to pay dividends on the common stock, but you have had no influence on my judgment. For two days I have been trying to convince you that no dividends should be paid, and I have not influenced your judgment. I am going to leave you. You must decide the question. I think I can bring the Board of Directors to ratify whatever you decide.'

"He got up and, putting his arm around my shoulder, said, 'My dear boy, I would not do that for anything in the world. You shall have your way!'"

And the dividend was passed—passed not only that quarter but for eight successive quarters. The passing of the dividend probably influenced a considerable number of employees to keep the stock they had taken in 1903 and to buy of the offerings made in the two hardest years the organization ever saw. They seemed to agree with a steel roller who came to a stockholders' meeting of the Corporation a few years ago and exercised his privilege of speaking. Among other things he told how he felt about the stock subscription plan:

"I am not compelled to buy it; we take it as we want it. I am still buying every year, and I have every share that I have bought. I find it is a good investment; in fact, you cannot get an investment anywhere where you can pay two or three dollars a month on a share of stock and have the interest coming in to you right along from the moment you start."

The appearance of steel workers at the annual stockholders' meeting is not infrequent and usually they speak—if not on their own initiative at Judge Gary's invitation. It is an evidence that one of the objects of this stock scheme has been realized in at least a few cases; that is, a point of mutual interest and natural contact has been found.

Moreover, from the start in 1903 there have been proofs that the ownership of even one share aroused in some men, if not all, a sense of proprietorship and a consequent sense of responsibility about property. Stockholders resent waste of materials and watch not only their fellows but their executives. From 1903 until today, presidents of companies

and Judge Gary himself frequently received letters calling attention to waste, carelessness, improper use of materials.

Here is a letter to Judge Gary:

> As a stockholding employee of the U. S. Steel Corporation I consider it my duty to call your attention to some things which I think the Board of Directors should be informed of.
>
> For instance, wagon loads of lumber and other material have been hauled away from the works in this city and used in the building extension and repair of residences in different parts of the city.
>
> Not only have the materials of the Corporation been used in this way, but the teams of the Corporation have been used to haul the goods away and the skilled labor of the Corporation has been used to work such material into the buildings and laborers from the mills have been used to excavate for the foundations for new residences.
>
> Also stockholding employees have been discriminated against, being laid off in time of scarcity of work, thus making it necessary for them to withdraw their subscriptions while less competent men have been retained at higher wages.
>
> If you think this matter worthy of investigation, I am prepared to furnish proof of the above statements.

Another very striking reaction is the pride in the certificates. Men frequently carry them about and, when a superior officer appears, seize the opportunity to pull out their bill cases from their hip pockets and show the amount of their possessions. It not only offers proof of their thrift to their superior, but it puts themselves in his class—partners in the undertaking. As for the dividends, regular and extra, I have heard a Corporation president state that he had men who were as proud of them as any banker.

While the stock subscription scheme took a first step toward "joint ownership," it did not meet the problem of rewarding the extra services, the improvements in methods, the unusual contributions of various kinds which continually come from executives and workers in all industries, and which the Carnegie Company had always recognized by liberal bonuses.

When the Corporation was formed, men in subsidiaries where there was no bonus system, or a niggardly one, clamored for its extension. Early in 1902 Mr. Buffington, President of the Illinois Steel Company, reported to the Corporation that he was losing technical men because they had no bonuses. Reports of dissatisfaction in the American Bridge Company and in the American Steel & Wire Company came from their presidents, because of what they claimed was unfair discrimination. The upshot was that there was attached to the stock-subscription scheme a profit-sharing plan, based strictly on value of service. It was for those who did more than routine work. The money for it is raised in this way: When the year's profits exceed $100,000,000 but do not exceed $150,000,000, 2% of such profits is set aside; when the net profits exceed $150,000,000 but do not exceed $200,000,000, the amount set aside is 2¼%; when such profits exceed $200,000,000 the amount set aside is 2½%. No amount is set aside in any year when the net profits for the preceding year do not exceed $100,000,000.

In a recent report on this scheme, which is operating today in the way it was originally planned, Judge Gary said:

"Only 4 or 5% of all the employees profit by it. Sometimes the percentage is less. The number of men to whom additional compensation has been given has rarely gone above 10,000 during any one year. They are the persons who especially are building the success of their respective plants. The majority of them are in executive positions, some major, some minor. A plant manager, a superintendent, a foreman who, by virtue of observation, study and ingenuity, discovers and applies a labor-saving process, a new operation, a better way of doing things, of speeding up production, of improving quality, is the man who largely adds to the profits of the Corporation; and it is only fair and just that he should share in them.

"It is not executives alone, however, who profit by this plan. Position has nothing to do with it. It is service that counts. Our experience has been that the men who have come to the top have

been the recipients of additional compensation. There have been numerous instances where workers in the shops have received large rewards.

"Such a case was that of a colored worker in one of our mines. The cashier and he were entrusted with the carrying of the company's payroll and cash to one of the coal districts. On the way, the wagon was attacked by highwaymen and the cashier shot dead. The money was being transferred when the colored man in question pulled out his gun and shot the first robber, who was instantly killed, then shot the second, who later died of his wounds, and finally shot the third, who was afterward caught in a wounded condition and was subsequently hanged. That colored man had more than saved the company's money. He had staked his life. Nobody could have blamed him for running in an effort to save himself. But he didn't. It may have been foolhardy, but it was splendid. To-day that colored boy carries an engraved gold watch. He knows that he will never want for anything."

By this so-called profit-sharing the Corporation takes care of the inventions of employees. This was one of the problems that Mr. Schwab put to them. An assistant superintendent at Braddock had invented a skimmer for use in a blast furnace, which was so useful that thirty-eight furnaces had adopted it. He wanted $9,500 for it. Mr. Schwab put the matter up to the Committee. Many large iron and steel companies, he explained, when an employee got out a patent, or new process, paid the expenses of the patent for the privilege of using it in their mills, the patentee having the right to sell to others. In the Carnegie Company they usually made the employee a present and took over the patent. That was done in this case—that is, the man who had made the invention got the $9,500 and the Corporation got the skimmer. The profit-sharing plan now adopted was utilized to take care of these expenditures.

So before the Corporation was two years old, it had to handle very essential labor problems; but others dogged their steps.

From long discussion of the stock-subscription scheme the Executive Committee learned of various enterprises for improving labor conditions, which the companies they had united had initiated or had in mind. They also clearly saw, before their second plank was disposed of, other steps they must take if they could agree on a way which would not oblige them to give up their favorite notions about organization.

There was the matter of the proper care of the injured, their compensation, the relief of their families. Mr. Edenborn had devised a plan before the wire trust was organized, and it had been adopted by that concern. They heard more or less of that from him.

Mr. Carnegie had set aside $4,000,000 for helping the families of those workers who lost their lives or their earning power. Were these undertakings to be made general? Judge Gary was deeply interested in such problems, but for the moment other matters claimed his attention. Another of his favorite policies was fighting for its life.

Judge Gary believed that corporations should work with the government, not against it. Theodore Roosevelt, had challenged big business—not because it was big, but because it was wicked. Almost the only man of importance in the financial world who publicly recognized the President's right to question the methods of corporations was Judge Gary. It is to the story of his relations with President Roosevelt that we will now pass.

NEXT MONTH

Soon after he became President, Roosevelt sent for Gary, whose opinions regarding corporations were much like his own. Gary supported Roosevelt in 1907 when practically the whole business world was berating him. This chapter contains hitherto unpublished letters of Roosevelt, Gary and Carnegie.

DOLLARS AND SCENTS

By CARL CLAUSEN

MR. LEON NUSSBAUM, President of the Cosmo-Met Film Company, after reading the letter, tossed it into the wire tray at his elbow, then reached for the next one on top of the imposing pile of opened mail which his private secretary had neatly arranged on the pale amber blotter of his Circassian walnut desk.

His hand, upon the third manicured pudgy finger of which gleamed a modest two-carat-and-a-half flawless solitaire in a platinum setting, paused in midair, then almost involuntarily moved back to the wire tray. A frown of annoyance flitted across Mr. Nussbaum's smooth, pink face. Adjusting his heavy rimmed glasses, which hung suspended about the creases of his short, fat neck by a black silk band of just the correct width, he picked up the letter from the wire tray and read for the third consecutive time the following brief but pointed message:

Mr. Leon Nussbaum,
Cosmo-Met Studios,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Sir:

About one year ago I sent you a story entitled *Vengeance of the Storm*. After keeping it for two months, your scenario department returned it to me with the information that it was unsuitable. Day before yesterday I saw a picture at the Sunbeam Theater, our local show under the Cosmo-Met release, in which three of my situations were used. Neglecting to send me the check is of course an oversight on your part. I shall look for it within ten days of date.

Yours truly,
Steve Cardigan,
Cedar Creek,
Kern County,
California.

Once more Mr. Nussbaum frowned. Laying down the letter, he pressed the buzzer for Wurlitz, his production manager.

"Read that, Dave," he said, tossing the letter across the desk to his subordinate. Mr. David Wurlitz picked up the missive and ran a red-rimmed eye down the page.

"Nut letter," he commented, briefly. "You should worry."

"I don't," Mr. Nussbaum replied. "Just the same, Dave, you know the rules of the Cosmo-Met. Don't use no outside situations—unless you have to. And if you have to, be sure there ain't no come-back. There's a flock of dead authors with situations that was never copyrighted, so why be reckless."

David Wurlitz flecked an imaginary speck of dust from his pearl-gray trousers. In his younger days he had been a pants presser on Sixth Avenue. Well-creased trousers were still his religion. Adroitly he switched the subject.

"We'll be ready to shoot on the six-reeler early next week. Benning finished the continuity last night. It's a whale, Mr. Nussbaum."

The President's teeth clamped shut about his dead cigar.

"I betcher. Only don't mistake my roll for Jonah, Dave," he admonished with sinister jocularity. "Already I got writer's spasms, O. K'ing vouchers. If I don't get a locomotive attack oder something before you shoot the clinch, I should wonder." He paused. "I've decided to change the title of it to *Dope*. *Seeds of the Poppy* don't mean nothing to the public."

Dave Wurlitz' lips parted in protest. His artistic soul revolted.

"But *Seeds of the Poppy* has got exploitation angle, Mr. Nussbaum. Two hundred thousand copies of the book has been sold. It made a reputation for the author. *Seeds of the Poppy* above his name is worth real money."

Mr. Nussbaum raised a silencing hand.

"Glen Warren is a nice boy, and his name goes on the advertising as per

agreement. But he is a fiction writer. Those birds don't know the dramatic value of a title. *Seeds of the Poppy.* Mein Gott! The public will think it's one of them Pasadena flower parades. Now *Dope,* Dave, there's a title for you with punch."

"Warren will be wild when he hears you went and changed the title on him," Wurlitz reminded his employer.

"Let him get wild," Mr. Nussbaum shouted. "Already I paid him thirty thousand for a story which we could have made right here on the lot for fifteen hundred dollars."

With this he dismissed his production manager and plunged into his correspondence once more. But first he took Steve Cardigan's letter from the wire tray, tore it up, and tossed the pieces into his waste basket with a gesture of infinite contempt. It was little things like that letter which ruffled the serenity of his otherwise satisfactory existence.

At noon of the tenth day after this episode, Mr. Nussbaum stalked into his office, shutting the door behind him with a bang. He was cross, tired and out of sorts. He had spent the morning quarreling with Glen Warren over the change of the title. Also, the biggest set of the six-reeler just finished, a facsimile reproduction of the interior of a certain very notorious European gambling resort, had run into nearly double the estimated cost. Mr. Nussbaum was furious. He paced the floor, hurling anathemas upon the heads of extravagant production managers and unreasonable authors.

Suddenly he paused in his tracks, as his eye caught the yellow envelope of an unopened night letter on his blotter. Plumping down in his massive swivel desk chair, he tore it open. His purple face turned a shade lighter as he noted that the message was dated Cedar Creek, Kern County, California.

"Check not received," he read, "so am coming down to see you. Better have it ready. Will be at your studio at three P. M. Friday, the seventeenth. Am bringing along persuader. Steve Cardigan."

Mr. Nussbaum glanced about the luxuriously appointed office in a helpless sort of way. His eyes wandered automatically to the calendar on his desk, and read there July 17 in bold red letters. Beneath it was the word Friday in smaller black type.

With a curse he crumpled up the telegram and threw it into the waste basket. Then he jammed his hat on his mottled bald pate and went to lunch.

Over *kalbsnierenbraten,* his favorite dish, he sought to forget the travails of the morning. The horribly extravagant set and that obdurate idiot, Glen Warren, and his absurd notions of what constituted motion picture titles faded away before the casseroled righteousness of Rothmeyer's dollar-and-a-half Merchant's Lunch. But Mr. Steve Cardigan and his telegram refused to be thus summarily dismissed. Even the glass of *schnapps,* served discreetly by the waiter in a tea cup, was of no avail. The sinister allusion to the "persuader" stirred Mr. Nussbaum's imagination profoundly. He remembered having read in a newspaper of a man shot to death with a bullet that had been dumdumed by the assassin. The reporter's assertion that the hole in the dead man's chest had been big enough for a cat to crawl through sent a chill percolating down Mr. Nussbaum's spine. He wondered with a shiver how it would feel to have a cat, or even a kitten, prowling about his vital organs.

When passing through the outer office after returning from lunch at two o'clock, he said to Miss Levy, his secretary:

"If any stranger wants to see me the rest of this week, I ain't in, Miss Levy. Y'understand."

"Yes, Mr. Nussbaum."

With his hand on the doorknob of his sanctum, the motion picture magnate paused for a moment.

" 'F a fellow by the name of Cardigan—Steve Cardigan—calls, tell 'im I have gone to——to Halifax for a couple of weeks," he added, pleased at his own little pun.

"Very well, Mr. Nussbaum," Miss Levy laughed with the enthusiastic appreciation of thirty dollars a week.

Cardigan thus disposed of, Mr. Nussbaum returned to his office and plunged resolutely into cost sheets and overhead. For ten minutes he worked steadily, running a fat bulbous index finger around his collar from time to time. At the end of that time, he laid

down his pencil, leaned back in his chair and wiped the perspiration from his face with a purple-bordered silk handkerchief. His small gimlet eyes roved furtively about the office, as if he expected Steve Cardigan of Cedar Creek to materialize from soft mulberry window drapes. He glanced at the waste basket beside him. With a quick feline movement, his pudgy hand shot out and his fingers closed about the crumpled telegram. . .

Smoothing out the yellow slip of paper on the blotter, he sat staring at it helplessly for some moments. Almost surreptitiously his fingers moved to the jewel-incrusted watch in the pocket of his cerise waistcoat. A shock passed through his heavy frame as he noted that it lacked just twenty minutes to three.

Although the day was excessively hot, he shivered slightly. Returning the watch to his pocket, he arose and crossed the Bokhara rug, stealthily, to where his hat was hanging on the rack, and tiptoed out of the office by the side entrance.

When Steve Cardigan entered and asked for Mr. Nussbaum, Miss Levy looked up from her task of boiling down to screen essence a certain famous classic, the author of which had shown his poor judgment by dying four years before the copyright law went into effect.

"Mr. Nussbaum left for—Halifax day before yesterday. He will be gone for several weeks," she replied without the suspicion of a smile. "Will any one else do?"

Mr. Cardigan replied with emphasis that no one else would, also, with further emphasis, that, as he had traveled two hundred miles to see Mr. Nussbaum, he guessed he'd stick around for the two weeks mentioned.

Miss Levy blinked her doe-brown eyes, then let them travel from the top of Mr. Cardigan's red head to his number nine and a half hobnailed boots. She noted briefly that he looked like a young man who liked to have his own way and was used to getting it. She also noted that, although he was quite evidently of the working class, he wore his clothes with an air. His pongee shirt was spotlessly clean, and his black knitted silk neckwear was tied with a flourish. His corduroy trousers were new and the hob-nailed boots were bright with a recent shine.

She noted further—this with a slight flutter of apprehension—that the right pocket of his Mackinaw bulged considerably. She drew her breath in sharply. Then, pulling herself together, she gave him her best secretarial smile.

"If you will leave your telephone number, I will call you as soon as Mr. Nussbaum returns—from Halifax," she replied sweetly.

Mr. Cardigan smiled back. At least his lips parted, exposing a double row of teeth which Miss Levy would have given ten years of her life to possess, but in his green-gray eyes there lurked something which told the secretary that the smile was at her expense, not for her benefit.

"I have no telephone," he replied, looking at her intently, "so I'll just call around once in a while until I catch Mr. Nussbaum in."

Miss Levy averted her face. Instinctively she knew that he sensed the lie, and woman-like, she resented it.

"Very well, Mr. Hartigan," she replied, stiffly.

"Cardigan," her visitor corrected gently. "Steve Cardigan of Cedar Creek, Kern County."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Cordagin."

Steve cocked his head on one side and stood looking down at her with a quizzical expression on his freckled face. His right hand moved to the bulging pocket of his Mackinaw, then, as if changing his mind, he turned on his heel and left the office.

"The fresh Irisher!" was Miss Levy's mental comment as the door closed upon him.

A moment later when Steve passed the freight entrance, a furniture van loaded with stage properties for the Cosmo-Met Studios turned the corner. To see was to think, and to think was to act. Steve swung himself aboard, peeled off his coat, lit a cigarette and went through the gate with his long legs dangling over the tail board of the van. The Missouri-faced gatekeeper gave him one fleeting look of suspicion, then, his fears allayed as Steve waved his hand to him in comradely greeting, he hooked the chain back in place and returned to his chair.

Steve Cardigan was no literary genius, no mute, inglorious Milton doomed to blush unseen. No one knew this better than Steve himself. But he had seen some seven hundred motion pictures, six hundred and ninety-four of which had left him with the firm conviction that if he couldn't write a better one he'd eat his hat, sweat-band and all. This conviction was not peculiar to Steve. He shared it—not without some foundation—with about seventy-nine million other 100% Americans. As a result, some baker's dozen or so of highly colored melodramas had flowed from his facile pen. Of technique he knew nothing, of characterization and motivation, less; but—as later events will prove—he had a well developed sense of drama, and humor of a sort. Also his inventiveness, his gift for devising new and startling situations, was nothing short of phenomenal. More than once the ideas in a script of his had saved a studio hack his job for another two weeks.

When the furniture van slacked up speed, Steve put on his coat, hopped off and looked around. He had never been inside a studio in his life before. He had no idea of where to direct his intended attack, but, with a confidence born of ignorance, he stroked the bulging right pocket of his Mackinaw reassuringly, and decided that the twenty-five hundred dollar check was as good as his.

From the entrance of a large barn-like structure roofed in with glass, emerged a youngish man in a sport shirt, white trousers and a black flowing tie. Upon his prematurely bald brow the weight of centuries seemed to lie. He was the Third Assistant Camera Man on the hunt for a lost focus.

"Excuse me," said Steve. "Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Nussbaum?"

The T. A. C. jerked a perfunctory thumb over his shoulder.

"Stage 6, Set 23," he muttered cabalistically.

"Then he isn't in—Halifax?" Steve asked innocently.

The Third Assistant Camera Man blinked. He seemed to awake suddenly as from a stupor.

"Who? Nussbaum? I wish to Gawd he were," he replied with feeling, then turned his back upon Steve and went muttering on the trail of the misplaced focus.

Steve mounted the steps of the structure with some of the feeling that Hannibal must have had when he visioned himself walking up the steps of the Stock Exchange in Rome before the battle of the Metaurus stopped his perambulations. He emerged in a great vaulted space that looked like a cross between a hothouse and the doll's boudoir of some Gargantuan infant, who had got tired of playing with the sets and had left them strewn about carelessly, to slide down the north side of Mt. Whitney with the boy next door.

A man wielding a mean hammer directed Steve to Set Number 23.

"Over yonder," he said, pointing ahead. "Don't get too near the battleship. I just gave her a coat of glue sizing."

Steve nodded. He passed through a bedroom interior into a bank vault, along a balcony overlooking a Venetian canal which a husky-looking individual in rubber boots was bailing dry with a canvas bucket, down a short flight of steps into the sacristy of a church, the altar of which was preempted by four men playing pinochle in their shirt sleeves, through another bedroom set, across a cobbled court, and stood at last in front of Set Number 23.

He paused awestruck before it. It was an exact reproduction of that most notorious gambling hell in Southern Europe—Monte Carlo. To Mr. Nussbaum's eminently practical mind, the only hellish thing about the set was its cost sheet, which showed a neat set-back to himself of $27,268.31.

Steve's eyes wandered from one to the other of the distinguished company assembled before it, then back to the sumptuous draperies, the soft-hued oriental rugs and the massive carved furnishings. From the raftered gloom above, a score of Kleig lights hissed and spluttered, flooding the scene with an eery radiance which penetrated shadowless to the last fold of the cunningly draped hangings.

"Save 'em!" shouted a tall man.

A muffled echo on Steve's left repeated the order, and the lights went out.

"Miss Lake! Where is Miss Lake? Has any one seen Miss Lake?" the tall man inquired loudly.

"Coming, Mr. Buse," a girl's voice answered.

Steve drew a deep breath as an apparition in a silver-sequined gown stepped out of the gloom behind him. He sighed contentedly. So this was the famous Sophronia Lake! The man in the riding breeches must be Lawrence A. Buse, her equally famous director. Steve smiled softly. He had penetrated to the very heart of the enemy's camp.

A canvas chair on his left was vacant. He sat down and watched with much interest the rehearsal which followed. It was the big gambling scene that has since added much glory to the effulgent Miss Lake and much fame to Lawrence A. Buse as a director. Two score of extras were crowded about the big gaming table, at the ends of which, opposite each other, sat the hero and the beetling-browed croupier. At the moment when the hero was about to place sixty thousand francs ($1.40 gold) on red, the heroine (Miss Lake) reached forth one dainty hand and covered the bale of currency with it.

"No more to-day, Walter," she whispered in the hero's ear. Then with a haughty look at the beetling-browed croupier, who coveted her slight, spirituelle beauty as well as Walter's currency, she swept the money into her lap. Leaping up on a chair, she placed her right silver-slippered foot on the edge of the table. "Cheats! Brutes! Canaille!" she stormed. Then, carried away by her own emotion, she sank sobbing into the hero's outstretched arms.

"I've learned my lesson, sweetheart," said Walter. "Come, let's go back to Oregon and raise onions."

"Save 'em!" the director shouted again.

"How do you like it, Mr. Nussbaum?" he asked as the lights went out, turning to a small, fat, dark-visaged man sprawled frog-like in a chair nearby. A shock passed through Steve's body at hearing the name.

"Great stuff, Lorry!" the man replied, his small, gimlet eyes glowing like balls of fire. "It'll knock 'em dead."

"You said it!" Glen Warren, the author, groaned from his post of vantage on a stack of lumber in the wings, from where he was watching his first-born die by inches.

"Hit 'em, Charlie," the director shouted. Then, as the lights went on, "Everybody take their places. Miss Lake, when you put your hand on the dough, and Walter turns his head and looks at you, close your fingers slowly, one by one. I'm shooting a six-foot close-up of your hand, remember. All set? Camera! What—why—who? Say you there, get offa the set. Don't you see we're shooting?"

The man addressed, a tall, freckled youth in a Mackinaw, Stetson and hob-nailed boots, dropped to a seat in a gilt Chippendale chair, directly in front of the three cameras, stretched his long legs luxuriously, and lit a cigarette.

Lawrence A. Buse stared hard.

"Who the dickens is this nut?" he stormed, addressing no one in particular, and getting a reply from no one. He glanced beseechingly toward Mr. Nussbaum, who had risen half-way in his seat, his bullet head shot forward and his pudgy, jeweled fingers clutching the arms of his upholstered chair. The extras stared from one to the other. Miss Lake blinked her wide, questioning eyes. The croupier reached nervously for his rake, and Walter swallowed the butt-end of his cigarette. His coughing and the soft purring of the roulette wheel were the only sounds that disturbed the death-like quiet of Set Number 23.

Mr. Buse drew a deep sigh. His first impulse was to leap at the intruder and drag him off the set, but something in the stranger's eyes made him pause. Also, the expression on Mr. Nussbaum's face puzzled him. So the director merely said, wearily, and with a slight edge of sarcasm:

"If it's all the same to you, mister, would you just as soon get off the set while we shoot this scene?"

The stranger's reply was brief but to the point.

"I will—not!"

The director's jaw dropped. He glanced helplessly at his employer.

"Is this a friend of yours, Mr. Nussbaum?" he asked.

The motion picture magnate did not answer. He sat on the edge of his

chair, staring pop-eyed at the stranger, who at this moment ran his hand into the deep pocket of his Mackinaw and drew from it a small ball of white and black fur. Stroking it tenderly, he deposited it on the edge of the gambling table. The ball of fur uncoiled, sat up on its hind legs, yawned, and blinked a pair of button-bright eyes in the glare of the Kleigs.

Miss Sophronia Lake, who, in her younger days, had been a saleslady in Kaminsky's exclusive fur store under the name of Sophie Puddle, said just one word before she fainted away in Walter's arms. It was a short, brief word, uttered as a piercing scream. Its effect was magic. In ten seconds the set was deserted except for the Mackinawed stranger and his pet. The little animal, quite unconscious of the consternation its presence was causing, was enjoying itself immensely by chasing the small colored balls around the revolving roulette wheel.

Lawrence A. Buse sank weakly into his chair. His megaphone fell from his hand and rolled clattering across the floor, accompanied by a burst of demoniacal laughter from the lumber pile behind him.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Glen Warren, the eminent author. "What do you know about that! A skunk in Monte Carlo. Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Nussbaum had risen to his feet. His face was a study in varied emotions.

"Gott in Himmel. My set! If he should—ach du lieber!" He took a step forward, arms raised above his head in horror. "Why don't somebody grab him quick before he does——"

A husky stage carpenter stepped forward. Steve shot the man a warning glance.

"Better not get him excited, or he might," he said. He reached a protecting hand toward the little beast. "A dog scared him once in a hotel where I was stopping. They had to tear the hotel down." He paused and glanced about the barbaric sumptuousness of Set 23, as he ran his finger along the animal's back and scratched it gently. "His name is Abie."

Abie backed up against his master's finger. That he liked to have his back scratched was evident. It was also evident that he did not like the looks of the husky stage carpenter. Bracing his four small feet firmly on the table, he faced the man, teeth bared, and emitted a low, sibilant hiss.

"I'd go easy if I were you, son," Steve said. "Strangers make him nervous. No telling what'll happen if he gets excited."

The man backed away discreetly.

"Who in blue blazes are you, and what are you doing on my set with that absurd—er—beast?" Director Buse demanded, regaining his faculties one by one.

Steve pointed to Mr. Nussbaum.

"Ask him; he knows." He smiled at the motion picture magnate. "You know Steve—good old Steve Cardigan of Cedar Creek, don't you, Mr. Nussbaum."

Mr. Nussbaum moistened his dry lips.

"What d'you want?" he demanded hoarsely.

"You mean how much do I want?" Steve inquired. "Twenty-five hundred dollars."

"I'll—I'll see you in blazes first," Mr. Nussbaum shouted. "For three situations he wants twenty-five hundred dollars. Oi, the crook!"

Steve pulled out an old Colt's forty-five.

"I guess you've got to do your duty, Abie," he said, addressing the skunk. He sighed. "I hate to scare you out of a year's growth, old socks, but we've got to eat next winter."

He glanced about the draped magnificence of Set 23 as he broke the gun and slipped a shell into one of the chambers.

Mr. Nussbaum backed way before the weapon, knees trembling.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars," he stuttered.

Steve pulled the hammer of the gun and pointed it at the ceiling, within a foot of the skunk's inquisitive nose.

"Two thousand!" Mr. Nussbaum shouted, beads of cold perspiration gleaming upon his forehead.

Steve brushed the animal aside.

"Back up, Abie, or you'll get your nose scorched. She's loaded with black powder. One—two—"

"All right! Twenty-five hundred then, you crook!"

Mr. Nussbaum fairly screamed the words. He sat down heavily.

"Somebody go quick to the office and get me a check blank," he moaned.

Steve shook his head as a messenger started off.

"We don't cash checks. Big bills, please." He pulled out his watch. "Fifteen minutes to three. You can make the bank if you hurry."

"All right," Mr. Nussbaum groaned. "Tell Miss Levy she should go right away and draw me twenty-five hundred dollars."

Half an hour later when Steve climbed into his old battle-scarred roadster and pressed the self-starter, a hatless and breathless figure came dashing down the sidewalk abreast of him.

"How much rent," Glen Warren, the eminent author, asked between gasps, "would you charge me for your pet for one day?"

Steve grinned as he stroked the animal's long, pointed muzzle.

"I had Doc Shale, the vet in Cedar Creek, take Abie's cassolette away when he was a little shaver," he said.

Then he waved his hand and stepped on the gas.

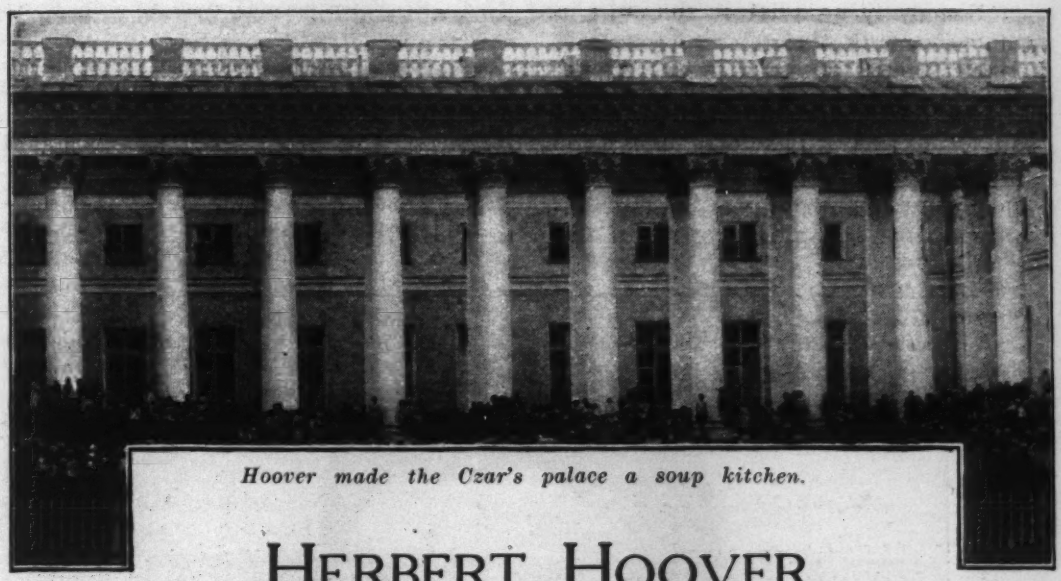
MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT

"Wally, what's at the keyhole?"
"Whist Jane, whist! Speak low."
"If some one were outside peering in
Would you know?"
What's that at the Keyhole?
Granny said, " 'T is the wind you hear
Wandering to and fro."

"Whist, Jane! What's at the window?"
"Wally, whistle a tune!
"There's a gay light goes from the old blue plate
To the pewter spoon."
What's that at the window?
Granny said, " 'T is the tree-low light
Of an old, old moon."

"Whist, Jane! What's by the rose bush?"
"Wally, it is fourscore
Wee green Riders on snow-white steeds,
With the Queen before!"
What's that by the rose bush?
Granny said, "There were Good Folk once
But they come no more."

Elizabeth MacKinstry



Hoover made the Czar's palace a soup kitchen.

HERBERT HOOVER

The Man Who Brought America To The World

By HERMAN BERNSTEIN

Author of "Celebrities of Our Time," etc.

MR. HOOVER visualized the grave menace of bolshevism perhaps better than any of the statesmen in Paris. He felt certain that the only way of checking anarchy, of stemming the rising tide of discontent, was by feeding the hungry, by restoring order amidst chaos.

He never meddled in the internal affairs of nations, he never interfered with their politics, but, when their politics interfered with the feeding of the children or the civil population, he found ways of persuading the leaders to change their politics so that his organization might proceed with America's errand of mercy.

Mr. Hoover exerted a far greater influence than the military representatives of the Allies. Hoover's men could do what others regarded as impossible, because they held in their hands the source of life for millions of people. And wherever they worked they were a power for good, for order, for stabilization—the strongest antidote to anarchy and bolshevism as well as to reaction and the restoration of monarchies.

Immediately after the armistice, Mr. Hoover worked out a plan for the feeding of the starved populations of the enemy countries, and President Wilson sent him to Europe to cooperate with the various governments in the matter of supplying food to the populations of both the Allied and the enemy countries.

It was then that Hoover, with his remarkable far-sightedness, undertook the greatest and most constructive mission of his life. And it was through that mission in Europe that America made its most constructive contribution to the peoples of the world. The war was over. The rulers of many of the countries had been overthrown or discredited. The people had lost faith in their governments and in themselves. The spirit of revolt was abroad, and hunger, bolshevism and chaos were spreading among the masses.

Hoover realized that unless something was done immediately to feed the starving people in both the Allied and the enemy countries Europe would follow the horrible example of Russia, and the

entire organization of Europe would be upset. Even the victorious countries were in danger of being swept by the wave of unrest and revolt.

The Supreme Economic Council, of which Herbert Hoover was the guiding spirit, saved Europe from the bolshevist epidemic by establishing order, by taking control of shipping, railways and mines, by supplying food-stuffs, and by organizing food administrations in twenty-three countries. Millions of children were cared for, housed in asylums and provided with food, clothing and medicines, through Hoover's efforts and American generosity. Hoover always insisted that each country, to the limit of its ability, pay in gold or securities for such food supplies.

Hoover continued his relief work in 1920 and 1921, particularly for the children of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Austria, Esthonia, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania and Yugo-Slavia. When the famine broke out in Russia in 1921, Hoover came to the rescue of the Russian people, and thus made another great American contribution to the world. With the aid of other important American charitable organizations, such as the Red Cross and the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, with the help of appropriations from Congress, and with the $12,000,000

Photograph by Brown Bros.

HERBERT HOOVER

"Our problem in Europe was economic rehabilitation."

from the Soviet Government, he had almost $70,000,000 with which to secure food for the starving Russian population.

Hoover made an agreement with the Soviet Government by which the American Relief Administration was permitted to work in Russia unhampered by official interference. Thus he succeeded in saving millions of children, without being disturbed by the Soviets, who might have discriminated even against children because of the political beliefs of their parents.

In order to transport and distribute about five million tons of American foods shortly after the armistice, Mr. Hoover had to organize a machine that could operate amidst confusion, among populations stirred by old and new animosities, irritated by old and new grievances and rivalries. Within a brief period, the relief organization assumed temporary control of Central and Southern European railroads; initiated commercial or governmental exchange of foods and raw materials between the newly established states; directed ten thousand miles of telegraph and telephone lines; reinstated shipping on the Danube, the Elbe and the Vistula; took over and managed international coal distribution; secured and transported United States Army supplies in France; established a temporary monetary system between America and Europe; aided the American Red Cross in the distribution

American orphans received presents made by Polish orphans, whose lives had been saved by the American Relief.

of large quantities of clothing; and stimulated the import of raw materials so badly needed for the industries of these countries.

The distribution of food was carried on in twenty-one countries. Some of the deliveries to the new states were made either as outright gifts, or as long term loans. And the work was done with the utmost speed. The following territories were supplied with food: Belgium, Northern France, Denmark, Holland, Italy, Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, Turkey, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Hungary, Roumania, Serbia, Croatia, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, Finland, Russia, Armenia, and the city of Danzig.

The number of persons whose lives were saved by the American bounty which Hoover's organization distributed varied from one to ten million between April of 1919 and June 1923. The high mark was in August of 1922, when 10,541,347 were entirely or partially dependent upon the Relief Administration.

The total supplies from America, the Allies and the neutrals that were distributed under Mr. Hoover's direction in less than one year, from the armistice until September 1, 1919, are estimated at 5,000,000 tons of food, valued at more than $1,147,600,000. Of this, America's contribution was about 77%, or $870,000,000. American charitable organizations conducting independent operations during this time also distributed food valued at about $33,000,000.

According to Mr. Sidney Brooks, the historian of the American Relief Administration, about 8,000,000 different children were fed by this organization, including 1,000,000 children in Germany fed by the American Quakers in conjunction with the American Relief Administration. During the whole time more than 1,500,000,000 meals were cooked and given to children from the supplies of the A. R. A. Warm clothing valued at $8,000,000 was distributed among 2,000,000 children.

The relief organization also helped a vast number of poverty-stricken members of the educated and professional classes in Austria, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary and gave assistance to about thirty thousand needy university students in seven countries. A large number of refugees in Poland and elsewhere were also helped.

During the Russian famine the American Relief Administration furnished food to about 4,000,000 children daily, and to nearly 1,000,000 adult refugees and hospital patients. A daily ration of one pound of bread was given to more than 6,000,000 famine-stricken peasants, making a total of almost

Fachy Achmidoulin, Ural Cossak and Soviet officer. He acted as Liaison Officer between his government and the American Relief.

11,000,000 in over 20,000 cities, towns and village communities. The relief forces combated diseases and distributed hospital supplies throughout Russia. They also furnished 200,000 tons of seed grain among the peasants in the Volga region and the Ukraine.

The other American organizations affiliated with the American Relief Administration in the relief work in Russia were: The Society of Friends, Mennonite Relief, European Students' Relief, Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, National Catholic Welfare Council, Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, National Lutheran Council, Volga Relief Society, Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association.

Hoover has been accorded numerous honors both at home and abroad. He was president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, in 1920, and of the American Engineering Council. He received the medal of honor of the National Institute of Social Science. The French Academy awarded him the Audiffret prize for his services in the war. And Belgium, Finland and Poland made him an honorary citizen; while Reval, Warsaw and Antwerp each made him a freeman of the city. Brown, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, George Washington, Dartmouth, Rutgers, Alabama, Oberlin, Liège, Brussels, Warsaw, Krakow, Oxford, and Manchester Universities and Colleges have conferred upon him honorary degrees.

A mountaineer from Zakopane near Krakow.

While the Russian people were deeply grateful to America for the great service rendered to them by the Hoover relief organization, some of the Soviet leaders looked askance at it, suspecting that Mr. Hoover, through his organization, established a network of economic espionage in Russia. These leaders were not aware of the fact that Mr. Hoover needed no organization to ascertain the economic resources of Russia. Several years before the war, Mr. Hoover had thoroughly familiarized himself with the natural resources of Russia, and it is safe to say that he is in possession of more information concerning the resources of Russia than the Soviet experts possess to-day.

The Russian people practically idolized Hoover. In many village homes the American relief workers found Hoover's pictures next to the holy *icons*. He was to them a savior and a saint, and they prayed for him and for the American people he personified.

I have met Mr. Hoover many times and have had the opportunity to discuss with him the problems which absorb his attention and energies. I met him in Paris, during the Peace Conference, when as head of the Supreme Economic Council, he was conducting the greatest work of his life, saving millions from starvation and rescuing mankind from the avalanche of bolshevism.

Herbert Hoover is a truly modest man. He is embarrassed when his own achievements are mentioned in his presence. He brushes all praise aside with the remark that his own part in the work is not of importance—it is the work itself that matters. He refuses to speak

of his own rôle in these achievements.

When I asked him to summarize the chief purpose of his activities in the Department of Commerce, he said:

"To administer effectively the complex duties entrusted to the Department; to direct the spirit of its services and energies to the fundamental question of a wider diffusion of comfort and of better homes. The accomplishment of these purposes is furthered by cooperation with the business world to enlarge information upon business generally, to expand foreign trade, to improve the processes of production by scientific research, and to eliminate industrial wastes by economic research."

Analyzing the work of the economic reconstruction and salvation of Europe, Mr. Hoover said:

"My contact with the stupendous social ferment and revolution in which Europe attempted to find solution for all its social ills by practical experiments in Socialism convinced me that this whole philosophy was bankrupting itself from a startling quarter—in the extraordinary lowering of productivity of industrial commodities to a point that was below the necessity for continued existence of their millions of people.

"And I also became all the more convinced of the enormous distance that we of America had grown away from Europe in the century and a half of our national existence, in our outlook on life, our relations towards our neighbors, and our social and political ideals. The supreme importance of this Americanism does not permit us to abandon the moral leadership we have undertaken of restoring order in the world.

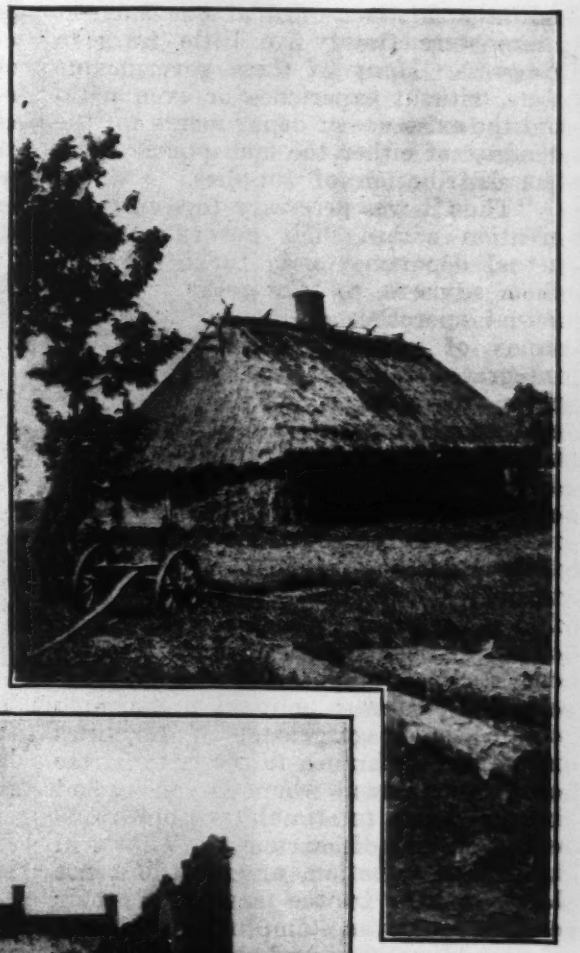
"The Central Powers collapsed not only from military and naval defeat but from total economic exhaustion. In that race to economic chaos the European Allies were not far behind. By this exhaustion, the whole of Europe stood facing a famine, the like of which had not been since the Thirty Years War, when a third of the population died of starvation. In the midst of all this was a struggle of a score of new democracies to establish themselves, with friction along every frontier, and with the destruction of governmental institutions, without financial resources to buy supplies, with the miseries of their people offering fertile soil for every economic patent medicine and for all the forces of disorder, bolshevism and anarchy, and overhanging all, there could be no hope of restoring normal economic life until the completion of peace. In all this situation, with its desperation, greed, and century-old animosities, its idealistic and proper aspirations, there was only one hope. That hope, expressed by every city and state, was that the American people, being the one disinterested and uncrippled economic and political force still existing in the world, should again intervene. It was in response to this call that President Wilson, comprehending the real heart of

A Russian official and an orphan standing beside a Relief Administration truck in the Volga Valley.

the American people, intervened in Europe a second time, and took those steps which resulted in a practical economic organization of Europe, while the peace negotiations were in progress.

"This second intervention was not merely a relief problem. It was not alone a problem of finding foodstuffs for starving populations of the ravaged regions; it was a problem of finding a large margin of foodstuffs and other supplies for the whole of Europe—Allies, liberated peoples, neutrals and former enemies; and in a mass of at least two hundred millions of these people formerly under enemy domination it was a problem of absolute economic rehabilitation. Further that this, it was a problem of warding off bolshevism on one side and reaction on the other, in order that the new-born democracies could have an opportunity of growth.

"Its practical consummation was a problem of the organization of the economic strength of the United States and its coordination with the remaining economic strength of Europe, and in large areas the imposition of absolute dictatorship over economic forces. Thus, the shipping of the world required sufficient coordination to transport thirty millions of tons of supplies from all quarters of the globe. It required the provision of credits to those countries whose total exhaustion abolished all hope of normal payment. It required the insistence upon payment from those who had gold or commodi-



Stone buildings were destroyed as easily as thatched peasants' huts and misery was as common in a palace as in a hovel.

Above: A Peasant's hut near Brest.

Below: All that remains of a cloth factory near Pinsk.

ties. It required sufficient coordination of purchase in this vast quantity of supplies that the markets of the world should be affected in the least possible degree. With the dissolution of the organization of the old channels of communication, river craft and railway rolling stock were hoarded by each state; telegraph and postal communications were broken down; every frontier was the scene of more or less military friction, until at one moment there were twenty-five little wars in progress. Many of these governments were without experience or even without the existence of departments for the conduct of either the transportation or the distribution of supplies.

"Thus it was necessary to secure the creation within their governments of actual departments, to furnish them advisers, to take over actual operation of thousands of miles of disintegrated railway systems, to open rivers and canals for traffic, to stimulate the production of coal and other primary commodities, to control their distribution through large areas, to find a basis for exchange of surplus commodities from one state to another, to exercise the strongest political pressure to obtain the disgorgement of surpluses into areas of famine, to resort to barter on a national scale where currencies had broken down, to stimulate peoples discouraged and disheartened to efforts in their own salvation, and, last but not least, to help in the saving of their children and the stamping out of contagious diseases. And, through all of this economic disorganization, it was essential to inspire the maintenance of order on one hand and the defeat of reaction on the other. And, in addition to all, our constant friendly intervention in frontier quarrels was required to prevent the starting of more wars.

"These things have been solved not by the service or direction of any one man. They have been accomplished through the coordination of the men of good-will in twenty governments of Europe, and by the creation of a thread of American personnel, directed from a single center. On our side it required the cooperation of Congress, the Grain Corporation, the Treasury, the Shipping Board, the Army and the Navy. A thousand Americans were sent into these communities abroad with but little authority beyond their own assurance and the confidence on all sides that they were disinterested, that their only desire was to solve a great and human emergency for no political and no commercial advantage. It was our desire to do this from the background, without ostentation, to act at all times through established institutions, to build up their strength for the time when they must rely upon their own resources. I cannot pay enough tribute to all these thousand Americans, many of them engineers, men taken from the common life of the United States, thrust into the face of staggering political-economic problems, the solution of which affected the well-being of millions. The proof of their performance lies in the fact that Europe has come through the most terrible period of its history with a stronger democracy and a glow in its heart for the United States. The American people, by this second intervention in Europe, have saved civilization, and have done so with no thought as to the burden or cost to themselves.

"My own contact with these forces in Europe has reenforced my Americanism. It revealed to me the distance of our departure from the political, social and economic ideals of Europe. I realized that there has grown in these United States a higher sense of justice, of neighborly service, of self-sacrifice, and above all a willingness to abide by the will of the majority in every section of this country."

Herbert Hoover has perfected the art of selecting the right men as his aides. Among his assistants many have distinguished themselves for executive ability, initiative and courage. Hoover always gives all the credit to his men. He did this when he was working as a mining engineer in China or in the Ural

Mountains, in Australia or in Mexico. He did this when he directed his monumental relief work during and after the war. And he is doing it now, as Secretary of Commerce.

"One of the hardest jobs I have is that of constantly finding new young men to take the places of those who have worked with me, and who have branched out for themselves," Mr. Hoover remarked to me the other day, in the course of an interview at his office. "I have been most fortunate in the men who have cooperated with me."

Here is a characteristic tribute paid by Hoover to one of his men in Russia. In a report to President Harding, in 1923, he wrote, in part, as follows:

> I cannot let this occasion go by without paying tribute to the superb piece of work which has been done in Russia by the chief of the medical division of the American Relief Administration. In the effective and efficient distribution of the medical supplies which Congress was generous to transfer to the ARA, he has been instrumental in saving the lives of many millions of Russians and in effectually checking the start of those great epidemic diseases which were threatening to pass beyond the borders of Russia into western Europe. I cannot commend too highly the service and devotion which he and his staff have shown in the execution of this work.

A refugee brings his child, wrapped in a carpet, to the feeding station.

And the following excerpts from the report of Colonel William N. Haskell, Director of the American Relief Administration during the famine, to Mr. Hoover are typical both of Hoover's representative in Russia, and of his loyalty to his chief.

To the mind of the Russian common people the American Relief Administration was a miracle of God which came to them in their darkest hour, under the Stars and Stripes. It turned the corner for civilization in Russia. It lifted the Russian people from despair to hope. Our medical supplies encouraged the medical profession. Our distribution of literature gave life to the scientists. Our free food packages revived hope in the intelligentsia. We purified water systems, disinfected millions of people, opened public baths, repaired roads, required improvements in schools, but above all we demonstrated that at least one organization could exist and succeed in Russia without submission to dictation.

I should be, indeed, ungrateful and properly censured by my 300 American and 125,000 Russian assistants as well as by millions of Russian beneficiaries, if I failed to express to you their deep affection and gratitude. To you alone, who dared to conceive and execute one of the greatest administrative operations to relieve famine in the history of the world, is due whatever credit the world sees fit to bestow, but among us who felt your constant encouragement, moral support and intimate contact guiding our efforts, there will always remain a mystery as to

how you could spare the time to maintain such detailed touch with every phase of our work. The will to succeed which imbued all of the Americans in Russia and which was a great factor in the successful accomplishment of the task was a direct translation of your humanitarian spirit to Russia.

In his report to President Harding, Mr. Hoover defined the significance of American relief in Russia as follows:

> I believe this effort has stemmed one of the greatest catastrophes that has followed the war. There is a deep feeling of gratitude in the minds of the Russian people and the result will, I am sure, be of lasting satisfaction to the American people. Without it certainly many millions of people would have died from starvation; millions more would have perished from the disorder and disease that would have followed.

He lost his family and his home; but, being a true Russian, he saved the samovar.

Speaking of the men in Russia, Mr. Hoover reported to the President:

> Their task has been difficult beyond description in a country of degenerate transport; with government, economic and social life just emerging from chaos.

It is impossible even to list the names of the prominent business and professional men who became aides to Mr. Hoover during his activities as Director General of Relief under the Supreme Economic Council. Colonel James A. Logan acted as Mr. Hoover's Chief of Staff in Paris. He is now European representative of Dillon Read & Co., Bankers. E. A. Peden became the Chief of the Children's Relief Bureau. He is now President of the Peden Iron & Steel Co., Texas. Colonel A. B. Barber was in charge of shipping in 1919. He later became Technical Adviser to Poland. Professor Lincoln Hutchinson, after his association with Mr. Hoover, became Technical Adviser to Czecho-Slovakia. Colonel W. B. Causey was first associated with Mr. Hoover and then served as Technical Adviser in Austria. He is now the City Manager of Norfolk, Virginia. Colonel W. G. Atwood headed the Transportation Commission with control of Central and South European Railways. Colonel A. C. Goodyear was the Chief of the Allied Coal Commission in Central Europe. He is now President of the Great Southern Lumber Company.

Immediately after the armistice there came a telegram addressed to Mr. Hoover, through the Hoover offices in Holland, offering to get food into Germany. The offer came from Baron von der Nalncken and his associate, Dr. Rieth, who as General von Bissing's principal political advisers were known to have treated the Belgian population cruelly, and on various occasions interfered with Hoover's relief work in Belgium.

Hoover dictated the following characteristic telegram in reply:

> Mr. Hoover's personal compliments and requests to go to hell. If Mr. Hoover has to deal with Germany for the Allies it will at least not be with such a precious pair of scoundrels.

One of Hoover's former aides states:

"Mr. Hoover is sometimes what people would call profane. But it is by no means ordinary profanity. He never swears for the mere pleasure of swearing. His profanity is always appropriate. When he uses strong language about a person, that person usually deserves it.

"He was one of the hardest workers in Paris. He worked all the time. When he came to the office in the morning his pockets were stuffed with all sorts of memoranda which he had made since leaving the office the night before. Dinner menus, newspaper margins and book jackets were covered with notes which contained numerous ideas and suggestions, and which afterward became a grain corporation, or an operation amounting to billions of dollars, or a measure that saved thousands of children.

"His ideas of public service are always divorced from selfish motives or personal comfort. He displayed an extraordinary fearlessness during his numerous trips over mine-strewn waters between London and the Continent. And he was calm in times of the gravest danger. At Boulogne, during an air raid, when the British Headquarters nearby were destroyed, Hoover remained perfectly calm, while others were frightened and excited."

Governor James P. Goodrich of Indiana recently told how he was sent to Russia by Mr. Hoover.

"I can tell you now how I got into the American Relief Administration," he said. "I had just finished a rather trying term as Governor of Indiana during the war period. I was motoring with Mrs. Goodrich up through the Berkshires when I was called to Washington by Mr. Hoover. I went to see him, and he told me to go to Russia.

"'I don't know anything about Russia,' I told him.

"'That's why I want you to go,' he replied.

"I felt that appealed to me a hundred per cent, and asked if he had any instructions. No, he had none; he depended upon others to use their heads. So I went to Russia."

Mr. Roland W. Boyden, speaking of Hoover's methods of choosing his men, said:

"I had the honor of being, during the war, Mr. Hoover's 'hangman.' That was my official title; and no hangman was ever allowed to run things, or not to run them, as much as I was. After the war, I was sent out to express the thanks of Mr. Hoover. I said 'good-bye' to Mr. Hoover, and asked him what I should say.

"'Say anything you damned please,' he told me. And so I went out to thirty-two states, and said anything I damned pleased—and had a good time doing it.

"I went abroad in 1920 to become the unofficial reparations delegate for the United States. My first contact was with Colonel Logan, who afterward became my successor. Colonel Logan represented the American Relief Administration in the distribution of food. He told me how he joined the organization. He said he had been fighting Mr. Hoover for some years. 'He was anxious to get cargo-space for food for Belgium,' said Logan. 'I was anxious to get space for the Army men. I didn't know Mr. Hoover would care to speak to me after that. I wanted to meet him.

Mr. Hoover said to me: "I have a lot of ships on the water, and I want some one to direct the movements of those ships; will you help?"

"'I said I would.

"'"That's

Delousing refugees' clothing by freezing; one of the activities of the American Relief in Russia.

fine," said Mr. Hoover. "There's a list of the ports to which they are scheduled.'"

"Whatever Colonel Logan thought of Hoover during the war, he is now one of his greatest admirers."

One of Hoover's most trusted aides relates the following characteristic episode which illustrates Hoover's methods of work:

"When it became necessary to send food down the Danube for the starving populations, the Supreme Economic Council discussed ways and means of patrolling the boats that were to carry the cargo. The discussions and negotiations took about fourteen days. Mr. Hoover attended all the conferences and listened to the discussions. At the close of the negotiations, one of the leading representatives of the Supreme Economic Council turned to Mr. Hoover and said, 'Now that the details have been elaborated, I suppose you will have to put the plan into execution. How soon do you think you could get the ships started for the distribution of food there?'

"Mr. Hoover answered, 'I have been running the boats for the past fourteen days.'"

Some time after the armistice Herbert Hoover decided to go over to Prague and to Warsaw to see with his own eyes how the little children were being fed by his organization. He came to the capital of Poland unheralded. He wanted no receptions, no honors. But the Polish officials were determined to show their beloved guest the gratitude of the nation, and they hit upon the most effective plan of expressing that gratitude. They knew that the reports of the children's feebleness had reached Hoover, and they now wanted to show him how he had helped the little tots to their feet. So they decided to have a children's parade.

About seventy thousand boys and girls, armed with their tin cups and paper napkins, bearing the American flag, marched past the grand stand where Hoover was standing. The man who saved them from starvation stood amidst the Polish officials, while the children cheered and waved their cups and napkins.

Mr. Vernon Kellogg, describing this scene, says:

"All went by as decorously and in as orderly a fashion as many thousands of happy, cheering children could be ex-

pected to, until suddenly from the grass an astonished rabbit leaped out and started down the track. Then five thousand of these children broke from the ranks and dashed madly after him, shouting and laughing. And they caught him and brought him in triumph as a gift to their guest. But they were astonished to see, as they gave him their gift, that this great, strong man did just what you and I or any other sort of human being could not have helped doing under similar circumstances. They saw him cry. And they would not have understood, if he had tried to explain to them, that he cried because they had proved to him that they could run and play. So he did not try. But the children of Warsaw had no need to be sorry for him. For he cried because he was glad."

People in America and particularly abroad are wondering what Mr. Hoover has been doing at the head of the Department of Commerce since 1921. Few people realize the immensity and many-sidedness of his present job. Mr. Hoover's assistant, the well known journalist, Harold Phelps Stokes, was asked by a woman's publication to describe the activities of the Department of Commerce in popular terms. He answered:

> Look up the description of the functions of the Department of Commerce in the fine print of the Congressional Record, which reads as follows: "The Secretary of Commerce is charged with the work of promoting the commerce of the United States and its mining, manufacturing, shipping, fishery, the transportation and so on."
>
> Without doubt the ordinary mortal would find that description rather vague and unsatisfying. The average American woman, for instance, would not learn from that account that, if she has a seal skin coat, those skins were taken and sold under the auspices of the Department of Commerce, that, if she prepares canned salmon for her husband's supper, that salmon was in all probability caught under regulations issued by the Department of Commerce; that if, after supper, they tune in on XYZ, that broadcasting station got its wave length assigned to it by the Department of Commerce; that, when their daughter comes home from a year's study abroad on a vessel flying the American flag, her safety is assured by the inspection of that vessel by the Department of Commerce and the licensing of her officers by the Department of Commerce, and that they, vessel and daughter alike, are guided and welcomed to their home shores by Fire Island Lighthouse, lighted by the Department of Commerce.

When Secretary Hoover assumed charge of the Department four years ago, he proposed a reorganization of departmental activities which had as its purpose "to change the attitude of government relations with business from that of interference to that of cooperation." He wanted the Department to be "effective in service to the producers, manufacturers, and distributers of commodities, able to give economic interpretation of importance to the American public generally, and to stimulate American trade." During the first few months, this reorganization was successfully carried out in the closest cooperation with the commercial and industrial community. The industries concerned were consulted and often some of the specialists they recommended were called to the government service to help make the reorganization effective.

The Bureau of the Census; the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, with attachés abroad and specialists at home, studying the foreign markets for American goods; the Bureau of Standards, a national research laboratory for science and industry, seeing to it that a yard is a yard and that a pound is a pound; the Division of Building and Housing, working to lower costs of the construction of homes, and cooperating with "Better Homes in America," an unofficial organization for education and public service of which Mr. Hoover is President, stimulating home ownership, and aiding the solution of housing difficulties; the Division of Simplified Practise, dealing with the problem of eliminating industrial waste; the Bureau of Fisheries; the Lighthouse Service; the Bureau of Navigation, enforcing mari-

time laws, and in charge of radio control; the United States Patent Office; the Bureau of Mines—these are the activities of the Department of Commerce, the greatest business office in the world, conducted by Secretary Hoover.

Discussing business ethics, Mr. Hoover said:

"The basic principles laid down in the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount are as applicable to-day as when they were declared, but they require a host of subsidiary clauses. The ten ways to evil in the time of Moses have increased to ten thousand now.

"A whole host of rules and regulations are necessary to maintain human rights with this amazing transformation into an industrial era. Ten people in a whole county, with a plow apiece, did not elbow each other very much. But when we put seven million people in a county with the tools of electricity, steam, thirty-floor buildings, telephones, miscellaneous noises, street cars, railways, motors, stock exchanges, and what not, then we do jostle each other in a multitude of directions. Thereupon our law-makers supply the demand by the ceasless piling up of statutes in attempts to keep the traffic open; to assure fair dealing in the economic world; to eliminate its wastes; to prevent some kind of abuse or some kind of domination. Moreover, with increasing education our senses become more offended and our moral discrimination increases; for all of which we discover new things to remedy. In one of our States over one thousand laws and ordinances have been added in the last year. It is also true that a large part of them will sleep peacefully in the statute book.

"National character can not be built by law. It is the sum of the moral fiber of its individuals. When abuses which rise from our growing system are cured by live individual conscience, by initiative in the creation of voluntary standards, then is the growth of moral perceptions fertilized in every individual character.

"No one disputes the necessity for constantly new standards of conduct in relation to all these tools and inventions. Our latest great invention, radio, has brought a host of new questions. No one disputes that much of these subsidiary additions to the Ten Commandments must be made by legislation. Our public utilities are wasteful and costly unless we give them a privilege more or less monopolistic. At once when we have business affected with monopoly we must have regulation by law. Much of even this phase might have been unnecessary had there been a higher degree of responsibility to the public, higher standards of business practise among those who dominated these agencies in years gone by.

"There has been, however, a great extension of government regulation and control beyond the field of public utilities into the fields of production and distribution of commodities and credit. When legislation penetrates the business world it is because there is abuse somewhere. A great deal of this legislation is due rather to the inability of business hitherto to so organize as to correct abuses than to any lack of desire to have it done. Some times the abuses are more apparent than real, but anything is a handle for demagoguery. In the main, however, the public acts only when it has lost confidence in the ability or willingness of business to correct its own abuses.

"I am one of those who believe in the substratum of inherent honesty, the fine vein of service and kindliness in our citizenship. The vast volume of goods and services that daily flow through the land would cease instantly were it not for the instinctive dependence of our people upon the moral responsibility of the men who labor in the shops and farms and the men who direct our production and distribution.

"In these times of muddled thought it is sometimes worth repeating a truism. Industry and commerce are not based upon taking advantage of other persons. Their foundations lie in the division of labor and exchange of products. For through specialization we increase the total and variety of production and secure its diffiusion into consumption. By some false analogy to the 'survival of the fittest' many have conceived the whole business world to be a sort of economic 'dog eat dog.' We often lay too much emphasis upon its competitive features, too little upon the fact that it is in essence a great cooperative effort.

"The problem of business ethics, as a prevention of abuse, is of two categories: those where the standard must be one of individual moral perceptions, and those where we must have a determination of standards of conduct for a whole group in order that there may be a basis for ethics.

"The standards of honesty, of a sense of mutual obligation and of service, were determined two thousand years ago. They may require at times to be recalled. And the responsibility for them increases infinitely in high places either in business or government, for there rests the high responsibility for leadership in fineness of moral perception. Their failure is a blow at the repute of business and at confidence in government itself.

"The second field is the great area of indirect economic wrong and unethical practises that spring up under the pressures of competition and habit. There is also the great field of economic waste through destructive competition, through strikes, booms and slumps, unemployment, through failure of our different industries to synchronize and a hundred other causes which directly lower our productivity and employment. Waste may be abstractly unethical but in any event it can only be remedied by economic action.

"If we are to find solution to these collective issues outside of government regulation we must meet two practical problems:

"First, there must be organization in such form as can establish the standards of conduct in this vast complex of shifting invention, production, and use. There is no existing basis to check the failure of service, of the sacrifice of public interest. Some one must determine such standards. They must be determined and held flexibly in tune with the intense technology of trade.

"Second, there must be some sort of enforcement. There is the perpetual difficulty of a small minority who will not play the game. They too often bring disrepute upon the vast majority; they drive many others to adopt unfair competitive methods which all deplore; their abuses give rise to public indignation and clamor which breed legislative action.

"I believe we are in the presence of a new era in the organization of industry and commerce in which, if properly directed, lie forces pregnant with infinite possibilities of moral progress. We are, almost unnoticed, in the midst of a great revolution, or rather, a transformation in the whole super-organization of our economic life. We are passing from a period of extremely individualistic action into a period of associational activities."

In answer to my question as to whom he regards as America's most constructive American industrialist to-day, Mr. Hoover remarked:

"We have three types of industrialists in America. The old type of industrialist leader was interested mainly in but one thing—in milking the public, in accumulating millions by exploiting the great mass of the people. A great industrialist leader is Henry Ford. But he is unique, in a class by himself, and he has practically no followers. The really significant type of the new industrial leader in America is one who has risen from the ranks, who looks after the interests of his company of investors, knowing his duty to his associates and giving his working people a square deal, and who realizes that the public must be pleased by giving it the best possible service at the lowest price. Success in American industrialism lies in the coordination of these elements. The man who best typifies this new American industrialist leadership is Owen D. Young, head of the General Electric Company."

I also had occasion to discuss with Mr. Hoover some of the most vital problems of the international situation. I was most eager to hear from Mr. Hoover whether he believed that Europe had learned the lessons of the World War, and whether there was danger of Asia succumbing to the concentrated propaganda of bolshevist Russia, thus arraigning the two fundamentally opposite conceptions of civilization, of the Oriental against the Occidental, in such a way as to draw us into another great war. But it is obvious that at this time, when America is dealing with the questions of foreign debts and other serious political problems abroad, Secretary Hoover could not make public a frank expression of his views on these questions without running the risk of their

being twisted and misconstrued by diplomats and propagandists to suit their diverse purposes. Yet, knowing Mr. Hoover's outlook upon international problems, I may perhaps sum up the answers without drifting too far away from his own conception of these problems.

It is doubtful whether any one knows yet what all the lessons of the war are. Most European statesmen are well alive to certain fundamental things, but with populations that have been stirred so deeply by a sense of injustice and by enormous personal and property losses, by hate and fear, it does not follow that their leaders can pursue logical and straight lines of indicated policy. As the war recedes further in the background, the opportunities of states en become greater, and in time the obvious lessons are bound to sink in.

In the meantime, some nations still have faith that they can abrogate certain laws of human behavior. They cannot. For instance, despite legal fiat, self-interest is still the dominant motive force of production. Again, governments can no more spend above their income and not go bankrupt than can individuals. But some populations are not yet willing to stand the necessary burden of taxation or reduction of expenses that would enable their governments to live within their incomes. Taxes have to be paid from current production, and governments can mortgage only a small per cent of future production, either by issuing paper currency or bonds, without the value of these documents shrinking back to this small per cent.

Real peace cannot be made in an atmosphere of hate and fear, nor will divided races cease to yearn for racial solidarity and freedom, according to their own race instincts. In this transition stage there is some lingering belief that military alliances, with their supporting armies and balances of power, are the stuff that permanent peace will be made of. All these are evident lessons of the past few years. Nevertheless, Europe is steadily emerging from all these illusions through the usual human process of trial and error.

As for the danger of the spread of bolshevism in the Orient and the menace of a conflict between the two civilizations, there is no doubt that, with the more emotional Oriental mind, with the desperate poverty and destitution and the very large percentage of illiteracy, the Orient offers more fertile ground than the Occident. But bolshevism tends to destroy intelligence, leadership, and constructive impulses in the nations afflicted with it. So, if such a very unlikely thing as a general invasion of the Occident should happen, it could be stopped by any one of the greater Occidental nations single-handed.

Herbert Hoover interpreted the heart of America to the world. He translated the idealism of America into humanitarian service by not only saving the starving populations of Europe during the world's greatest catastrophe but also by checking the wave of anarchy and unbridled revolt that threatened civilization and the welfare of coming generations.

For the first time in the history of nations, America became her brother's keeper, without expecting any reward, without any selfish motives, without any thought of aggrandizement or gain.

FAWN O'MERA

Had you never, Fawn O'Mera,
  Never heard the magic bell
Tolling from the belfries airy
Of the towered land of Fairy
  Where the Elfin people dwell?

Had you never, Fawn O'Mera,
  Seen the Laughing People ride,
Gold, and green, and rowan, trooping
Like a flock of sea gulls swooping
  Out to sea, by some roadside?

Little bits of sticks, and snatches
  Tattered too, of roadside straw;
Here and there the dead leaves whirling
In the wind; the gray dust pearling
  Over them was all they saw!

They, the New Born souls, that newly
  Grow to threescore year and ten,
Ancient only in the cradle,
Crafty with the porridge ladle,
  Children still as greedy men.

But the lovely, loving, lilting,
  Laughing Wise Ones who are Old,
Whom a thousand years make tender,
And whose kind eyes know the splendor
  Of the Dawn, saw fairy gold!

Hear them singing, Fawn O'Mera!
  Girlhood guessed the song before.
Now, the candles flare and dwindle,
And a burden grows the spindle,
  And the flax falls to the floor.

Leave the young, whose love is asking,
  Leave the old whose love's a chain,
Ere they strew your head with ashes,
Dim the eyes and dew the lashes,
  Come into your own again.

I will take you, Fawn O'Mera,
  To the Fairy Glades apart,
And where green leaves know no falling,
Hush the old unhappy calling,
  Wake your soul, and still your heart.

—Elizabeth MacKinstry

MARIE

By SAPPER

HE WAS a little wizened-up old thing, his face a net-work of wrinkles. Seventy I put his age at—perhaps more—though in his eyes there still dwelt something of the fire of youth, and the hand that lifted the glass of vermuth to his lips was steady. It was the choice of that drink as an aperitif that had started the conversation, for our own countrymen of the class to which he obviously belonged do not, as a rule, indulge in vermuth.

He was French, of course, though for the last twenty years he had lived in London, and save for a few little mannerisms of speech he might have been English. He kept a barber's shop, and every night, when business was over, he came to the Dubonnet for his glass of vermuth.

Georges Pitou was his name; possibly Monsieur had observed his shop in Wardour Street? I fenced delicately, but the matter was dismissed with a wave of the hand. There were two assistants. . . .

"And Madame," I put in thoughtlessly.

"No, Monsieur," he said gravely. "I am not married."

He signed to the waiter to refill his glass.

"And Monsieur is what? I have not seen you here before."

I broke the news of my trade to him gently.

"Then," he said quickly, "you are here in search of copy."

"Principally, Monsieur Pitou," I laughed, "I am here in search of a cheap dinner. It is one thing to write, and quite another to be read."

He nodded sympathetically.

"I know, Monsieur; sometimes one works one's very best and yet one is not appreciated. Even in my saloon I have known it to happen."

"Indeed," I murmured politely.

"Yes," he went on after a few moments, "it is an unpleasant thing not to be appreciated. Though good for a man, Monsieur, when he is young. Always there lies in front of him the goal of success, and so he is spurred on. It is when a man is old—when a man who has once been appreciated and made much of begins to lose his hold—it is then that it becomes a terrible thing. You think not, perhaps; you say that he has had his day, and that it is time he made way for some one else. Listen, Monsieur, and I will tell you a story. And you shall write it down and send it to a magazine. Listen—for I am in the mood this evening."

He lit a cigarette and, in the light of the match, his face seemed even more amazingly wrinkled than before.

"Do not imagine, Monsieur," he began, "that I was always a barber. For twenty years, true, I have cut hair—and twenty years is a long time. So long that sometimes I think that I have cut hair all my life—but that is only when the black dog is about. And then I remember that there is always a bottle of wine and that life is what we make of it ourselves.

"Have you ever heard, Monsieur, of Blom's Celebrated Circus? It was before your time, I know, and yet I thought every one must have heard of it. For never was there a circus quite like it. In every corner of France—from Perpignan to Reims, from the Gironde to the Vosges, Blom's Circus was a household word. To welcome it villages would hang out their flags, and towns declare a general holiday.

"It was superb, magnificent. There was a giraffe, and a tiger in a cage; there was a pig with five feet and a bearded woman. And, *mon Dieu!* what a woman! Never shall I forget the blow she gave me when I trimmed that beard one day in a manner that was—how do you say it—lopsided. But I was young, Monsieur; to me it was but a jest until she hit me."

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He sighed reminiscently and indicated his empty glass to the waiter.

"As you will have guessed, I, too, was of the circus; I might almost say I was the circus. I can still hear those bursts of laughter, those shouts of applause as Pitou the clown darted into the ring. But it is not of myself that I would speak; merely is it necessary for Monsieur to grasp my position, and to realize that I am well qualified to tell the story by which Monsieur will make his name. It is the story of Henri Dardot, the conjurer—and of Marie, his wife.

"It is not too much to say that the name of Henry Dardot was almost as well known as that of Pitou the clown. The amazing things he could do—with cards and rabbits and things in a hat. Once I remember there was a slight accident with regard to a top-hat he had borrowed, and in which he had promised to make an omelette. You will understand that he had in reality two top-hats, which he substituted from time to time. Behold then Henri breaking eggs gaily into the second top-hat. The *omelette aux fines herbes*, cooked to a turn, was all ready on its plate waiting to be slipped into the hat he had borrowed. He laughed and jested, and the crowd laughed too. And then suddenly the laughter froze on his lips; his face turned white under his make-up. Inadvertently he had mixed the two hats. And the hat of Monsieur le Maire, instead of containing a delicious omelette on a plate, was half-full of raw eggs.

"A mistake, Monsieur—but the greatest men have made mistakes. And natural, too, at the time. For Henri was in love—in love with the most adorable girl. You have seen the field of waving corn; you have seen the scarlet poppies peeping out from between the stalks; you have seen the blue of the southern seas. Even so was the gold of her hair, and the scarlet of her lips, and the wonder of her eyes. I, too, was in love with her—we all were—but we soon saw that Henri was her choice. At the time I thought it strange, for, though Henri was a superb conjurer and could juggle with soup plates, such qualifications seemed unnecessary in a husband. After all, in a happy marriage one does not make omelettes in top-hats, and the dinner service reposes on the dresser. Whereas a sunny disposition and a pretty wit, such as is vital to a clown, must be great assets in the home.

"However, it became evident that Marie had eyes for none but Henri. With her own handkerchief she wiped the inside of Monsieur le Maire's hat; with her own hands she cooked the second omelette with the eggs she had so carefully saved out of the hat, and shared it with Henri. And a few days later they were married.

"Monsieur is married himself? When success comes, as it will when he writes this story, he hopes to be, I see. Well, I can think of no better wish to offer to Monsieur than that his marriage will be as the marriage of Henri and Marie was during the first nine or ten years.

"It is incredible, but it is the truth. Never for one moment did Marie look at another man; never for one moment did Henri look at another woman. Monsieur may think now that it is not at all incredible. I can only hope that he will always be of the same opinion. And yet—who knows? There is happiness in this world too great to last, even as the happiness of those two. Fate—Nature—call it what you will—is hard and stern. If she sees us too happy, she steps in and cries 'Halt.' She keeps a book and she adds things up. And if the total is too big she gets angry. Sometimes you pay in instalments, Monsieur, and sometimes in a lump sum down. And so, though I wish you the happiness of those two during the first years of their married life, I hope at the end that the total will not be too big. Because they paid. *Mon Dieu!* How they paid!

"There was one child, a boy, and naturally his name also was Henri. And as the years passed by he became the pet of us all. He alone was allowed to pull the beard of the show lady; he alone was allowed to undo the waistcoat buttons of Monsieur Blom himself. Everywhere we went he went with us, and sometimes, as a treat, I would make him up as a clown and he would pretend that he was the great Georges Pitou. We would watch him capering round the ring, turning somersaults, and Marie would laugh and clap her hands and say that he was better than his instructor.

"And then, when the boy was about nine years old, there came a day when I found Marie in tears. She was sitting upon an old packing case, and standing by her knee was little Henri. And Henri the big—her husband—was walking up and down, blowing his nose and muttering to himself.

"'It is imbecile, Marie,' I heard him cry. 'You do not understand what the good Abbé has offered. Why, name of a name, he will make a gentleman of the boy. An avocat, or maybe a doctor. Does he not say that the boy has the bump of much knowledge upon his head?'

"'But I don't want him to be a gentleman,' cried Marie. 'I want him just as he is—my little boy.'

"And the boy clutched her knees and cried, too, for he loved the circus and didn't want to go away. Was not the dream of the young rascal's life to be the second Georges Pitou?

"They asked me my opinion—and I—what could I say? It was a big question to decide, Monsieur, the future of little Henri. On the one hand, the convent school of the Abbé where the boy could be educated at no great cost; on the other, the circus with its free and easy life. And for two days I thought it over, whilst they naturally waited for my advice.

"'*Mes amis*,' I said, 'it is thus that I see it. Incredible though it may seem to us now, there may come a day when Blom's Celebrated Circus will no longer draw the public as it does at present. True, you cannot believe me; to you such a thing is inconceivable. And yet the day must come when Henri Dardot can no longer produce omelettes from top-hats. Another will take his place, you say. Perhaps so—perhaps not. But what will happen when I, Georges Pitou, wish to retire? For no man goes on forever. What will happen then, *mes amis*?'

"The argument impressed them, Monsieur, for the idea of Blom's Celebrated Circus without Georges Pitou was frankly absurd.

"'But that is many years away, Monsieur Pitou,' said the bearded woman.

"'Who knows?' I said easily. 'I have my eye on a little café not far from Avignon. And when Monsieur Blom sees fit to reward me as I deserve . . . But, enough. It is not of myself I would speak. It is of little Henri, and what it is best to do for the boy. What then will happen to him if, in ten years from now, the Circus is no more? Ten years is a long time, and many things may take place. The good Monsieur Blom may be dead; I, George Pitou, may have had an accident, or I may have retired. And if that is so, what will the boy do? For what training he has had will be of no use to him if there is no Circus.'

"Common sense, Monsieur, you will agree. From every point of view it was better that the boy should go to a good school—from every point of view, that is, save one."

Monsieur Pitou drained his glass and stared over my shoulder into space. A strange, wrapped look was in his eyes, and I think he was back again at the council of war where the fate of little Henri was being discussed, with the bearded lady gazing at him with suitable reverence, and Marie holding her baby tightly, fiercely, as she realized that opinion was against her.

"Yes, Monsieur, from every point of view save one—his mother's. What fools we men are—weighing up the points for and against; treating a soul as if it was a mathematical problem. For laws must conform to the soul; not the soul to laws. Monsieur perhaps may regard that as dangerous philosophy. Nevertheless, it is the truth. And that is why women drive men to the verge of insanity when they argue. For argument is based on law, and women know better than the law. At least they do on some things.

"Marie knew better than the law. I see it now, though at the time I didn't. Point by point I showed her the advantages that little Henri would gain by going to school. And when I'd finished, and her husband was nodding in agreement, and Alphonse, who trained the performing fleas and was always losing them—*mon Dieu!* every day, and he slept next to me—when all of us, as I say, had shown Marie clearly and logically that we were right, she just shook her head and whispered, 'You're wrong.' And then the Abbé himself interfered, and he was as big a fool as the rest of us. But he went on a dif-

ferent line and so he was more successful.

"'My child,' he said to her, 'are you quite sure you are thinking of the boy and not of yourself?'

"Monsieur, it was a devilish question. Even now I can see the dawning look of terror in those wonderful blue eyes as she stared at him. For she realized she was beaten. With her woman's intuition she knew, at once, that he had penetrated her defenses, and that she had lost. For she understood the hopelessness of explaining to men that if she thought of the boy she must be thinking of herself, too. You can't divide a good mother and her son and treat them as two beings. A father and his child—yes—but not a mother.

"She walked away, I remember, and as she passed me I caught my breath at the look on her face. And when she'd gone we talked foolishly together, as is the way with men at such times, of the crops and politics and things that didn't matter, until Alphonse lost another of his cursed fleas, and praise be to God the Abbé went off with it. At least he swore it was on him, and he was searching for it angrily when Marie returned. She went straight up to little Henri and picked him up, and, though thirty-five years have gone by since that day, the picture she made is as clear in my mind as ever. Their two heads were together, and the little chap's arms were round her neck. For a while she stared at the Abbé in silence, till at length he gave up the search and contented himself with an occasional scratch.

"'Monsieur l'Abbé,' she said quietly, 'take him. Take him now before I change my mind.'

"'You have decided well, my daughter. You will not regret it,' he answered gravely, and then he muttered maledictions under his breath, for Alphonse never overfed his pets.

"'I will come and see him before we leave to-morrow,' said Marie, and I saw her arms tighten round her baby. Then she started to whisper in his ear, and I —I am not ashamed to confess it—I blew my nose with violence. There are moments, Monsieur, when the strongest of us find it difficult to speak.

"Ten minutes later we stood at the door of the tent watching the little figure trotting gravely along the dusty road at the side of Monsieur l'Abbé. Was he not going to something new, where he would play with other little boys? And is not the world very good when we are nine years old, and a funny man is beside us making sudden darts at various parts of his anatomy? Is not such a performance expressly intended for the purpose of making little boys laugh? And so we watched them till a turn in the road hid them from sight.

"'He never even waved,' whispered Marie, half to herself. 'He never even turned round once.'

"'Ah! Marie, my dear, little boys don't turn round and wave when they are laughing. And little boys should always be laughing. It is the only way to balance the world's tears. They look so intently at the present—and surely an Abbé with a flea is good enough for any one. It's not the past or the future that matters; they leave uninteresting things like that to the grown-ups.' Which is, perhaps, why Marie wiped the tears from her eyes, as she thought of the last nine years, and then turned on us like a tigress.

"'Oh! you fools,' she stormed. 'You miserable fools.'

"There was fear as well as anger in her voice as she thought of the years to come."

The wizened-up little man drained his vermuth and lit a cigarette.

"Monsieur can perhaps picture those years," he continued after a while. "From Perpignan to Reims, from the Gironde to the Vosges, Blom's Celebrated Circus continued its triumphant career. And once every year we performed at the town where little Henri was at school. Ah! the first of those occasions; it was unforgetable. The excitement, and the laughing, and the kissing that went on. Henri and all his little friends came and sat in the front row, and cheered and talked all through the performance; never did Georges Pitou provoke such amusement. Never did Henri the elder produce his omelette so superbly.

"'That is my father,' came the proud voice of little Henri, 'and if you're good he will give you the omelette to eat.'

"But naturally. Who else would have that honour on such a day? And after it was over they all came and

stared at the bearded woman, and the fleas of Alphonse, until Marie caught up her boy and carried him away from the others. Was he happy? Were his socks mended? *Parbleu!* At ten years of age one is always happy, and what is a hole in a sock, more or less?

"Monsieur—he fidgeted. Out of the corner of my eye—when I was doing one of my tricks for the others—I could see that his eyes were fixed on me. He did not want to sit with Marie in a corner and talk of his socks; he wanted to show the others that he could jump through a hoop. And Marie wished for nothing but that he should sit on her knee with his arms round her neck, and pretend that he was her baby again.

"It was the Abbé himself who came to fetch them, and he said nothing but good of little Henri. His father was delighted, and Monsieur Blom himself presented the boy with a silver franc.

"'He will make his name, that boy,' said Henri to me that night. 'Truly we did wisely in giving him his chance.'

"And Marie, who was sewing, said nothing, though we didn't notice it at the time. She knew, Monsieur—she knew even then. Women are like that. And there was nothing she could do; the matter was out of her hands.

"It came little by little, almost imperceptibly at first, the—how do you say it—the crack in the violin. And with it there came another thing which again was almost imperceptible at first—the waning popularity of Blom's Celebrated Circus.

"I think it was little Henri who first put it into words with the brutal frankness of the young. He was twelve then, and for the last two years none of his school friends had turned up to see the Circus.

"'It is so dull, maman,' he said. 'Always you do the same tricks. And one gets bored with seeing the same tricks.'

"'But there are always new people to see them,' cried his father. 'And an old trick is new to those who have not seen it. What, for example, of the boy—the new boy of whom you wrote—Jean? He has not seen the tricks. Why did you not bring him?'

"And little Henri turned red.

"'Jean,' he said, 'does not like circuses.'

"'Ho, ho,' cried his father, 'and who is this strange fellow who does not like seeing an omelette produced from a hat?'

"He is the son of the Comte d'Albuise,' answered the boy.

"'*Mon Dieu*!' chuckled his father, 'but we have swagger friends. Tell him that if he should come to-night, I will show him a new and wonderful card trick.'

"And the boy turned redder than ever.

"'He does not know that I am here, papa,' he muttered. 'And anyway he would not be allowed to come to-night; Monsieur le Comte d'Albuise is very particular. He fears the—the measles for Jean.'

"'And that is why you have kept silent,' cried his father. 'Good boy. Otherwise the little Jean would be jealous, *n'est-ce pas?*'

"'Yes—he would be jealous,' repeated the boy.

"'Considerate, you see,' cried his father when he had gone. 'A good trait which I am well pleased with. *Mais mon Dieu*, Marie, you are crying. Was there ever such a woman? What is the matter?'

"'Nothing, Henri, that matters,' she said quietly, but to me later she told the truth.

"'It is not the measles, Georges,' she said sadly, 'that has kept him away. It is that my little Henri is ashamed of us. He does not want his friends to know that his parents are in a circus.'

"And though I told her that she was wrong, I knew that she was right. I realized that it was what she had feared and dreaded all the time, and now it had come. To her husband she said nothing, and she made me promise that I, too, would keep silence.

"'It is done now, Georges,' she said. 'My little boy has been taken away from me, and now we can only hinder him. But I wonder if he's really any happier than he was when he was here with us in the circus.'

"'He had to have his chance, Marie,' I answered. 'And look how well he is doing.'

"She nodded her head a little wearily, and went on with her sewing.

"'Georges,' she said, 'there was a time many years ago when I used to

dream of the future when we should leave the circus. Henri and I should have saved a little money—enough to buy a cottage somewhere and grow vegetables and keep some hens and a pig. And in the next cottage would be little Henri and his wife and babies. And we would be all together—and so happy. But now—what is going to happen? He would not be happy in a cottage, and the money that we might be saving goes in his schooling and his clothes. He must be dressed better there than if he were still with us here, and it is terrible how much it costs. And what is to be the end of it all, Georges? If only I could be sure he was going to be happy. Nothing else would matter at all then.'

"That was all she seemed to think about, Monsieur; was her boy going to be happy? Her own dreams had vanished; she was trying to find others to replace them. Sometimes when I painted for her pictures of her boy as a great man—as a deputy—nay, as the President himself—her eyes would sparkle and she would nod her head and laugh. And then the joy would fade from her face, and the life die out until I grew almost angry with her. But she knew, Monsieur; she knew.

"It was when the boy was eighteen that the crisis came. For a long time we had seen it coming, but, as is the way with true artistes, we had hoped against hope. Business was going from bad to worse, and Monsieur Blom grew more worried every day. No longer did the people flock to see us; in fact there were performances when the only spectators were those who had been given their seats free. And the most worried of all of us were Henri Dardot and Marie. The boy's expenses were increasing, and, whereas the rest of us had saved a little, they had saved nothing at all. In fact they were in debt. They had struggled and struggled to make both ends meet, but you cannot get a quart out of a pint pot. And now the last premium of their insurance was due, for when the boy had gone to school they had insured their lives so that, in case anything happened to them, his education should not be interfered with.

"Then came the final blow. Never shall I forget that afternoon to my dying day—the afternoon that Monsieur Blom called us all together to tell us the news. We had known things were bad, but we had not realized that they were as bad as they were. A man was with him, a nasty-looking man smoking a large cigar. He had on a fur coat and Monsieur Blom seemed very much afraid of him.

"'*Mes enfants*,' he said and his voice was trembling, 'we are in a bad way. For twenty-five years we have been together all over France, and now . . .'

"'The show is broke,' put in the man with the cigar. 'Cut the cackle, Blom. It's not to be wondered at. It's rotten. I watched it last night. It's as dull as ditch-water. You're doing the same futile tricks that you did ten years ago. Why I saw the conjurer—what's his name—Dardot—do that fool stunt with an omelette when I was a boy.'

"Henri Dardot's lips trembled, and Marie put her hand on his arm.

"'It wants freshening up,' went on the man. 'And, if I'm to take over the good-will in exchange for the money you owe me, all these people will have to go. This show as it stands at present is enough to make a deaf mute sob like a child.'

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur—it was terrible. We knew, as I said, that things were bad, but this news overwhelmed us. To go—to be sacked after twenty-five years! What was to become of us? Above all, what was to become of Henri Dardot and Marie? We, as I told you, had saved something; they had nothing at all.

"I saw them, after we had left Monsieur Blom, sitting together in a dark corner, and this time it was he who was crying, whilst she had her arms round his neck as in the days when they were first married.

"'My dear,' she said tenderly, 'we shall manage, somehow we shall manage.'

"'It is little Henri,' he sobbed. 'For how are we to send him to the avocat's office if we are turned away?'

"Then he got up and dashed away his tears. Evidently a great idea had come to him.

"'I will learn new tricks,' he cried magnificently. "Now—this minute—I will think out something fresh.

"And Marie clapped her hands together.

"'I will go and tell that pig with a cigar,' she cried, 'that you are perfecting a new wonder.'

"'Then he will not sack us. But I wish we had the money for the insurance.'

"Monsieur—had I any alternative? You, who are an artiste, will know how a paltry trifle like that will prevent a man from giving of his best. He is worried; he cannot concentrate. Assuredly we would show this pig in the fur coat what we could do. I myself had already sketched out some new turns. And Henri Dardot also.

"'*Mes amis,*' I cried. 'Do not worry about that insurance. Are we not friends? And what is mine is thine. I will pay it.'

"We embraced, Monsieur. I would brook no refusal. And then we concentrated on our new tricks. The accursed man with the cigar was persuaded at length into giving us all a week's further trial; principally, as he said, because it would take him a week to replace us. And for three days Henri Dardot thought and thought, whilst we all tried to help him. But it was hard, for undoubtedly his hand had lost its cunning.

"And then, when we were almost in despair, there came the great idea. Monsieur, it was a masterpiece; it was the idea of genius. At once we knew that it would make the name of Henri Dardot famous throughout Europe. Any thought of their being sacked was now gone. It would be the making of the circus, and in my joy and excitement I told the pig-dog who smoked cigars as much. He laughed.

"'We'll see,' he said. 'Anyway it couldn't be worse than their present show.'

"For two more days we worked out the trick, and assuredly it was a creation of genius. At least so it seemed to us. I will not weary you, Monsieur, with the details of it; enough to say that at the great culminating moment a box which the audience thought to be empty was opened and revealed Marie dressed in her most beautiful clothes standing in a blaze of light. It was done by electricity. Little bulbs were sewn into her frock and into her hair, and the good God alone knows how much Henri had had to pay the local electrician to do it. I know he had obtained his week's salary in advance, and there was nothing of it left. But what did it matter; success and fame were his at last.

"'It is true, Georges,' he said to me. 'That man is correct. I have been lazy. I should have used my great skill before to perfect other masterpieces. Then we should not be in the position we are. But there is still time; this is but the first of many by which we will save Monsieur Blom.'"

The wizened-up little man paused and lit another cigarette.

"The circus was fuller that evening, Monsieur," he went on after a while. "Almost as it had been in days gone by. And we performed superbly. Were we not all worked up at the thought of Henri Dardot's masterpiece that was to come. At length the moment arrived. I stood, Monsieur, in the wings and I trembled with excitement. At my side was the accursed one with the cigar, and over and over again I said to him, 'Now you will see, my friend, see and understand the genius whom you thought to sack.' And he only smiled, and dug his hands deeper into the pockets of his coat.

"*Mon Dieu!* Monsieur, even now I can hardly bear to think of the next few minutes. For it failed. It was a ghastly, miserable failure. Everything went wrong. Marie was not in the box at the right moment. The fool of an electrician had bungled with the lights. And, what was worse, I realized that, even if it had come off as Henri intended, it was not a masterpiece at all. It had all seemed so different when we planned and rehearsed it; now it was just a silly, stupid thing.

"The audience giggled and somebody hissed. I dashed on to try and save the situation. I passed Henri, and his face was gray, whilst Marie was sobbing under her breath. To have one's most magnificent hopes dashed to the ground is a terrible thing, Monsieur. And they had built so much on it.

"I darted off again as the next turn started, to find them both talking to the man with the cigar.

"'If possible, Dardot,' he was saying, 'your show this evening is more

utterly futile than when you produce that damned omelette out of a hat.'

"'But, Monsieur,' stammered Henri desperately, 'it went wrong. To-morrow night——'

"'There will be no to-morrow night,' answered the other. 'You're sacked now.'

"Henri gave a little gasping cry as if he had been struck in the face. They were standing side by side, he and Marie, and for a moment or two they clung together like children; then Marie, with a sudden strange look on her face, stepped forward.

"'You engaged us for a week, Monsieur,' she said quietly. 'To-morrow is the last night. Give us that one chance.'

"For a few seconds he looked at her —did the man with the cigar. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"'All right,' he said gruffly. 'But I warn you that your show is no good, and I'm not going to take you on again.'

"To Henri it was a reprieve. The next night all would be well. He slaved and worked at his trick all through the following day, and I helped him though my heart was heavy with misgivings. Only Marie seemed strangely silent, so much so that I tried to cheer her up. Henri was busy with the electrician, and we were standing alone. She listened to me with a little sad smile on her lips and when I'd finished she laid her hand on my arm.

"'Dear Georges,' she said, 'it's no good, and you know it. The trick is a failure. We're too old, Henri and I, for new things. To-night is the last night, *mon ami*,' and she seemed to be looking at something I couldn't see.

"'Funny how the shadows play tricks, Georges,' she went on. 'I thought I saw little Henri playing with his hoop over in that corner, as he used to years ago.'

"'Marie,' I cried, and I was almost in tears, 'what are you going to do when you go. You must have half of my money. I insist.'

"And then, Monsieur, she kissed me on the lips for the first and last time."

He paused—that wizened-up little man—and there was such a wonderful light in his eyes that I understood why he was not married.

"It came at last," he went on gravely, "the final performance. Henri was trembling like a child, whilst I was no better. Only Marie was calm, with the same strange inscrutable look in her lovely blue eyes that had been there all the day. You see, she knew, Monsieur. All along she had known. I can't tell you how it happened—it was all so quick. The electrician swore it was no fault of his. Maybe he was right. Maybe, on the other hand, it was an accident, and the fool was to blame. For suddenly, without warning, Marie —my beautiful Marie—was just a sheet of flame, and Henri's agonized cry rang through the tent. We darted to her, whilst the audience screamed in terror, but it was too late. We could do nothing; her flimsy dress had blazed too fiercely. The flames, it is true, were out, but they had done their deed.

"She never whimpered, nor cried, though she must have been in agony. Only once did she speak, and then she just whispered, 'Lift me up, my husband.'

"Henri, who was sobbing pitifully, lifted her up. I was watching her, Monsieur, through my tears, and her poor glazing eyes turned to the corner of the tent which had been little Henri's playground. For a while she stared across at it and a faint smile crossed her lips. Then she died.

"You see, Monsieur," said the wizened-up little man gravely, "now that the premium was met the insurance money would be paid. And that was enough for her two Henris—the big and the little."

A moment later I was alone.

THE MAN THAT GOT THE CALL

O it's not for fame and glory
And the guns of Trafalgar,
Nor to walk with foreign lady
In a cypress garden shady,
Nor to court to get a star,
That he's going, Captain Spanish;
Captain Spanish leaves you all!
O he's careless, careless, careless,
He's the man that got the call!

O it wasn't in the morning,
And it wasn't by the stream
Where the birches' lovely daughters
Dip their tresses in the waters,
For they summoned in a dream.
Weep your gallant, Dublin ladies,
Captain Spanish leaves you all!
O he's careless, careless, careless,
He's the man that got the call!

Pretty Lady Kitty Cooley
Nor your taffeta, nor lace,
Nor your gold, can bring him nearer;
You can look into your mirror,
He has seen another face,
A White Woman with the Green Blood!
Captain Spanish leaves you all,
O he's careless, careless, careless,
He's the man that got the call!

Father Hogan of the hunters
Better stay the county sport!
Go and tell his mother weeping,
That she set his hounds to leaping
Round the ancient Fairy fort.
Where the sunset turned it emerald
Near a bit of rosy wall,
Captain Spanish left the ladies . . .
He's the man that got the call.

—Elizabeth MacKinstry

THE LAST LYNCHING

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

Illustrated by W. C. Nims

"The river looks like all the rest of you, Jimmy Lee," she said, "so lazy."

BUT you can't object, mother, just because he's a Southerner!"

Betty Sherman smiled down upon her mother's parted hair, with the affectionate tolerance that twenty-one often bestows upon its elders. In the vernacular of her generation Betty was termed "a peach," whereas her mother, at the same age, had been called "a rose." Yet they were astonishingly alike—as alike as the difference in their ages would permit; and they frankly adored each other. Mrs. Sherman declared that in Betty she saw "the lovely April of her prime," while Betty retorted that if she attained anything like her mother's prime she would be fortunate.

Indeed, Anne Sherman was no bogy to frighten Betty's beaux with the thought of what Betty might become with ripening years. She was small and dainty and patrician; and looked, in spite of graying hair and three small grandchildren, almost as young as her daughter. Now, though not glancing from her work, she knew the expression in Betty's eyes, but she didn't smile.

"I've lived in the South, my dear," she asserted quietly. Betty laughed.

"But, mother, that was centuries ago, when they'd hang a man for horse stealing, and let him go scot free for shooting a neighbor! Oh, I've heard dad tell about it! And you were in the mountains, too; not in a civilized town like Langdonvale. No wonder you got an awful impression of the South—a poor little frightened bride like you! But things are different now. Men don't go 'round shooting at their neighbors any more."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Sherman quietly, "but they occasionally lynch their servants."

Betty sobered instantly. Only that week there had been a ghastly happening of the sort, not far from the town she was defending. Though her mother protested, the girl had read every lurid word, solely because of her friendship for Jimmy Lee Langdon, who came from that locality.

"I think, mother," she said seriously, "that we can't understand the situation without living there. Jimmy Lee says that when they're out at the plantation, his sisters or any young girl visitors never venture out of sight of the house. Imagine it, mother! Just think of living where I couldn't go 'round safely anywhere I pleased! Maybe they're not so hot-headed as they seem."

"Are you defending lynching?" asked her mother, raising her eyes at last, and looking searchingly at Betty.

"Goodness no! What do you take me for? I think it's frightful—unpardonable—everything that you do. So does Jimmy Lee. His father's a lawyer. He's retired, of course, but he'd have to believe in law and order, wouldn't he? But just the same—I think if we *lived* there——"

"Thank heaven we don't!" interrupted her mother. "My child, you don't understand my attitude toward this Langdon boy. I think he's charming. For that matter, most Southern gentlemen are. There's something about them—well, I can't describe it, but even when they're dressed shabbily, they have an air that most men here completely lack. And this boy is unusually that way. He makes me feel like a royal princess, his manners are so delightfully old-school. I only wish *my* boy had a touch of it; though your father says he can't enjoy his paper when young Langdon's here. He hops out of his chair every time I move, and it makes dad feel lazy and unmannerly."

A joyous laugh escaped the girl.

"Well, mother, that's a good reason for you to keep still occasionally. Then Jimmy Lee could rest, and dad's conscience would be easier. For my part, I think his manners are adorable."

"But you can't live on manners," replied Anne, "and when you consider that men, even as refined and gentle as this Langdon boy appears, have been known in the excitement of the moment to join a mob of lynchers——Well, Betty, I don't claim that we are any better than the Southerners, but I do think we're different, and I should feel very badly if——"

Anne Sherman paused, then caught her breath at something she saw in Betty's face. Color had rushed into it, only to recede quickly, leaving it white as milk. Tears stood in the girl's eyes, too, and her lips trembled. Never, never had Betty looked like this.

"I—I'm sorry, mother," she faltered. "I wouldn't make you feel that way for the world, but—but I'm afraid your warning has come—too late."

Before her mother could reply, she slipped off the porch railing and dropped to her knees, burying her face in Anne's lap.

"I—I was so happy last night, mother, when Jimmy Lee told me how much he cared. Don't make me unhappy now. After all, Jimmy Lee's South isn't the South you knew, dearie. Why, he loves his old mammy almost as much as he loves his mother! He thinks the world of Joe, his father's stable boy. They used to play together just like brothers. And his father, who fought against the Union, thinks Lincoln was *wonderful*! Oh, you needn't worry about the Langdons. And as for Jimmy Lee—why he loves me! Do you think he'd let any harm come near me?"

"I sure wouldn't, honey," said Jimmy Lee.

The women raised startled faces. Wholly absorbed, they had not heard the approaching footsteps of Jimmy Lee, who stood before them, an all-conquering smile in his dark eyes before which Anne's heart sank, even as she returned the smile.

One couldn't help smiling at Jimmy Lee. He possessed a subtle charm that disarmed criticism; and as he looked down on Betty with adoring eyes, Anne Sherman knew she had lost the battle. Well, she thought quickly, if she must surrender, she might as well surrender gracefully. After all, she had nothing against this boy, save that he came from people of different traditions from her own. Her experience in the South,

so long ago, had left a lasting impression of hot-blooded lawlessness; but she knew that her life there had been among very different people from the class Jimmy Lee Langdon represented. Probably her fears were groundless, and the boy *was* lovable. There was no denying his charm, his breeding, nor his love for Betty. Even a less interested observer than Betty's mother could see that. And she must not make them unhappy, since her fears were mostly fears of the imagination. So, with a smile on her lips that belied the premonition in her heart, Anne Sherman arose and gave her son-in-law-to-be the welcome he deserved.

"I'll take care of her, mother-of-my-Betty," he said gravely; and with that promise Anne had to be content.

People still talk of the Langdon-Sherman wedding. Betty was an only daughter whose doting father told her to "go as far as she liked," and Betty certainly knew how to "go." Her own gown of softest lace—the bridesmaids' dresses of blush-pink satin—the shower bouquets of orchids and sweet peas—two small nieces who led the bridal procession straight from the church to the Shermans' garden which conveniently adjoined it—and the reception to which Betty insisted the whole town be invited, were things not lightly forgotten by those who witnessed them. Even the bridegroom received more than the customary attention.

"The handsomest couple that I have ever had the honor of joining in the holy bonds of matrimony," said the old minister to Betty's mother, who inwardly agreed with him. For if Betty was beautiful in her soft laces, there was something very near to beauty in the eyes of the man who promised to love and cherish her.

"Reconciled?" asked Betty's father, late that night when the last guests had departed.

Anne Sherman smiled wearily, now that the great event was over. "He's a good boy," she answered. "I think he'll make her happy."

"If he doesn't," was the quick retort, given with unexpected grimness, "he can settle with *me!*"

"Let us hope, then," replied Anne, with a soft laugh, "that for Jimmy Lee's sake he will not have to settle with any one so belligerent! They are nice people, Rob."

"You mean the Langdons? You're right, Anne. The old Colonel's a trump, and his wife must once have been a beauty. As for the two sisters—they're dears; and Jimmy Lee's a fine, clean fellow, Anne. I don't think we need worry about Betty; but Lord! how we're going to miss her."

Yes, they missed her. Even her frequent letters, telling of every detail of the new home and the wealth of hospitality that was being showered on her, did not fill the void made by Betty's vacant chair. For six months they held out rigidly against her frequent requests that they come south and occupy her guest chamber; for Anne was firm in the belief that the young couple should be left alone—it was enough having the bridegroom's family near at hand. But they couldn't resist the lure of Christmas. Even the prospect of spending the day with their beloved grandchildren paled before the thought of being with Betty in her own home; and Christmas eve found them alighting at a station in the far-off Southern city, where, amid an amazing number of dusky faces, it seemed to Anne, they received a joyous welcome from Betty and her husband.

It was not until after this visit that Anne Sherman's heart was quite at rest regarding her daughter's future. Anne had been only nineteen when she went with her husband into the Southern mountains, where he was to superintend a coal mine. Three years later they returned, leaving behind two tiny new-made graves—bringing with them memories of abandoned lawlessness that the years had but intensified. Things had happened that, after more than thirty years, Anne couldn't remember without a shudder. Never since had she cared for mountains. Those Appalachian heights had seemed too much like prison walls.

That was Anne Sherman's impression of the South. After those weeks in Betty's home she realized how foolish had been her fears. She was rendered almost breathless by the round of hospitality that greeted her. The Langdons had lived in Langdonvale for

generations. The Colonel, when hardly more than a boy, had fought under Lee in the last year of the war—his military title being merely the complimentary misnomer which in that locality descended upon many who had worn the gray. Betty's husband was the son of his second marriage—the "child of his old age," and the apple of his eye. Mrs. Langdon, who had been a far-famed Southern beauty, was much younger than her husband, and as fond of gaiety as a girl; while Jimmy Lee's two half-sisters, married, and living near at hand, did all in their power for the entertainment of Betty's parents.

"I felt like a débutante," confessed Anne to her husband, when at last they found themselves aboard the train for home.

Robert Sherman chuckled.

"You looked like one—at times, Anne. As for me, I found it extremely difficult to remember the fact that I'm a granddad! If I sink into a dissipated old age you can thank your handsome son-in-law. Are you satisfied now that our Betty is not living in an uncivilized wilderness?"

"Oh, it was civilized!" admitted Anne. "I was never so exquisitely entertained in my whole life. Yet, do you know, Rob, there were moments when it all came over me—the thought that just such cultured gentlemen as those we met have been known to——"

"Anne! don't say it! After all, it's not only in the South that men are lynched. And how fond they all seemed of their old servants. Mrs. Langdon was noticeably upset the day when old Aunt Lyddy was taken sick; and Betty says that Jimmy Lee would sell his last shirt for Joe, the black boy who looks after the Colonel's horses. They grew up almost like brothers on the plantation. It hardly seems possible——"

Yet next morning, glancing at the headlines in the paper, Robert Sherman chose to mislay it in the smoking room, after perusing the news of a happening not twenty miles from the scene of their visit. It was just as well that Anne shouldn't start worrying again.

And it was this same news that made the first rift in Betty's happiness. She had read the whole ghastly thing before Jimmy Lee, who had gone for an early morning canter, came in to breakfast. The happening seemed somehow much more realistic than when she had read such things in far-off Massachusetts. She looked very sober when she handed the paper to her husband.

"Isn't that horrible?" she said.

Jimmy Lee, between sips of delectable coffee, glanced down the page.

"Isn't it frightful?" reiterated Betty. Her mind had swung back to the conversation with her mother on the day she had told her of her engagement.

"Yes," agreed her husband, "it's terrible." He was buttering a delicious beaten biscuit. "But I'm glad they got him. I tell you, Betty, these things have got to stop."

"Jimmy Lee Langdon!" cried Betty with indignation, "are you telling me you're *glad* that ghastly thing occurred?"

He looked up, suddenly aware of how his chance remark would strike his wife. "Oh, look here, honey, don't worry your precious head about such things. You ought not to read 'em, Betty. Anyhow, you couldn't understand——"

"I don't want to understand how a lot of men—men like you, Jimmy Lee, can hunt down another fellow creature, no matter what he's done, just to torture him. They were worse than he. They were men of intelligence and education—a lot of them. You say these things have got to stop, and I agree with you; only, Jimmy Lee, I'm referring to lynchings."

Betty's eyes were two blazing stars. Her husband dropped the paper and arose. Betty arose also. She didn't want him to kiss her then, and she knew from experience that he meant to do so.

"Why, sweetheart!" said Jimmy Lee reproachfully. For an impulsive man he was very tactful. He didn't touch her, but he said quietly: "Come, dear, sit down and finish breakfast. You didn't understand me. Of course I don't believe in lynching any more than you do; but I was thinking suppose you had been that woman. Would you expect—— Oh, let's not discuss it, darling. You haven't lived here long enough to see——"

"If I lived here a thousand years,"

said Betty quietly, as she resumed her seat, "I should still know right from wrong. Would you like a fresh cup of coffee, Jimmy Lee? Yours must be cold."

But it wasn't so cold as Betty's voice. Her husband winced as he sat down again—without his kiss! It was the arrival of his father that broke the tension. He, also, had been for an early morning ride.

"I just dropped in for a cup of Betty's coffee," he said genially, drawing up a chair. His eyes fell to the newspaper on the floor, and his face saddened. "You've read it?" he questioned Jimmy Lee; then he glanced at Betty, and, reaching out, laid a firm hand on hers. "I wish you wouldn't read such things, my dear. They're not fit reading for any one. They're a disgrace—a blot on our country and our state—a blot on a world that boasts of civilization."

His words fell like balm on a bruised heart. Betty's eyes softened. She arose and, stooping, kissed her father-in-law upon his cheek. Then, because she saw that Jimmy Lee's sensitive mouth had trembled, she kissed him, too, before she went back to pour the coffee for his father.

But, though they talked pleasantly of other things, the cloud that had descended on her didn't lift. It hung, a foreboding shadow, over her whole day. Even a ride with her husband in the witching moonlight failed to dispel it; but, if he realized that anything was wrong, he said no word; and that night, when he was sleeping, Betty cried into her pillow. For the first time since her marriage she felt acutely homesick and alone—a stranger in a strange and alien land.

The new home was Colonel Langdon's wedding gift to the young couple. It stood just outside the town and from its wide hospitable porch one looked out, between fluted pillars, to a lawn shaded by an immense live oak which was a never-failing delight to Betty's beauty-loving eyes. At the back an old-fashioned garden sloped to a slowly flowing river which, to the Northern girl, seemed typically Southern in its movement. "It looks like all the rest of you, Jimmy Lee," she said laughingly, "so *lazy*. I wonder if ever I'll get that way myself."

"It wouldn't hurt you, honey," answered her husband. "Your energy gets on my nerves. I didn't bring you down here to work like a steam engine. To see you flying 'round with that dust cloth——Why not let that lazy Mandy do it?"

"Because," replied Betty sensibly, "it would never get done. Mandy *is* lazy; but I can't see any difference in her and the rest of them. It takes your precious Joe longer to saddle my mare than it would take me to harness all the horses in your father's stable. Perhaps I'll get used to it in time."

"You'll have to—unless you want to waste away to skin and bone. You act like every day's a race and you're trying to beat yourself. I feel like I ought to apologize for the time it takes to kiss you good-by when I go down-town."

"Oh, I don't begrudge time spent *that* way," laughed Betty whimsically.

Yet, the morning when they discussed that happening twenty miles away, Betty did not linger willingly over her husband's kiss. To all appearances Jimmy Lee perceived no difference. He greeted her ardently at night, and was his own blithe self during the evening. He even went to sleep in an incredibly short time after they went to bed—so Betty cried. Evidently her husband didn't realize how the difference in their viewpoints hurt her.

But Jimmy Lee was not so blind as his wife thought. Beneath a gay exterior, donned in the hope of wooing her away from gruesome thoughts, he carried a heavy heart. If he could somehow make Betty understand! Yet, how could he? One had to *live* these things to understand them. Stored away at the back of Jimmy Lee's brain was the memory of a time long years ago when his sister Edith had strayed for an hour or two from the plantation. He was only a little boy. He wasn't told why his father started off on horseback with Uncle Ike, nor why his mother paced the veranda and watched the road. But he *understood*. He knew that something menacing was hanging over Edith, and he shared in full measure the family's relief and joy when she returned, safe and unharmed.

That was the thing which Betty

couldn't comprehend. In his love for her Jimmy Lee didn't want her to comprehend it. Such thoughts should not be hers. Yet it was monstrous that she should misunderstand him. So, if there was a shadow on Betty's heart, there was one also on her husband's. It was the following evening, as they sat before the hearth-fire, that he said wistfully: "Sweetheart, don't—don't you love me like you did last week?"

Betty, who had been gazing into the fire, stretched out her hand and moved a little nearer.

"Of course I love you! What a goose you are! But—I believe I'm homesick. Perhaps it's just that I'm missing dad and mother; but—well, I'm homesick. I can't help it, Jimmy Lee."

Her voice trembled, and he drew her close.

"But this is your home now, dearest."

"I know." Betty whipped out a handkerchief to dry a tear. "I know I'm silly, Jimmy Lee, but—but somehow it hasn't seemed like home since—yesterday."

"Oh, don't say that!"

His voice told her that she had hurt him—terribly. In contrition she drew his face to hers and kissed him.

"Just give me time, dearie," she whispered. "Perhaps I'll get used—some day—to the way you feel. But there's one thing, Jimmy Lee, that'll never change. I've got to say it. If ever I should see *you* in a mob like that——"

"You won't."

Jimmy Lee dropped his protecting arms and arose, looking down on Betty almost sternly.

"I hadn't finished," she persisted. "I mean that if ever you joined a mob of that sort, dear, I—I'd never feel the same to you again."

"You don't seem to now," replied her husband coldly.

Betty arose and threw her arms about him.

"Yes I *do!* Don't look like that, darling. It's because I love you so terribly that it hurts to know that we think differently on anything so vital."

"We think a great deal more alike than you know, Betty," he answered soberly.

And, in a measure, this assurance satisfied her when life had once more settled into the normal. She began to realize that she had been a little morbid. It was, after all, just as her mother said: Southerners were "different." She must just get used to it. She must remember their splendid traits—their warm hearts—their boundless hospitality—their charm, and their loyalty to their old servants. Colonel Langdon had told her many tales of the old days. He had fought to maintain slavery, yet now he knew that slavery was wrong.

"But they loved us, some of those old niggers," he said reminiscently. "We couldn't have driven them away after the war. And look at Joe! I reckon he'd die for Jimmy Lee or any one belonging to him; and there's not much we wouldn't do for him. He was born the same day Jimmy Lee was. I carried him up-stairs to show to mother when he wasn't twenty-four hours old. I laid him on the bed beside our baby, and I can see 'em now, staring at each other so comically! No, I reckon there's nothing we wouldn't do for Joe."

Betty loved her father-in-law. Of Jimmy Lee's mother she felt a bit in awe. She knew that Mrs. Langdon had wanted her son to marry Olivia Bruce, the daughter of her girlhood's chum, and a native of Langdonvale. Her two sisters-in-law she loved from the start, for they took Betty straight to their hearts and made her one of them. And she loved their children, long-legged boys and girls who made her feel decidedly the matron by calling her "Aunt Betty."

To his half-sisters, Edith and Marion, Jimmy Lee had been a beloved "baby brother." Through his childhood they had tended him like devoted little mothers, and he repaid them with a warm-hearted, loyal love which had grown stronger with the years.

Everything considered, thought Betty, she ought to be very happy at Langdonvale. After all, Jimmy Lee couldn't help the prejudices of his environment. Probably Colonel Langdon at his age had had them, too. Age had mellowed him—cooled the hot-headedness that had descended in a measure to his son. And to Betty, Jimmy Lee was all tenderness. It was impossible, she thought, that he would ever be tempted to do what some

of their neighbors had been known to do. She had been foolish even to dream of such a thing. So, as the days passed, the smiles came back to Betty's eyes, and Jimmy Lee's heart lightened.

That winter passed very quickly for Betty. It was her first experience away from severe cold and drifting snow; and though, in loyalty to her native state, she protested that she missed the winter sports, she realized that there was ample compensation in the warmer climate. In the months following that rift in her happiness, she resolved that if such a thing occurred again she would not discuss it with her husband. There was no need of arguing upon a subject on which they could not agree. Perhaps as Jimmy Lee grew older he would see things more as his father did.

Spring came—then summer. In July, when the Langdons had fled to the plantation or the mountains, Betty went north, to be followed in a month by Jimmy Lee, whose precious two weeks' vacation was spent in a motor trip with Betty and her parents. It was a wonderful vacation, yet Betty found herself happy in the thought of returning to her own home, and her mother had promised that they would come again for Christmas.

Anne Sherman had almost forgotten her foreboding thoughts of Betty's future. "It's turned out all right, after all," she admitted, when, after seeing the young people aboard the train, she and her husband returned to a house that seemed almost alarmingly empty.

"But I wish she were nearer," said Robert Sherman sadly.

Anne smiled. "Perhaps it's better for Betty that she's not. We'd always be 'butting in,' and she'll enjoy our visits all the more because they're not too frequent. Cheer up, Rob! Jimmy Lee's a darling. Sometimes I have to laugh at the fears I had when Betty told me that she loved him. He'd no more join a mob than you would; and there have been no lynchings for a long time anyway."

"But there's a race riot raging in Oklahoma," replied her husband. "The morning paper's full of it. I hope our young people don't read the stuff and get upset."

They did read it, but, as both refrained from comments, they were not upset. Inwardly Betty longed to get Jimmy Lee's ideas upon the subject; but, realizing that they were likely to disagree with hers, she closed her lips.

Back in Langdonvale—to a hearty welcome from friends and family—to a round of gaieties, dances, sugar boilings, and cross-country riding, which Betty loved—such things as race riots faded from her mind. It was an old friend, stopping over for a night after a Southern business trip, who brought the subject up. Tom Lane had grown up with Betty. They had gone through every grade in school together, and graduated from high school in the same class. Once Anne Sherman had hoped that it would "come to something," but Tom did not act like a disappointed suitor. At least, thought Betty, he had an appetite, and did full justice to Mandy's delicious cookery!

"Do all Southerners serve such meals as this, Betty?" he asked as they arose from the table. "If they do, I think I shall woo me a Southern wife."

Betty laughed, glad that her efforts as hostess were appreciated. "They don't all have Mandys in the kitchen, Tom, but they surely know good things to eat. If you'll stay over another night I'll produce a fairy for you. There's Olivia Bruce, a darling girl whom Jimmy Lee's mother hoped fondly to welcome as a daughter. But you'd have to live down here to get the cooking, I'm afraid; and you're so energetic you might not like this lazy atmosphere."

"I could stand the atmosphere all right, my dear; but there are other things——" He stopped abruptly. They had drifted into the living-room and were seated before the fire. Rain was beating against the windows, and the blaze seemed warm and cheerful. Jimmy Lee, who had bent down to straighten a falling log, inquired:

"What things, old man?"

Tom cast a quick glance at Betty, but she didn't catch it.

"Why, frankly," Tom answered, "I was thinking of these lynchings that happen periodically. Honestly, Langdon, I can't understand it. You're all so highly civilized every other way, and —— Well, anyhow, what do you think about 'em?"

Jimmy Lee straightened up. His eyes met Betty's reassuringly. "I reckon," he said, with a slow smile, "that I think just about as you do. Will you go for a ride before breakfast in the morning if it clears?"

It was a beautiful hint, but Tom didn't take it. Indeed, he seemed not to have heard the question, and went on persistently.

"Of course I'm not saying that the South's the only place where men get lynched. We came mighty near having such a party right down on old Cape Cod, not long ago; but they're certainly more frequent in the Southern states, and I believe that men of a different class go into such affairs. How people of intelligence can lend themselves to——"

He stopped, for Betty had put out a warning hand; but Jimmy Lee said quietly, "Perhaps if you lived here six months you'd understand."

Tom smiled. "But you just said you believed as I did! If you do, there isn't anything to understand. One evil won't right another, will it?"

"I reckon not—in principle. Still—there are circumstances——"

"*Circumstances!*"

Tom's voice was scornful. His impulsive nature not infrequently got him into trouble; and Betty saw that he shouldn't have spoken to Jimmy Lee like that when he was accepting his hospitality. Her husband would never have been guilty of such an error, however his theories were trodden on; yet, knowing Tom, she understood that he meant nothing personal. For years Betty had been accustomed to calming her old friend down in just such moments. She did so now, saying, with a laugh that was meant to sound light:

"Oh, come, Tom! don't get excited. Of course Jimmy Lee doesn't believe in lynching. Let's talk of something pleasant."

But Tom was not to be easily sidetracked. "You've changed some, Betty," he said quietly, "if you can toss aside a subject like lynching as lightly as if we were discussing airy nothings. Perhaps because you've 'lived here six months,' as your husband says, you've caught the Southern viewpoint; but if it has made you regard such things as trifles, I—well, I'm sorry."

Betty felt a sense of suffocation, as if she were caught in an unexpected whirlpool. She wouldn't take sides against her husband, yet it was unbearable that her old friend should misinterpret her silence. It was Jimmy Lee who came to her rescue.

"I can't let you misunderstand Betty," he said quietly. "It's because she regards these things so seriously that she doesn't talk of them."

He laid his hand on her shoulder, and Betty reached up and clung to it a moment gratefully.

Tom was looking into the fire. "But silence won't help, will it?" he said thoughtfully. "And Betty in the old days would have wanted to help if she felt deeply."

Betty stirred uneasily. Jimmy Lee had gone back to his chair, and she said, with some of her old impulsiveness: "I don't always keep silent now, Tom. Perhaps the difference you see in me is just the discretion one learns with years. I'll admit I don't like to talk about this subject, but since we're discussing it I'll tell you how I feel. You're right when you say one evil won't right another; but it goes deeper than that, it seems to me. We make our laws for the safeguard of the people, and if we, who are supposed to possess a measure of intelligence and education, break them, in whatever cause, how can we expect those more ignorant than ourselves to understand? That's the backbone of the whole thing—to me. And when men raid jails and capture, only to kill, a prisoner whose punishment was bound to descend upon him lawfully, they seem to me worse than their prey. However horrible his crime, he is not so horrible as they."

Betty had forgotten her listeners. She was leaning forward, the firelight falling softly across her face, speaking what had been seething in her heart for months—what she had never quite dared to say to Jimmy Lee. Both men were looking at her intently, Jimmy Lee with growing adoration in his heart—Tom, wondering why he had never realized how beautiful his old chum was. It was he who spoke when, after a breathless silence, Betty sank back out of the firelight's glow.

"They haven't made a real Southerner of you yet, Betty," he said.

"I think," said Jimmy Lee, also quietly, "that Betty is something bigger than mere locality. She's an American—the best sort of an American—the kind that has made our country what it is."

Betty smiled, though her eyes smarted with sudden tears. "That's mighty sweet of you, Jimmy Lee." She spoke lightly, in an effort to break the tension of the moment; but Tom was ruthless.

"You mean, Langdon, that you agree with Betty's views?"

Jimmy Lee stood up, his back to the fire, facing them as if answering a challenge.

"I agree with everything she says; but, perhaps because I was raised here, I can agree with her and still understand the madness that makes such horrors possible. You can't, Lane. Nor can Betty. But I don't want to make a Southerner of her, either. I only want her to understand us."

His voice was wistful, and Betty sprang up, slipping her arm through his.

"But—but if I sometimes fail to understand the Southerners," she said gently, "you'll have to admit that I *love* them, Jimmy Lee."

Jimmy Lee quietly squeezed her hand; and Tom said lightly, "Well, so long as she continues to love *one* of you, I don't think you've anything to worry about, old man."

Thus was the subject dropped, to be almost forgotten in the months that followed.

Their second Christmas visit to the South was, Anne Sherman declared, every bit as delightful as their first; and on the day in late January when they departed for a colder clime, Betty confided a precious secret to her mother.

"It seems as if my cup was just running over, mother," she said joyfully. "This is all I need to make me completely happy. And Jimmy Lee is just as pleased as I. We've already named him Robert William after his two granddads; and if he's a girl (which I'm secretly hoping that he may be!) we'll call her after you and Mother Langdon. You see, we want to be impartial toward North and South!"

So Betty's parents returned home with added happiness in their hearts at the thought of all her baby would mean to them. Anne spent the next few months making delightful little garments; but in June, when Robert Sherman found that an unexpected business trip to England was imperative, she hesitated about joining him.

"I'd love the trip; but I hate to go so far from Betty now."

"Don't be a goose, my dear," urged her husband. "Since you're not in Langdonvale, you may as well be in Timbuctoo. This is a wonderful opportunity for us, Anne. I'll take two months and we'll see Paris and Scotland, or anything you say. Look here! If you'll go, I'll put it off ten days and let you run down and say good-bye to Betty."

That settled it. Anne started south next day, and returned two days before sailing time, glowing with good accounts of her blessed daughter.

"Betty never looked better in her life, Rob, and she agreed with you that I'd be ridiculous not to go. If things happen before we get back, they'll cable; and Betty made me promise not to cut short a moment of our vacation on her account. She's plucky as a soldier, and Jimmy Lee is tender as any mother. Everything's beautifully arranged for, and she's so well I'd be foolish to worry, I suppose. I think I'll take Jimmy Lee's advice—forget my children and pretend we're starting on a second honeymoon."

"Now," approved her husband, "you're talking sense!" Yet, in the weeks that followed, Anne noticed with amusement that it was Rob who was most anxious for the home mail—who always asked, on returning from an excursion, if a cable had arrived.

"But, my dear," she once protested, "it's not time for the cable that you want! It can't possibly come for another month."

"I know—but——" He hesitated, walking back and forth across the room uneasily. "I've felt nervous all day, Anne. I can't keep Betty out of my thoughts." Then he stopped, looking at his wife intently. "Anne, what's up? You don't look well."

Anne shivered. It was warm in the room, but she had a cloak about her.

"Oh, I'm all right! I got a trifle chilled, and—well, Rob, I'll admit that

I've not felt well for several days. I think I'll go to bed without dinner; but don't worry. Possibly I've taken a little cold."

But when Robert Sherman came up from dinner and saw his wife's flushed face, he sent for a doctor, who advised moving her to a nursing home if there was no improvement in the morning. Anne protested that she would be all right; but beyond her earshot the doctor gravely said that it looked suspiciously like typhoid.

So it happened that Anne didn't see the cable that came next day—a cable which seemed to Robert Sherman, already terrified with fears for Anne, like the drop too much. He stood by a window, the message crushed in his hand, not knowing whether the blurred atmosphere was due to fog or his own tears.

"I seemed to know," he said brokenly to the empty room, "all yesterday I seemed to know that *something* was happening to Betty—and now—her mother . . ."

He smoothed out the message drearily and read it once again, though the words were already engraved upon his heart; then, walking like an old man, he went out to the hospital for news of Anne.

Betty felt something in the atmosphere when she came down to breakfast that July morning. Jimmy Lee, who had gone for his customary canter, was late; and, though he greeted her with his habitual tenderness before putting her in her chair and taking his place across the shining table, she felt that something was on his mind.

And it wasn't only Jimmy Lee. Mandy, coming in to pass the biscuits, looked frightened. Betty watched her curiously. Her eyes were big, and her dusky skin wore a strange pallor. She clumsily dropped a fork, and started, as if at an explosion; while Jimmy Lee said kindly, "That's all, Mandy, I'll do the waiting."

The door closed behind her, and Betty looked a question at her husband. "Jimmy Lee, what's happened?"

He cleared his throat uncomfortably. "I wish you wouldn't ask, dear; but I suppose it's inevitable that you should know. Three niggers were turned out of the chain gang yesterday. They'd served their term, but they'd not gone fifteen miles before they beat up the proprietor of a country store, robbed him, attacked his daughter—— Oh, I sha'n't go on! That's only the beginning. Lynching's too good for 'em, and the mob's out . . ."

He sprang up. Betty's face was now as gray as Mandy's had been a moment since.

"Will—will they come *here?*" she questioned.

Jimmy Lee sat down on the arm of her chair, and drew her close.

"I don't know, darling; but you mustn't leave the house to-day. I——"

"But I can't stay here *alone*, Jimmy Lee."

"You'll have Mandy, dear; and I telephoned father to send Joe in from the plantation. He'd guard you with his life, Betty. You needn't be afraid. Probably they won't come within miles of here anyhow, but——"

"Oh, Jimmy Lee! don't—*don't* leave me," pleaded Betty. "I know I'm safe, but it's horrible thinking of what's happening. Surely if you explain things they'll give you a day off."

Jimmy Lee hesitated, then turned toward the telephone.

"I'll get Joe anyway, Betty, and then I'll go down-town and see if I can't get away. Now eat your breakfast. Choke it down some way." He came back and kissed her. "You must keep well, honey, and like as not those niggers are safe in jail by now."

But he didn't believe what he said, and Betty knew it. She found it extremely difficult to "choke down" anything, and even Jimmy Lee seemed to lack his usual morning appetite. He was restless—champing at the bit—secretly longing to get downtown and hear the latest. But he didn't leave until his father telephoned that Joe had started.

"He'll be here within an hour," Jimmy Lee assured her cheerfully. "Maybe I'll get back first; and you needn't worry, Betty. Those niggers wouldn't come so close to town." He stooped to kiss her. "Gee!" he exclaimed with mock enthusiasm, "it's a pretty morning! How soft the moss looks on the oak tree."

Betty didn't speak. Her bosom was

rising and falling quickly in agitation. He had moved a step away before she found her voice.

"Jimmy Lee——"

He turned—came back, and put his arms about her.

"I won't go, honey, if you feel scared; but I'd rather leave you now than later. I sha'n't be long. Of course I wouldn't leave, Betty, if you weren't safe."

Betty straightened up. "I know. I suppose I'm silly. And you'll be back soon?"

"Soon as Lightfoot will bring me. I'll ride him in so as to save time. Now don't you worry, sweetheart. I'll be back before you finish that eternal dusting. Here, kiss me!"

He was gone. Betty stood on the porch watching him ride away. At the gate he turned, waving a gay farewell; and, as she answered it, tossing a kiss lightly into the air, something foreboding gathered about her heart. She knew, as she went within with dragging feet, that Jimmy Lee would never be quite the same again.

An hour passed—two hours. Jimmy Lee had not returned, and Joe, who should have been there long before, had not arrived. Out of sheer longing for companionship Betty had wiped the breakfast dishes for Mandy, though of the subject uppermost in their minds they did not speak. Afterwards she left the girl alone and went up-stairs, thinking that, if she looked at her array of precious little garments, it would change the tenor of her thoughts; but after one hasty glance she closed the drawer. She could not touch them while this nameless terror tugged at her heart.

Why didn't Jimmy Lee come back? . . . And where was Joe? She tried to get the plantation on the telephone, and failed. Either they didn't answer or the line was out of order. She began to worry about Joe. Joe was slow, but he was also dependable. He ought to be here . . . And Jimmy Lee had promised to come back. Betty tried to sew, but found her fingers trembling queerly. She barely suppressed a scream at the sound of a slamming door somewhere below. If both Edith and Marion had not been in the mountains she would have asked one of them to come to her. As it was, she must simply wait. She had the uncanny feeling that she was waiting for something, she knew not what. The time dragged. She found herself going repeatedly to the window, watching the road, starting nervously at any noise without, expecting—*something*——

Then suddenly Betty knew for what she was waiting. Her bedroom window looked out toward the garden and the river. As she stood there straining her eyes tensely, a shadowy figure emerged from behind some shrubbery, darting stealthily from tree to tree. For a moment her heart ceased beating; then she saw with immeasurable relief that it was Joe. But why this stealth—this caution? Betty watched for a moment, puzzled; then light came to her and she flew down-stairs.

"Mandy!" she called wildly. "Mandy!" But there came no answer, and she reached the kitchen just as Joe, spent and breathless, crept inside, bolting the door behind him. In his bloodshot eyes was terror, and his face wore the same strange pallor that had been on Mandy's earlier in the day.

"Fo' God's sake, Miss Betty, hide me! Dey's a'ter me. Dat good-for-nothin' mare went lame, an' when I got off ter see what ailed her, she cut an' run fer home. I started runnin' cross country ter get heah quicker, an' dey done saw me. I's been clear roun' by Bruce's mill ter get away from 'em. Dey think I's one o' them niggers what dey's huntin'. I——"

"But they *know* you, Joe. They wouldn't——"

"No, ma'am; dey's strangers. Most everybody's jined de mob fer miles 'roun.' Likely dey'll be heah any minute. Oh, Miss Betty, save me!"

His teeth were chattering with fear. Betty looked despairingly around. If only Jimmy Lee would come! But there was no time to spare in idle thoughts. Where, oh where would Joe be safe? Only one hiding place occurred to her—a closet beneath the stairs, its door seeming a part of the paneled wood. If Joe could squeeze in there. . . . If she placed a chair carelessly against the door to hide its lock. . . . It was her only hope.

"Hark!" whispered Joe hoarsely. "Dey's comin'. I heah 'em."

"F o l l o w m e ! " cried Betty. "Quickly!"

They were by the stairs—the cupboard door swung wide. Joe, shaking with dread and fear, crept in as Betty closed it. She reached for a chair, placing it as she had planned, but the lock still showed. From the distance came voices—the trampling of horses' feet—and in despair she caught up her garden hat, hanging it carelessly upon the chair. Yes, that did the work. They wouldn't guess——

They were near now—very near. Betty ran toward the window, but a sharp rap on the old brass knocker halted her.

"Mandy!" she called; but no sound came from the kitchen, and dread filled her heart. She must answer the knock herself. She wondered if they would see her labored breathing—if she could speak without a tremor in her voice. The knock sounded again, more insistent, and some one hammered with a riding crop against the door.

Then Betty opened it.

Her first sensation was one of sickening fear. This was no mob of "Southern gentlemen." The faces that greeted her were mostly unshaven and repelling. The spokesman brushed past her roughly, looking about with insolence.

"Seen anything of a nigger, missis?"

"None but my own nigger, Joe. He—he's just stepped out."

Others were crowding into the hall as the self-constituted leader said, "Reckon you mean just stepped *in*, don't yer? Come on, lady, turn the boy over to us 'less you'd ruther have yer house ransacked. We see him headed this way, an' some one said——"

"Will you step outside, please," said Betty coldly.

There was a whispered word amid the crowd. It caught the leader's ear. "Oh," he said insolently, "you're Northern, are yer? A nigger-lover? Well, ma'am, there's one nigger too many in this house, and, seein' you don't mean ter hand him over, we'll take a look fer him. Come on, boys."

As they pushed past Betty's indignant form, it flashed through her that indifference was her best weapon. If they thought she didn't mind their searching, it might disarm suspicion. She made only one move to stop them, saying, as she shrugged lightly, "The man you're hunting isn't here; but if you won't take a lady's word for it ——"

But they did not even hear. They were crowding past her into her dainty living-room, up the stairs, out through the kitchen to the shed. Betty, standing breathless by the door, heard doors opened, chairs overturned, coarse oaths. Suddenly terrified for Joe, she moved toward the little cupboard, as if her very presence would give courage to the hunted creature within. For herself she had no fear. That throng of grim, repugnant faces had resolved itself into a hideous composite whole—a face coarse and menacing, but, strangely, not menacing to her.

The mob was getting uglier. They had been sure of their prey, and had, seemingly, failed. Betty stood by the little closet, a scornful expression on her face as once more they crowded into the wide hall. She had seen amid the throng at least two faces that bore the mark of breeding. The sight repelled her. Where, oh where was Jimmy Lee? Was he perhaps . . .?

She sickened at the thought. Her strength was waning. She was conscious suddenly of nausea, whether physical or mental she could not tell. Clutching the wall for support she found her arm imprisoned in a twisting grip that brought an involuntary cry of pain to her frightened lips.

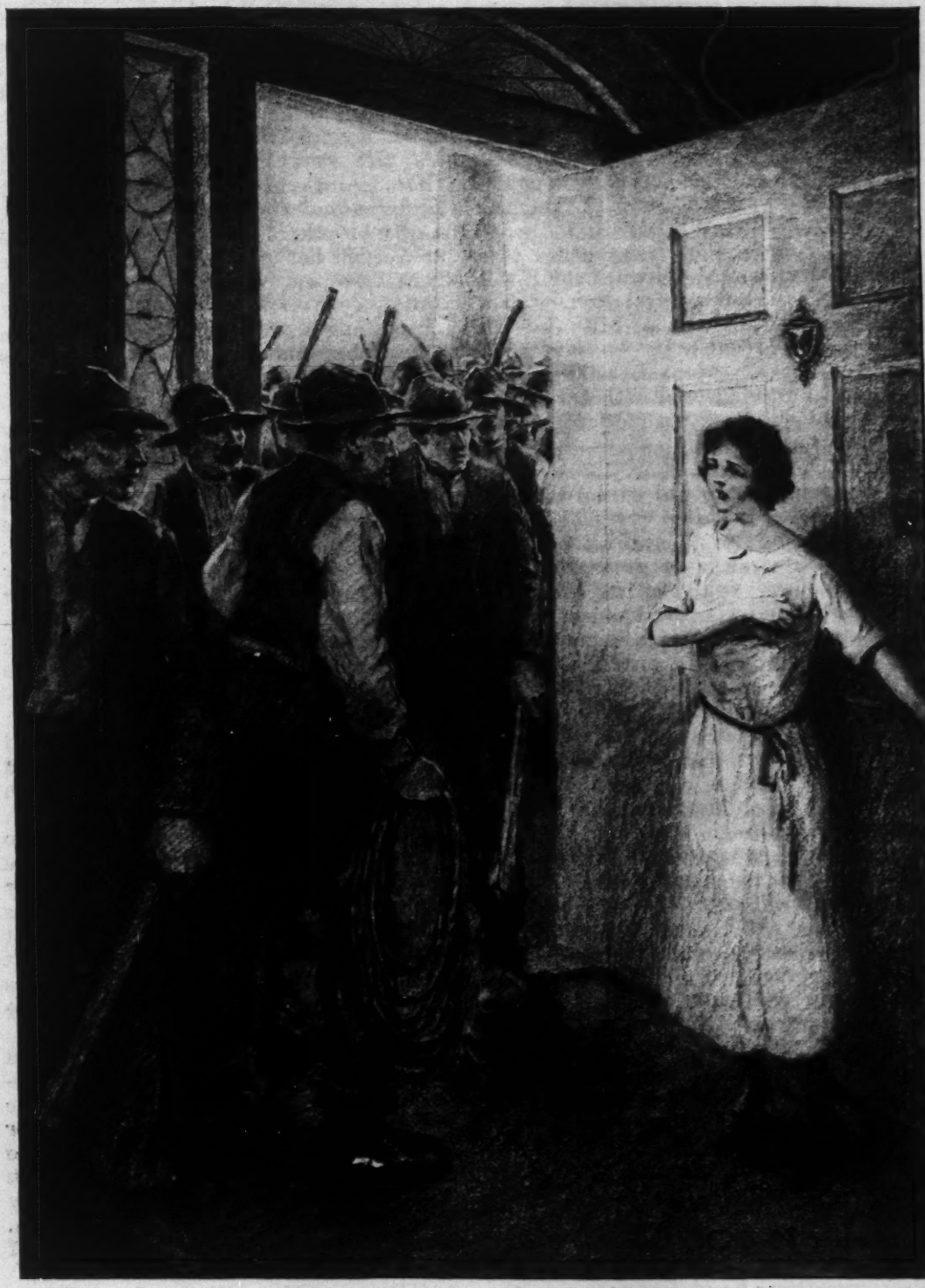
"Now, missis, you'll tell us where you've hid that nigger or have another taste of the same medicine. Feel that?"

Betty writhed. The brute was twisting her arm again, and she cried shrilly: "Let me go! You are breaking my arm! I tell you I *haven't* hidden him. I don't know where he is. I——"

"Once more, and she'll tell," said a cool voice behind her; but the torture was not to come. The closet door flew open, and Joe, his furious bloodshot eyes glaring like some wild beast's at night, burst out upon them.

"Take dem dirty hands o' yours offen Miss Betty!" he thundered. "Don't *tetch* her. *Damn* yer!"

His arm shot out, and Betty's tormentor crumpled up. It was the torch that lit the fuse. They were upon him, those mob-mad creatures, rushing him toward the door, toward the tree——



"Well, ma'am, there's one nigger too many in this house, and, seein' you don't mean ter hand him over, we'll take a look fer him. Come on, boys."

"Stop!" screamed Betty, "that's Colonel Langdon's Joe. He's not the man you think. Wait!" But she might as well have tried to stem the rising tide. They swept him with them, out to the big live oak that had been Betty's joy. Once only did she hear his voice, raised in a pitiful appeal:

"I ain't the nigger youse a'ter, gent'-men. I ain't—done notin.' You ask de Cun'l——"

Then, after a silence, the sound of a creaking rope and Joe's voice, shrill this time in fear and protestation. "Not here, gent'men—not whar Miss Betty'll see. I's innercent. I's——"

Then Betty screamed, wildly, hideously, her face covered with her hands, before she dropped, a shuddering heap on the floor.

And five minutes later, too late for any help that he could give to Joe, a bare-headed old soldier who had fought for slavery but who loved his slaves, galloped onto the lawn, riding a foam-flecked horse. One look at the gruesome sight, and his face hardened. He faced the mob, a noble figure on his white steed.

"Murderers!" he cried; then his voice broke, and he commanded, "Cut down that nigger! Cut him down, I say; and before God, some of you'll swing for this!"

Then he dismounted; and as those of the sobered throng who had not discreetly vanished obeyed his order, he took the limp black body of a faithful servant into his arms.

When Jimmy Lee rode away that sunny morning, it was with the firm intention of returning at the earliest possible moment. There was hardly need to ask for a leave of absence—too many men were leaving informally on their grim errand. Yet there seemed to Jimmy Lee even more excitement than he had seen on similar occasions in the past. He hitched Lightfoot before the post office, and joined a group of men, speaking in muffled tones.

It was their story that fired his blood to the point of forgetting everything else—something he was to regret to the last day of his life. His old schoolmate, Olivia Bruce, had met one of the ruffians when only a stone's throw from her plantation home. She had escaped, unharmed save for torn raiment and a fright that the doctor feared might end disastrously. Rumor had it that she was still hysterical, and incoherent to the point of not knowing just what had happened to her.

Jimmy Lee was very fond of Olivia, the girl whom his mother had dreamed that he would marry. Her plight brought the crime home to him vividly, and with others of her friends he swore to avenge her wrong. Joining a posse that was just starting, he forgot his promise to return to Betty—forgot everything save his indignation at the story that had been poured into his ears.

When, in the still twilight, he returned, his errand accomplished, Jimmy Lee's conscience awoke. He almost dreaded to face Betty; yet, when he told her about Olivia, whom she loved dearly, when she realized the horror he had felt, surely Betty would understand.

But the lust of the chase had left him. Remembering certain details following the lynching, his mind revolted. A mob had no right to forget itself to that extent. Hanging was one thing—but mutilation——

Jimmy Lee shuddered as he turned into his own driveway. He remembered now that Betty had once warned him that, should he join a mob of that sort, she would no longer feel the same to him. It came to him forcibly that he should not have left her, considering her condition. He glanced down at his soiled hands, and felt with shame that the soil went below the skin. He wasn't fit to enter Betty's presence. Perhaps after all she was right. There was the law, and if one did not honor it——

Jimmy Lee's usually clear mind seemed in bewildering chaos. He dismounted wearily, and, stepping into the wide hall, turned toward the closed door of the living-room. Strange that the door was closed. His hand was on the knob when the hurrying step of Mandy interrupted him, followed by Hannah, her mother, whose eyes showed signs of recent tears.

"Dat you, Marse Jimmy Lee? Don't go in dar—Joe's dar—dar in his coffin. De Cun'l done say he'll have de finest funeral eber seen in Langdonvale."

(*Continued on page* 946)

WHIZ BANG COMES

By THEODORA BOOTH

IT ALL happened because of a Friday. At least that is what the General's wife says. Whiz Bang is of several opinions. The General's view is still so explosive that it is incoherent. He is inclined to blame the war and a particular road in France near Verdun, where he first encountered Whiz Bang. Before the Friday episode can be told, one should take a hasty glance back over a few eventful years in Whiz Bang's life. And it should also be fully understood that Whiz Bang was not to blame for his part in the war.

Whiz Bang was one of those astonishing little Indo-Chinese that France acquired for truck drivers and general rough workers during the war. Whiz Bang came because he was pushed. He did not know why he had to go, nor did he realize where his ultimate destination was to be. An orphan from childhood, he had drifted around, indolently picking up a livelihood at odd bits of work. When he was just seventeen the echo of the World War's call to arms had reached the little province where Whiz Bang was lazily existing. Everything from then on became chaotic for him. He was given a rough examination, the indignity of which reduced him to inarticulate stutterings. His loose smock and sandals were jerked off him and rough heavy clothes placed upon him instead. Placed they were literally, for Whiz Bang's knowledge of uniforms was greatly limited. With some hundred of his fellows he was then piled on a boat, which steamed away to unknown shores. From then on Whiz Bang's existence was the antithesis of what it had been before. He had a peculiar patois of his own, which even his fellow provincers had difficulty in understanding, and as soon as he was widely separated from most of them, he found no one knew just what he said when he talked. This added to his astonishment. He gradually became perpetually astonished. The one thing he understood was a push. How he had scrubbed, cleaned, carried and hauled his way through two years of war, Whiz Bang never knew. It was all a frightful muddle to him, punctuated by torrents of French and sharp pushes that goaded him on faster. Of course Whiz Bang was not his name then, but, as the most important day in his life bestowed that name upon him, he now knows no other.

It was just before the armistice that Brigadier General Earl first found him. Whiz Bang had become detached. Of all the horrors that had befallen him, this was the worst. He had dropped off the tail-end of a truck, still clutching a broom. The only part of his outfit that he had not lost was his broom. This he clung to as he was hurled out. It was at night, and, save for the flash of the distant artillery and an occasional "Very" light, the night was very dark. The rumble of the truck slowly diminished. Whiz Bang stumbled around, slushing into shell holes deep with mud. Instinctively he moved to the side of the road, feeling about for the great screen of wired camouflage that had been flung for miles along the Sacred Road. Settling himself against the wire and still hugging his broom, he decided to sleep. The rain drizzled slowly down, soaking his faded uniform. As the night wore on, his occasional dozes were sharply shaken by the whining hum of a distant shell. Whiz Bang muttered in his own patois and crouched still lower. Gradually a general lightening crept into the sky; dawn was not far off; he began to discern objects. A cast-off gun lay beside him, its striped sides thick with mud, its gaping mouth a grim reminder of the death it had dealt. Ammunition boxes, truck wheels, a helmet, dented and of unfamiliar shape, lay near. This latter attracted Whiz Bang. He liked odd things. He reached for the helmet. Taking off his own cap, he put on the helmet, pushing it far down on his head.

He fastened the strap under his chin. Then he straightened up and a grin slowly relaxed his stiff features. He was pleased. He had something odd on his head. He felt important. He stepped into the road. Which way the truck had gone was of no consequence to Whiz Bang. What did distress him now was that the peculiar whine of shells showed that they were undoubtedly getting his range. The term range was not his technical word, but he had learned enough to know that the whine and spat of bullets were singularly unhealthy.

Whiz Bang started along the road. He had a peculiar half-crouching lope. He imagined by bending over he could escape being hit. The broom, with his own cap pulled down over the stiff bristles, he carried before him. Because of this, he did not notice the approach of a long tan car. From where the occupants of the car were seated, Whiz Bang's remarkable appearance produced nothing less than consternation.

"My God, General," the young aide gasped, "do you see what I do?"

Out of the cold fog, in the dim light of the dawn, three men gazed in amazement at the apparition slithering down the road toward them. It appeared to have two heads, the body propelled with a sliding crablike motion. The General ordered the car stopped. Whiz Bang loped on. He felt easier now he was moving. He decided to sing. This decision brought forth a series of howls and wails not at all in keeping with his diminutive stature.

"Eeeee-lung, um orrr," he chanted. It was at this point that Whiz Bang first heard the bark of the tan car, as the driver sounded the klaxon. Terror-stricken he straightened up, peering through the mist. The big car loomed before him, in it he distinguished uniforms. That was enough for Whiz Bang. The uniforms, be they friends or enemies, meant but one thing for him, a push, then work of some sort. The only thing Whiz Bang could see to work on was mud. The only thing he had to work with was his broom. Therefore Whiz Bang worked. Jerking the cap off his broom, he executed the most remarkable "present arms" that the astonished General and his companions had ever witnessed—a flourish of the broom that nearly unbalanced the short little figure and caused the three other men to unconsciously duck their heads. For a minute the rigid position was held so stiffly that the cheeks of the little Chinese were puffed out with the effort. Then he whirled, beginning to sweep the mud from the road with the feverish energy of one possessed.

The car moved a little nearer and the Brigadier General leaned out, calling to Whiz Bang in passable French. Whiz Bang swept harder.

"Hey you, come here." The General lapsed into his native tongue. Whiz Bang understood nothing save the fact that he must work faster.

"What's the matter with the little fool? Is he crazy?" A shell whined not far away, and then another a little closer. The young officer spoke to his superior. The General nodded and turned back towards the little Chinese. He was now working furiously. He, too, had heard the whine of the shell. All three men laughed.

"Go get him," General Earl ordered. "We can't leave the idiot here. He would work in a nest of whiz bangs." The driver got out and, grabbing hold of the Chinaman, pushed him broom and all into the front seat. The push, Whiz Bang had understood. He acquiesced immediately.

"Sit still, Whiz Bang, *restez tranquil*," the young captain said as the car shot forward. And from then on Whiz Bang was his name.

A few days later the armistice had been declared, the divisions slowly withdrew, and with General Earl went Whiz Bang. He now became the General's personal body-guard. No other word could be used for such slavish devotion. His howls and wails and low chantings could be heard at all hours from the General's billet, as "puts and boots," spurs and belts were polished to glittering reflections. In vain the entire staff tried to stifle the effervescent spirits of Whiz Bang. He would stand at attention with glassy eyes, intensely stiff, respectfully bearing up under a deluge of explosive words such as only the A. E. F. could master. "Savvy, *comprenez*?" would be hurled at him in conclusion. Whiz Bang would relax, beam upon the stern faces and bow deeply, then back away still

bowing, soft croons and low chantings breaking forth as he disappeared. It was no use, Whiz Bang was a law unto himself.

When the General had his orders to return home, he thought that, after considerable effort on his part, he had disposed of Whiz Bang successfully, having placed him with a French family as handy man. How the Chinese arrived at Brest is a mystery to the General to this day. But the fact remains that the smiling visage of the little fellow greeted the General one morning as he was leaving the mess-hall.

"Whiz Bang come," he beamed. "Tout suite, Americ avec Gen'l."

"Well, I'll be damned," the General exploded, "How in the name of Jupiter did you get here? I can't take you along, I'm sailing in two hours."

"Here, Landis," he called, catching sight of the grinning face of a young officer attached to the A. P. M. "Take this Chink down to the station and send him back to Bar-le-Duc. Better put a tag on him marked De Serveau. That's the name of the family I left him with. How he got here I can't think, unless some of the boys brought him along in a truck or one of the box-cars." The General peeled off a note from a roll of franc notes and handed it to the officer. "Now go on, Whiz Bang, allie, vermuce, *dépachez-vous*, try and be a good boy. Good-bye." The General turned away and the officer caught Whiz Bang firmly by the arm.

"Come on, Chink, a little speed, I'm busy this morning." Whiz Bang realized he was being dismissed from his beloved General. He also realized he was being pushed the wrong way, but not being absolutely certain, he trotted along quite peaceably until he saw the station and comprehension of his destination came to him. From a tired, passive little Chinese, Whiz Bang suddenly became an object of concentrated fury. He did not howl—he roared. His arms and legs spun around so swiftly that his startled companion could get no purchase upon them. Several delighted dough boys gathered around, and a sturdy M. P. pushed near the wildly pivoting Whiz Bang and tried to collar him, yelling forcible language that should have quieted any normal fit of hysteria. But not Whiz Bang. He whirled more furiously, rolling his eyes and moving his lips in more horrible grimaces. All the time he roared, squealed and jabbered in a weird piercing chant. Now and again the words, "Gen'l, Whiz Bang come," could be distinctly heard.

"He's got a fit," volunteered an interested spectator. "Better throw some water on him." The suggestion met with great approval and several boys hurried over to the public pump. By this time, the commotion had reached such a state that several companies of men, drifting in and out of the canteen, were now circled around Whiz Bang's revolving figure. His shrieks and roars had penetrated to the furthest end of the town.

The commanding officer of the Port of Embarkation appeared in his doorway, his aide beside him. "What in the world is that being murdered. Find out and report to me at once." As he waited, General Earl and several officers passed.

"Ah, General Earl," he called, "leaving us?" The officers shook hands. "Lucky man, going home. Well, I hope we will all be there soon."

"What is that frightful noise?" General Earl interrupted, turning towards the Major General. Before he could answer, the sound grew instantly louder, accompanied by the pounding of hob-nailed boots, and hoots of laughter and shrill whistles. Whiz Bang was being propelled by a substantial detachment of the American Army toward the General Headquarters. Sputtering, fighting and whirling he was thrust before the officers, the crowd falling back, waiting expectantly.

"What is the meaning of this?" began the Major General sternly.

But before he could continue the whirling ceased, the rolling eyes narrowed, the distorted countenance of the little Chinese became almost beaming. Straightening his torn uniform and clicking his heels sharply together, he turned his back completely upon the Major General and, bowing deeply to General Earl, he crooned, "Gen'l, Whiz Bang come."

How General Earl took Whiz Bang with him, manoeuvered him through quarantine, and so on, is quite another

story. Every one helped him, from the highest rank to the lowliest buck private, for it seemed that all any one wanted now was peace, and Whiz Bang was the essence of peace when near his General. He would spend hours tranquilly gazing far out at sea, for his soul was at rest. He again knew not where he was bound, but he knew he was at last attached, and his only fear was being separated from or in some way displeasing the man he now worshiped with all his childlike being.

So that is how the little Indo-Chinese arrived in America and became a well trained little house-man in the beautiful Park Avenue apartment of General Percival Earl, now retired from military service, but holding an important position in civil life as inspector of transit commissions. Whiz Bang never went out alone. He spoke very little English and New York was far more hopeless to him than a battlefield. He rode sedately beside the General's chauffeur or walked up and down the one block in front of the General's home.

When Mrs. Earl and her son went to the Adirondacks, she left Bang, as she preferred to call him, in the apartment, to attend to the General's comforts during the week. Over the week-ends, Whiz Bang would motor up with his idol to the summer home. Altogether his life was tranquil and uneventful. He spent most of his days planning delightful meals for his adored master. An hour before dinner would be served, he could be found standing at the window which looked down Park Avenue, from which direction the adored one appeared. Here he would wait, with his flat little nose pressed against the glass, gazing searchingly down. Softly he would wail and chant, patiently waiting.

If, by chance, General Earl phoned he would dine out or had important business, Whiz Bang would howl over the phone, and finally wail dismally, "Allight, bien, Gen'l. Whiz Bang wait by winnow all night." The General would curse softly, laugh, dismiss the conversation, only to be confronted by the mental picture of the miserable little figure, waiting all night beside the window. "Damn little fool, why did I ever bring him?"

And more than likely he would reach for the phone and growl into Whiz Bang's ecstatic ear that he had changed his plans and would be home and bring several gentlemen with him. The business meeting would be held there. Beaming, as he scurried about preparing the delectable food, Whiz Bang would sing loudly, little dreaming of how he, an unimportant orphan Indo-Chinese, had changed the plans of the busy lives of those concerned in big affairs. The events of the particular Friday that thrust Whiz Bang into national publicity occurred on a sultry afternoon in late August. Early that morning the General had made the ill-fated speech. The remark had seemed innocent enough at the time. It might have remained innocent if it had not been addressed to Whiz Bang himself.

The General was seated at breakfast, the little Chinese hovering near, now with iced fruit, now with hot biscuits, attentive, ever watchful for his master's comfort.

"Whiz Bang, why don't you ever get me some nice fish?" he suddenly remarked. "There are plenty of good sea food markets downtown. You ought to learn to wade around New York by now and get me some good fish, real fresh fish, big ones, little ones, lots of them." A few minutes later the General left. He had already forgotten the suggestion. Not so Whiz Bang. His adored one wanted fish. Big ones, little ones, many fish. Somewhere in all that fearful noise and rush of the city were fish waiting just for him. In the early afternoon the adventure began. He left the apartment by the front door. This was strictly against the house's orders, but the first and only time he had been sent to the back entrance caused such roars and screams and hideous chantings that, in self-defense, attendants, porters and the superintendent himself had all acquiesced, and Whiz Bang now came and went unmolested from his master's front entrance.

For the first twenty minutes of his adventure luck was decidedly with him. As he left the apartment house and stood hesitating before the building, a car was just pulling away. The chauffeur, seeing Whiz Bang and recognizing him as the little Chinaman who occasionally rode with his fellow chauf-

feur in the General's car, called to him, asking where he was going. Whiz Bang beamed and hurried to him.

"Down town, big fish, Gen'l wants."

"Well, hop in, I'm going down to City Hall and I'll drop you off at the Fulton Street market."

So Whiz Bang arrived safely at his market. The purchasing of the fish did not prove so easy a matter. Whiz Bang knew fish, but not by their English names. He danced excitedly around, talking in a shrill half-chanting whine. The dealers were nonplused. In vain they offered all varieties of fish to the gesticulating figure. At last he seemed pleased. A huge salmon had caught his eye. The color was odd. He liked things that were odd. Then he purchased more than a dozen small fish of every description. These were all wrapped up in heavy paper and Whiz Bang, having carefully counted out his money, paid for them, and left the market, staggering beneath the burden. For a few minutes he walked aimlessly along Fulton Street, turning off toward Brooklyn Bridge. Then he stopped, a sudden panic seizing him. He didn't know where he lived. The number on Park Avenue had vanished from his mind. Whiz Bang looked searchingly about him. He must ask some one. Just what he wanted to know was how to get to Park Avenue. Once on that Avenue, he was sure he could walk home. He caught sight of a Chinaman. Surely there was a real answer to prayer. He hurried across the street and accosted that busy individual.

"Eeee-long mooo allie Park Avenue?" demanded Whiz Bang.

"Pardon me, what did you say?" inquired the Chinaman.

Whiz Bang repeated his inquiry, lapsing into a still weirder patois. The Chinaman stared at the pathetic little figure bowed down with the heavy load, and slowly shook his head.

"Can't understand you at all. Go over there and see that policeman. He will direct you." And with this advice he passed on.

Whiz Bang moved along the street. He stopped several people and tried to explain what he wanted to know. Some laughed quite openly at him, others shrugged their shoulders and hurried on. It was getting very hot. The fish were decidedly heavy. Whiz Bang felt little waves of heat rising from the sidewalks. The rush and roar of traffic mingled with the shouts of children, and the cries of venders filled the air. Trains rattled over the Bridge with such tremendous vibrations that Whiz Bang would dodge with nervousness. He was lost. Now he was sure of it. He and the General's fish might never reach home. Tears of distress came to his eyes. As he neared Broadway a policeman approached. Whiz Bang brightened a little. Here was a uniform. Of course this meant a "push" of some sort, but it might land him near Park Avenue. He planted himself squarely before the policeman and, with the most ingratiating smile he could muster, began his pleading chant:

"Plees, où est Park Avenue, Whiz Bang beaucoup fish Gen'l wants, plees dites moi, Whiz Bang come Gen'l." The officer stared hard at the nervous little object before him.

"What's the matter. Feel sick?" he questioned. Whiz Bang raised his voice. He was getting desperate. The fish were terribly heavy. He shifted them to his back. He was used to loads on his back. He repeated his question. The officer heard the word Park. He was not sure if it was Park Row or some other kind of Park that was needed. He concluded it was the Subway the boy wanted.

"You say a General wants the fish? What General?"

"General Perc." Whiz Bang knew that Mrs. Earl called the General Percy. The last name was of no import to Whiz Bang.

"General Pershing wants a fish?" The policeman shook his head, contemplating Bellevue Hospital Psychopathic Ward. However, he decided to give him the benefit of the doubt.

"Where did you come from," he asked sharply. Whiz Bang became voluble but in his own patois. The words "Fulton" and "fish" were quoted many times.

"You certainly sound fuller than a fish," the policeman remarked, much to the pleasure of several bystanders who had drawn near, thinking there was an altercation going on.

"Well, you just go up there, see, to that Subway entrance. Go down-

stairs and put a nickel in the gate, and get on the train. Tell the man there what you have told me and God help him to understand. Savvy?'' Whiz Bang still gazed at the policeman. The officer leaned forward and pushed him toward the Subway. This was language Whiz Bang understood. He whirled swiftly. As he did so, the heavy tail of the salmon, now balanced on the little Chinaman's back, swung far out, catching the policeman on the jaw and clipping two pedestrians full in the face.

''What the devil!'' sputtered the officer. He turned angrily on a red-faced man beside him.

''What hit me?'' he roared.

''I don't know what hit you,'' snapped the man, ''but I'd give a good deal to know what hit me.'' Several began to laugh.

''Just a poor fish,'' volunteered some one trying to be funny.

''Poor fish, yourself.'' The man with the red face was growing angry. He was hot and had had a bad morning with his employer. There might have been trouble had not the policeman regained his dignity and scattered the crowd.

Meanwhile Whiz Bang had broken into a lope. He had understood what the policeman had said to him. Once the chauffeur had taken him to the Grand Central in the Subway. He had remembered that. He now made his way down the stairs and, seeing the gates, plunged forward, only to be brought up with a resounding blow in the solar-plexus region. Whiz Bang gasped and emitted a howl of pain and rage. The gate would not work. These gates, it would be well to explain for any one not familiar with them, work automatically. One drops a nickel in the slot, and then pushes forward, the gate snapping to behind. Passengers from trains who wish to find an exit can always come through the gate, providing no nickel has been inserted, but those who want to board trains must, of course, pay to enter. The nickel meant nothing in Whiz Bang's young life. He worked at the gate frantically. Some one was pushing behind. A line of perspiring men rushed before him. ''Push,'' some one yelled. Whiz Bang rolled his eyes heavenward. He knew that command. The crowd behind pushed, the crowd in front pushed. Whiz Bang began to weaken. A scream pierced the air. Every one ceased pushing. A very stout lady wedged firmly behind Whiz Bang was clutching her neck. A uniform appeared from somewhere.

''What's the matter here?''

''It's something cold and wet in that Chinaman's bundle—oh let me out! I'm ill!'' The woman moaned.

''The gate is stuck,'' some one called.

''Well, let us out,'' yelled another voice. Somebody reached from behind Whiz Bang and shoved a nickel down the slot. Instantly Whiz Bang shot through the gate, receiving a terrific slap from behind. The crowd surged on him, the train ground to a stop, doors were flung open. A stream of people crowded out, jostling each other backward and forward. Whiz Bang was in a mad-house. He tried to turn around. Some one yelled in fury as a wet scaley fin struck him across the back of his head. His hat fell off, a very new straw hat. It was probably the hat's falling that saved Whiz Bang from a premature death. Whiz Bang was innocent of what went on behind him. His little back nearly broken with the weight of his burden, streams of sweat running down his frantic face, he stubbornly beat his way into the fiery interior of the train. At last the doors closed, or nearly closed. They would have closed completely had not the tail of Whiz Bang's pink salmon been left out. In vain the guard opened and slammed the doors.

''Say,'' he yelled at last, ''what the heck is stopping them doors from closing?'' Heads were screwed around. Whiz Bang and his burden became the focus of many eyes.

''It's a Chink, here, with a bundle on his back,'' some one called.

''Push him out. We can't stay here all day.'' The door reopened. Whiz Bang felt the ''pushes'' coming. A flare of anguish went through him. The General was again going to lose his fish. With one claw-like little hand he clutched a coat before him. The crowd pushed. Whiz Bang clutched. ''Here you, Chink, let go there.'' A man tried to wrench his hand off. Whiz Bang felt himself slipping. Suddenly he whirled. The salmon's tail, now badly mangled

and distinctly odorous, struck out. A hurried retreat followed. Whiz Bang entered. Bells rang violently, the door slammed and the train moved slowly out.

"My God, what's he got in there?"

"He has murdered somebody."

"No, it's a fish. Whew, I can't stand this." Whiz Bang, oblivious to the remarks about him, half rested his burden against the jamb of the inside door. The heat rose in waves from the hot bodies around him. Whiz Bang's fish were no exception. They had little heat waves all their own, heavily laden with aroma. The entire car became uneasy. Handkerchiefs fluttered, hats were waved frantically. Whiz Bang decided to turn around. As he started to move there was a sharp report as of a pistol. Lights flashed out, then the train came to a jerking stop.

Several women screamed and men called out. Two dim little emergency lights glowed at each end of the car, a bluish smoke curled out towards the open windows.

"Every one keep quiet. It's just a fuse blown out. Every one keep quiet please. We'll be all right in a minute," the guards called reassuringly through the cars. The crowd was uneasy. Some, hanging wearily on straps, twisted and turned nervously; others muttered among themselves. Men cursed, snapping and resnapping watches, asking useless questions of the harrowed guards. Whiz Bang took the explosion quite calmly. He was used to explosions. Not being familiar with Subways, he concluded this was a part of the program. It was all hot and noisy and smelly. Sometimes the trains moved and many times they didn't, he supposed.

He decided to finish turning around. Some one had wedged close behind him and he had to struggle a little to swing clear. When he did, the result was instantaneous, and he lurched around. The heavy paper that wrapped his fish, now well soaked from the ice and water they had been saturated in, had gradually given way. The final tug that he gave had loosened one end. Out flew a small goggled-eyed flounder, landing on the ample bosom of a very fat lady whose ancestors must have left Africa a trifle more casually than she left her seat.

"Lord A'mighty, listen to youse suffering chile," she screamed. "Take that clutch o'deaf off this chile's heart." With her eyes tight shut and her arms raised she sank slowly to a huddled heap on the Subway floor. Because of the concentrated mass of humanity packed closely about, Louisa Washington's fall had been as slowly impressive as the sinking of a discarded dreadnaught, and just as surely as waters flow over the disappearing hulls of our tremendous ships, so surged the crowd over Louisa's large figure. Just what had happened to her no one fully realized. The most that concerned those about was the yawning vacancy that Louisa had left on the Subway seats. She groaned as the rush sprawled over her, vainly trying to "land" that seat.

This unusual disturbance aroused Whiz Bang to the extent of a desire to turn again. The death of his fish was by this time a widely mourned fact, and Whiz Bang's sphere of movement had become almost unimpeded. He moved a little toward the guard. He, too, would ask a question.

"Plees, this car allie Park Avenue, Whiz Bang allie, Gen'l Perc want fish?"

"Shut up," yelled the guard. "Get over there near the door. Whew!"

"Say," called a man, "can't you shunt him into the next car. I'm getting awfully sick." This idea was met with great enthusiasm, and the guard, aided by persuasive individuals, began to propel Whiz Bang toward the rear car. Whiz Bang resisted. "Plees, I go Gen'l Perc, Park Avenue, beaucoup fish."

"Sure, sure, that's right. There's the car you want. That will take you to General Pershing and you can give him all the fish he wants." Whiz Bang was shoved into the next car. Here the same hot, distracted masses greeted him.

No one moved. He hung half suspended on the ribs of those near him. Outside, voices called, a lantern waved, lights flashed—and then silence.

"Oh, I feel very ill," a woman groaned, "what is that terrible thing I smell?" Noses were elevated. Whiz Bang's magic circle began to form.

He felt easier. One of his feet had gone to sleep. His arm was very stiff. He wriggled out and slung his load to the other shoulder. Instantly pandemonium broke loose. Far down the length of the car shrieks and cries could be heard. People shoved and fought.

"It's down my back, it's gone down my back," screamed some one.

"Fire!" shrieked a voice. Panic followed. Whiz Bang's last turn to ease his load had flung half a dozen of the General's choicest fish throughout the darkened car. Wet, slimy and appallingly fishy, they landed among an already tensely nervous crowd. It was a final tip to the scales, and Whiz Bang provided both tip and scales.

Pinned against the heavy steel door by the frantic crowd, Whiz Bang half crouched, trying to save his precious salmon from complete destruction. He could stand just so much, but not even a little more. Rage gathered in his breast. If these queer American people always traveled this way, they were at liberty to do so. He would not. He far preferred to work with a broom on a shelltorn road in France or drive an ammunition truck through spattering bullets. These idiots evidently liked noise. They wanted more. Whiz Bang proceeded to give them what they wanted. Holding his salmon now in both arms, he pushed his square little back against the wall of the car and began to roar. High wailing, earsplitting howls cut across the heavy blue smoke of the cars, far down the tracks. At the beginning and end of each howl, Whiz Bang would swing his salmon, hitting out right and left with the flopping, mangled tail.

"He is mad," gasped a woman. "We are shut up to be burned alive with a maniac." Whiz Bang now found space enough to whirl in. He whirled. The remaining half-dozen fish scattered far and near. Now the sound of breaking glass and frenzied cries rose for blocks. Police whistles blew, gratings were raised, muffled shouts arose.

"Fire, police, help, we have a maniac here!"

Hundreds of volunteer workers rushed to the spot. Fire engines with sirens and whistles blowing thundered to the rescue. Ambulances sped with clanging bells, while squads of reserves from the police force kept the growing crowd back. Hurried exits were ripped open and then the first of the victims were lifted out. With hair awry and dresses and coats torn, flecked with blood, they made a sorry sight. The ambulance surgeon ran forward.

"But these people are bruised, not cut," he said, as one after another appeared. "Where on earth did all the blood come from?"

"The maniac," they cried, pointing down where the fireman and police were struggling with something that whirled and howled. Whiz Bang was forced up and surrounded by a guard. The traffic stood at a halt. Fire engines lined the streets, police patrols and ambulance hovered near, reporters eagerly pushed through to front positions, cameras clicked.

Whiz Bang glared about him, his face contorted, still swinging the fish, still chanting.

An official car swung close, the Chief of Police saluted and stepped aside. A tall, erect man left the car and advanced with authority. "What caused the trouble, Chief?" he asked. The whirling ceased, the rolling eyes narrowed, the distorted countenance of the little Chinese became almost benign. Straightening his torn clothes and slinging the salmon to a gory salute, a manoeuver which missed the ambulance surgeon by just a fin, Whiz Bang turned his back completely upon the Chief of Police and, bowing low before the tall figure, he softly crooned, "Gen'l want much fish, big fish, little fish. Gen'l, Whiz Bang come!"

It is needless to add that General Earl left within the hour for the Adirondacks. Also it seems quite superfluous to add that, for obvious reasons, Whiz Bang sat inside the closed car. As the General passed the familiar boundaries of the city line, he glared at Whiz Bang's tranquil countenance, for, shrilling above the hum of traffic, could be heard:

"Extra! Extra! All about the big Subway tie-up. General Earl's Chinese goes mad! Extra!"

Yes, it all happened because of a Friday. One would show extreme tact not to mention the episode to General Earl, should one encounter him.

THE VISION AT PANAMA

A recently discovered letter written by

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

IN May of the year 1502, Columbus, weary, gray-haired, despondent and not long released from chains, set sail from Cadiz with four caravels. The objective of this, his fourth and last voyage, was his lifelong desire, the discovery of the Western Passage to Asia. He hoped to circumnavigate the globe. Natives had informed him that a strait existed on *tierra firme*. To find this strait, which he believed to be the route to India, was his determined purpose.

He was hampered in every way. Not only were his ships small and he himself prematurely aged, but he was under direct orders from King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella that on no condition, while on his westward voyage, was he to land upon the coast of Española.

How strange a contrast with his former honors! Once, as "the very magnificent Lord Don Christopher Columbus, High Admiral of the Ocean Sea, Viceroy and Governor of the Islands and Tierra Firme," he had held sway over Española and the other vast and rich possessions his own genius had bestowed upon the Crown of Spain. But, through the influence of enemies and ambitious men at Court, he had been deposed by royal mandate. He had been arrested in Española, by Bobadilla, the new Governor sent out to depose him, who had, without trial, thrown him into chains, stripped him of his possessions and shipped him to Spain.

There, however, Columbus had been fully vindicated, although his honors and property had not been restored. His presence at Court and his urgent claims had proved embarrassing to those who were injuring him, so his Sovereigns had urged his immediate departure on a fourth voyage. They had strictly prohibited his stopping at Española.

Columbus, thus humiliated, pursued his way toward *tierra firme* with determination and courage. A fierce tempest arose. With stern poetic justice, that same hurricane, while Columbus and his ships were struggling on to safety, overwhelmed and sunk a fleet carrying to Spain not only Bobadilla, who himself had been deposed, but also a part of Columbus' stolen treasure. Meanwhile Columbus, storm-driven, fever-smitten, propelled by faith and hope, coasted Central America with his little armada, entering bays and rivers in a vain search for the strait.

Curiously enough, for more than a month he remained in the neighborhood of Limon Bay and the Chagres River. How little he realized that four centuries thence the Western Passage to Asia, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would be cut at that very spot. How his melancholy eyes would have glowed could he have seen twin Panama cities rising, named for him, Cristobal and

Colon. As it was, he established the first settlement on the American mainland, on the bank of a river which he named Belem in honor of the visit of the Three Wise Men to Bethlehem. The settlement was unsuccessful. But there, almost at the gateway of the future Panama Canal, he had this Vision.

He recorded the Vision later while lying stranded on the Island of Jamaica. He recorded it in a long letter reporting his voyage, a letter of appeal, a cry from his despairing heart and soul to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. He despatched it by the hands of Indians. Here are selections from the letter:

Most serene and very high and mighty Princes, the King and Queen our Sovereigns:

On reaching the island of Española I was forbidden to go on shore. The tempest was terrible throughout the night. All the ships were separated, and each one driven to the last extremity without hope of anything but death. What man was ever born, not even excepting Job, who would not have been ready to die of despair at finding himself as I then was, in anxious fear for my own safety, and that of my son, my brother, and my friends, and yet refused permission either to land or to put into harbor on the shores which, by God's mercy, I had gained for Spain, sweating blood?

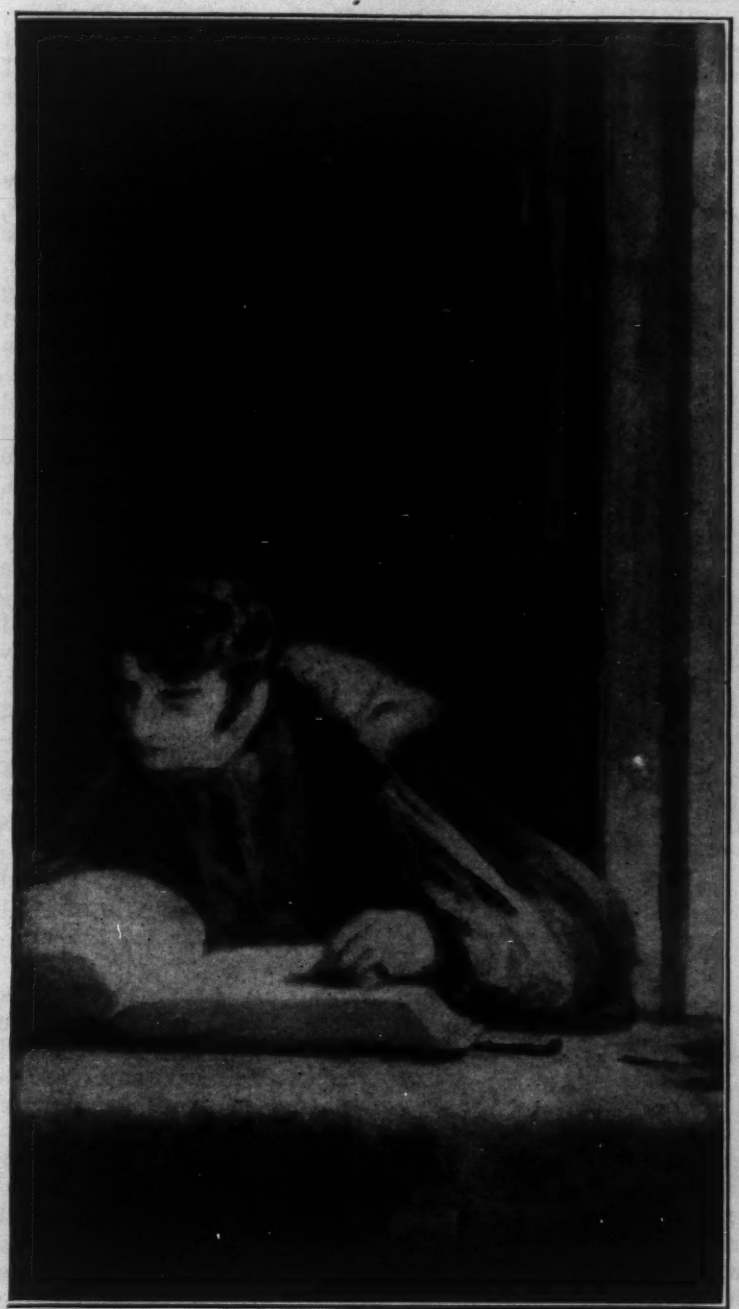
But to return to the ships: although the tempest had so completely separated them from me as to leave me single, yet the Lord restored them to me in His own good time. Eighty-eight days did this fearful tempest continue, during which I was at sea, and saw neither sun nor stars. My ships lay exposed with sails torn, and an-

The librarian of Spanish monastery aided

chors, rigging, cables, boats, and a great quantity of provisions lost. My people were very weak and humbled in spirit, many of them promising to lead a religious life, and all making vows and promising to perform pilgrimages, while some of them would frequently go to their messmates to make confession.

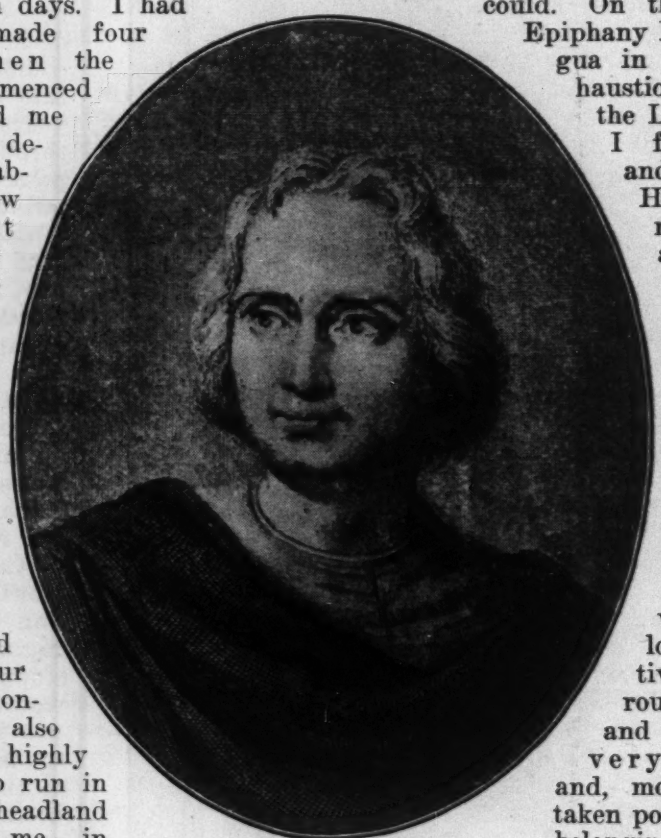
I myself had fallen sick, and was many times at the point of death. But, from a little cabin that I had caused to be constructed on deck, I directed our course. Such is my fate that the twenty years of service, through which I have passed with so much toil and danger, have profited me nothing. And at this very day, I do not possess a roof in Spain that I can call my own. If I wish to eat or sleep, I have nowhere to go but to the inn or tavern, and most times lack wherewith to pay the bill.

I reached the land of Cariay [near the mouth of the River San Juan de Nicaragua] where I stopped to repair my vessels and take in provisions, as well as to afford relaxation to the men who had become very weak. I myself gained information respecting the gold mines of which I was in search and two Indians conducted me to Carambaru [near the border between Costa Rica and Panama] where the people, who go naked, wear golden mirrors round their necks, which they will neither sell, give, nor part with



Washington Irving's search for Columbus manuscripts.

for any consideration. They named to me many places on the sea-coast where there were both gold and mines. The last that they mentioned was Veragua. I found on the way another port, which I named Retrete, where I put in for shelter with as much risk as regret, the ships being in sad condition. I remained there fifteen days. I had already made four leagues when the storm recommenced and wearied me to such a degree that I absolutely knew not what to do. My wound reopened, and for nine days my life was despaired of. Never was the sea so high, so terrific, and so covered with foam. Not only did the wind oppose our proceeding onward, but it also rendered it highly dangerous to run in for any headland and kept me in that sea, which seemed to me as a sea of blood seething like a caldron on a mighty fire.



Christopher Columbus. The Rincon portrait.

Never did the sky look more fearful. During one day and one night it burned like a furnace, and every instant I looked to see if my masts and my sails were not destroyed. For the lightnings flashed with such alarming fury that we all thought the ships must have been consumed. All this time the waters from heaven never ceased descending, not to say that it rained, for it was like a repetition of the Deluge. Twice already had the ships suffered loss in boats, anchors, and rigging, and were now lying bare without sails.

When it pleased our Lord, I returned to Puerto Gordo, where I recruited my condition as well as I could. On the day of the Epiphany I reached Veragua in a state of exhaustion. There, by the Lord's goodness, I found a river and a safe harbor. Having building materials in abundance, I established a settlement, and made many presents to the Quibian, which is the name they gave to the lord of the country. I plainly saw that harmony would not last long, for the natives are of a very rough disposition and the Spaniards very encroaching; and, moreover, I had taken possession of land belonging to the Quibian.

In April the vessels were so eaten with the toredo [shipworm], that they could scarcely be kept above water. The boats were sent back into the river for water and salt. But the sea became so high and furious that it afforded them no chance of exit. Upon which the Indians collected themselves together in great numbers, and made an attack upon the boats, and at length massacred the men.

My brother and all the rest of our people were in a ship which remained inside. I was alone, outside, upon that dangerous coast, suffering from a severe fever and worn with fatigue. All hope of escape was gone. I toiled up to the highest part of the ship, and, with a quivering voice and fast-falling tears, I called upon your Highnesses' war-captains from each point of the compass, to come to my succor. But there was no reply.

At length, groaning with exhaustion, I fell asleep, and heard a compassionate voice address me thus:

"O fool, and slow to believe and to serve thy God, the God of all!

"What did he do more for Moses or for David, his servant, than He has done for thee? From thine infancy He has kept thee under His constant and watchful care. When He saw thee arrive at an age which suited His designs respecting thee, He brought wonderful renown to thy name throughout all the land. He gave thee for thine own the Indies, which form so rich a portion of the world, and thou hast divided them as it pleased thee, for He gave thee power to do so. He gave thee, also, the keys of those barriers of the Ocean Sea, which were closed with such mighty chains. And thou wast obeyed through many lands, and gained an honorable fame throughout Christendom . . . Turn to Him and acknowledge thine error. His mercy is infinite . . . Thou criest out for uncertain help. Answer! Who has afflicted thee so much and so often, God or the World?

"The privileges promised by God, He never fails in bestowing. Even now He partially shows thee the reward of so many toils and dangers incurred by thee in the service of others."

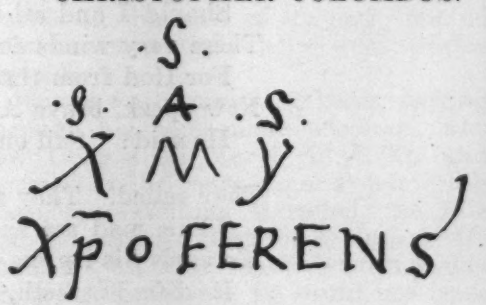
I heard all this as it were in a trance. But I had no answer to give in definite words, and could but weep for my errors. He who spoke to me, whoever it was, concluded by saying:

"Fear not, but trust. All these tribulations are recorded on marble, and not without cause." . . .

Weep for me, whoever has charity, truth, and justice!

Done in the Indies, in the island of Jamaica, on the seventh day of July, in the year one thousand five hundred and three.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone,
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
  "Why, say: 'Sail on, sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
  'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—"
  He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
  What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
  "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he paced his deck,
  And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
  A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
  It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
  Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—Joaquin Miller

THE WORLD THAT WAS LATE

By ARTHUR MEE

ONCE upon a time a world was missing, and two men went in search of it. They found it.

It was one of the greatest triumphs of the human mind. No man had seen it go, but the world had left its path. It had made a call on its way and it was late in arriving, and all the astronomers of the earth were baffled. What could have happened to the missing world? *It had gone a little way to meet another world,* a thousand million miles beyond it, a world no man had ever seen, of which no man had ever heard; and when the truant world came back, like a prodigal son of the universe, there was written one of the most amazing tales of discovery that has yet been put in a book.

It began long ago and far away; we must go back fifty thousand days in time and thousands of millions of miles in space. We must think of all this rolling universe, so immeasurably greater than we know, of all these depths of wonder that lie beyond conception, world after world revolving round the sun through boundless realms past all our understanding. We must think of all these vast immensities that make the mind stagger and reel. Man does not know, he cannot think, how great a house he lives in. Wider than his imagining, deeper than his dreams, is the wonder in which God has set him.

But we must keep to one small corner of these illimitable realms. We must think of a little world that spins through space about eighteen hundred million miles away from us, a world that is not yet finished, scores of times bigger than the earth, but not yet cool and solid, a sort of boiling, vaporous mass, thirty thousand miles across, with a year as long as eighty of ours. It is called Uranus.

For centuries Uranus had been seen. Thousands of times the old astronomers of Assyria and Chaldea must have looked at it and thought it a star, and we know that Uranus was seen more than two hundred years ago, when a man put it down in a record of the stars. But it was thought to be a star and no more. It was not till about a century after that that Uranus was found to be a planet, one of the sun's great family of worlds. It was the first planet to be discovered in human history.

It lay far beyond the path of the most distant planet known. The universe beyond the orbit of Saturn was impenetrable darkness to man, except for the eternal movement of the stars. Men knew the little group of worlds that keep us company round the sun—Venus and Mercury and Mars and Jupiter and Saturn—but Saturn was the boundary-line of knowledge. We knew there were worlds on this side of its path, but no man dreamed that there were worlds beyond.

It was an organist at Bath, looking through his home-made telescope, who saw Uranus on March 13, 1781, and knew it to be more than a star. His name was William Herschel, the first man on earth to discover a planet. He could not know all that is known to-day from his discovery; he could not trace Uranus through the heavens and mark its track as we can do, for Uranus goes round the sun but once in a century. It takes eighty-one years to complete the journey round the sun which our earth makes between January and December, and life is all too short for discoverers of worlds like these to complete their observations. But men may come and men may go, and their work goes on forever. Other men watched Uranus, other men marked its track, and there is not an hour of its journey since Herschel first saw it that has not been noted down. We know where it was on any day since it was found; we

know where it was on any day before it was found; we know where it will be on any day in a thousand years or ten thousand years to come. The universe does not fail; its wheels go round while nations rise and fall and mountains crumble into dust.

It was Uranus that was missing one day. Every day and every hour it had been watched since William Herschel found it. Every movement was recorded that a history might be made of the full circle of its eighty-one years. Herschel's work on earth was ending, and Uranus was half-way round its circle, when one day it was missing from its path. A French astronomer, keeping his time-tables of the worlds, found in 1821 that Uranus had gone. The world was not there. He could not believe his eyes.

It is true the world appeared soon after, but it came up late. It was out of its place, and the watchmen of the skies were all bewildered. A train may be a minute late, a ship may be a day late, but these things do not happen in the universe. And Uranus continued to be late. The time-table that was wrong in 1821 was still wrong in 1830. Uranus was out of her path by 20 seconds in 1830, by 90 seconds in 1840, by 128 seconds in 1846. Nothing like this had happened in the memory of astronomy, and the wanderings of Uranus were the talk of observatories for a quarter of a century. Nowhere in the skies was anything more exciting. Something tremendous, something unknown, was happening somewhere. One of the greatest mysteries ever presented to the mind of man was awaiting his solution.

It is the way of man to solve his mysteries. He is not beaten by puzzling things that happen in the depths of space. He stands on the shore of the ocean and looks out across the sea, and knows what is happening there; he stands with his feet upon the earth, looking out into the universe, and knows what is happening there. The laws by which worlds go round are fixed, and do not break. For a hundred million years and more the worlds have moved around the sun, and they do not leave their path without a mighty cause.

What happened with Uranus was that our time-tables were wrong. It was the first planet the explorers of the skies had found. It had gone only half-way round its path when it was missed. It was expected to follow a particular path, according to all known laws; it followed the path for forty years and then swerved outward. It had been doing that for millions of years and no man had seen it, and what was happening now, with the farthest world we knew leaving us to reach out farther still, was almost incredible to the men who were looking on. For behind this outward swerve of Uranus must be some momentous power. Till forty years before the path of Saturn was the boundary of our knowledge of the planets, but Uranus was as far beyond Saturn as Saturn was beyond the earth, and what the swerve of Uranus meant was that there was something farther still, something perhaps as far beyond Uranus as Uranus is from Saturn.

It meant that this new world, more than a thousand million miles from the earth, was pulled out by another world a thousand million miles farther still.

The bounds of space were widening fast. The discovery of Uranus was a triumph of knowledge, but something greater still was now to come, for the discovery of a world beyond it was a mighty leap of faith. More and more, as we go through this world, we see how much greater than knowledge is faith. The great discoverers live on it; it is their bread of life. One of the greatest discoverers our time has known—Lord Kelvin—was never quite sure of his way. He would work up to some great point, proving as he went that two and two make four, and then there would come a moment when, as he said, "his mind would make a mortal spring out beyond anything that he or any man could prove," and this great leap of faith would always lead him right. When the next steps were taken, and all the facts looked into, his faith was justified.

And so it was faith that found another world beyond the farthest world we knew. If men tell you that faith is nothing, tell them that faith found Neptune, 2750 million miles away. Long before the first telescope was turned towards Neptune men knew that it was there. They saw it in faith as Columbus saw America from Genoa. They saw it as Francis Drake, up a tree at Panama, saw his English ship sailing the Pacific. They saw it as George Stephenson saw his railway girdling the whole earth, as Wilberforce saw the slaves set free. They saw it as we see the face of Europe smiling once again, with these dark days behind us, with the earth at peace, crowning her children with abundance in happier lands.

This mighty leap of faith that bridged a thousand million miles beyond the last milestone of knowledge was soon to be tested, and to be justified abundantly. Uranus was lost in 1821. Twelve years later it was suggested that there must be a disturbing body beyond it; twelve years later still the disturbing body was found. It was found by arithmetic. But for two young men who were clever with arithmetic at school we might never have known of Neptune.

What these two men did was to justify the faith in Neptune by arithmetic. Think for a moment why an apple falls to the ground. It falls because the center of the earth pulls everything towards it. So water runs downhill and finds its deepest depth. Every atom in the world attracts every other atom. If it were not so, things would not hold together. So, by what we call the law of gravitation, the center of the earth draws everything towards it, and this attraction of matter, this pull of a big body that acts on all smaller bodies, operates throughout the universe. The sun and all his worlds, the millions of bodies that whirl forever through the solar system, are held in their place and kept in their path by the perfect balance gravitation has established between them. One planet affects another, and astronomy accounts for all their mutual influences. We know the effect that Venus has on Mercury and Mercury on Mars. We know how Jupiter will pull the earth when they come to their nearest point on some far-distant day.

And so it was with Uranus. There could be no other explanation except that an unknown world was pulling it. We knew when Uranus was pulled, we knew how far it was pulled; what was now to be worked out was the nature of the force that pulled it. It was just a question of arithmetic.

If a world of such a size, traveling at such a rate 1750 *million miles away, was* 30 *seconds late in arriving at a given point, what was the size and speed and distance and pull of the force that kept it back, and when would this unknown force arrive at a given point?*

That was the problem two men set out to solve. It is good to remember that one was French and the other was English; we were allies so long ago. It does us no harm to remember, also, that these allies who did the work gave a German the first sight of Neptune; we were willing to be friendly so long ago.

The two mathematicians, neither knowing the other, were Urbain Leverrier in France and Professor J. C. Adams at Cambridge. The story of how they did their sum, working for months at their figures, is one of the greatest chapters in the history of arithmetic, but what will interest us specially is that the race for Neptune ended almost in a tie. We must give them equal credit, but the honor of discovering Neptune would almost certainly have been England's if a certain professor at Cambridge had had a map of the stars.

It was in October, 1845, that Professor Adams, working in St. John's College at Cambridge, sent to Greenwich Observatory his calculations showing that the wanderings of Uranus might be accounted for by a planet of which he gave the distance, the rate of motion, the longitude, the eccentricity, and the mass. One month later Leverrier read his first paper on the subject, and nine months later, in June, 1846, he published his calculations. It would seem that in all that time the calcula-

tions of Professor Adams had not been used at Greenwich, but at the end of July in 1846, a month after Leverrier's figures appeared, Professor Adams wrote to his friend Professor Challis at Cambridge and asked him to search for the unknown world.

Professor Challis began his search and found over three thousand stars, and we know now that he must have observed the new planet three times, the first time on August 4, 1846. *Three times he saw a new world without knowing it.* He had not, unfortunately, a copy of the chart of the stars which would have enabled him to pick out the planet easily, and so it may be said that for want of a scrap of paper Professor Challis lost a world.

On the last day of August, 1846, Leverrier read another paper with details, his figures being amazingly close to the figures of Professor Adams, and two days later Adams sent the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich a second set of calculations. That was on September 2; and on September 10 a great astronomer told the British Association that they were on the eve of the discovery of a world no man had seen. "We see it as Columbus saw America from the shores of Spain," he said. "Its movements have been felt trembling along the far-reaching line of our analysis, with a certainty hardly inferior to sight."

Eight days after that, Leverrier wrote to Dr. Galle, the astronomer at the observatory at Berlin, and asked him to turn his telescope to a particular spot in the sky. "There," he wrote to Dr. Galle, "you will see a planet which I have not seen, and which no human eye has ever seen, but it must lie in that spot because calculations have pointed out the necessity for its existence."

The Germans were scientific even then. Dr. Galle had an accurate chart of the stars in the region Leverrier described. On September 23, 1846, he turned his telescope to the spot and found a bright light that was not on his chart. There could be only two reasons why it was not there: either it was a star that had sprung into sight since the chart was made, or it was a wandering planet that was elsewhere when the chart was made. We know now that it was Neptune, the most distant world we know.

We known now that Neptune was seen by human eyes fifty years before. As John Flamsteed saw Uranus a lifetime before Herschel found it, so John Lalande saw Neptune fifty years before it was first seen from Berlin. But each of these men saw a world without knowing it; they thought them stars, and put them down in their catalogues of stars. So the old astronomers must have seen them without knowing, but in the case of John Lalande and Neptune fate was in its tantalizing mood. He had seen this bright light on the eighth of May, but as its position was different on the tenth he thought he must have been mistaken on the eighth. If he had thought a little longer it might have occurred to him that the reason why the light was in a different place was because it was a traveling planet and not a fixed star. It is strange he should have missed his dazzling opportunity; he was on the point of an immortal discovery and did not know it.

And so Neptune, the farthest bound of human knowledge in the solar system, was seen by at least two men before it was known as a world.

That is how faith and arithmetic found a world—a world ninety times bigger than the earth and not far short of three thousand million miles away from the sun. It is still like a boiling mass; it has not yet shaped itself or cooled into a solid. We know that it has elements that make it up which are unlike any elements on earth, but we know very little of this stupendous world that rolls and rolls and rolls so far beyond our dreams. It has not yet completed its first circle round the sun since it was found in 1846. The earth goes round the sun in 365 days; Neptune goes round in 165 years. It was first seen at Leverrier's given point in 1846; it will not be there again until 2010.

Where will this world be then, and you and I?

THIS PIGEON WON A WAR MEDAL

CHER AMI as he is called—which is French for "dear friend"—wears the feathered uniform of Pigeon Company No. 1 which was part of the great American Expeditionary Force.

Cher Ami's first duty was to remember everything about his new coop at Rembrandt, back of the fighting line in France. This he did so quickly that his captain very soon remarked, "Cher Ami is a real soldier."

That was why he was sent with the Seventy-seventh Division right into the thick of the fighting in those thrilling days of the Argonne struggle. And, when his own battalion was beset and left unsupported in that strange desperate enemy country, how Cher Ami did want to fly with the message for help! And sure enough, the cage door was opened, and with the words, "Do your best, Cher Ami!" his captain fastened to Cher Ami's leg the precious little message tube telling of the "Lost Battalion's" plight.

Up into the air he circled. An instant only did he hesitate, and then off like a shot he darted, straight for the Rembrandt coop.

So swift and sure was Cher Ami's flight that the "Lost Battalion" gives him credit for the help that came "just in time." For the captain told Cher Ami so, as he stroked the feathers of the faithful little messenger.

Cher Ami heard the soldiers about him talk of General Pershing, and of how a word of praise from him meant more, so they said, than even a D. S. C. I'd like to fly for General Pershing," thought Cher Ami, not dreaming that he was soon to have his wish.

Soon there came the great day when the Yanks—with the Seventy-seventh included—crossed the Meuse River opposite Sedan. They had reached the goal set for them, having defeated the enemy and cut his line of communications. Nothing but surrender or an armistice could now save the Germans!

How Cher Ami trembled with joy when the cage door of his field basket was opened and he knew that he had been chosen to carry the glad news! The hand of the sergeant who fastened the message tube under the feathers of Cher Ami's left leg also trembled for joy, and his voice shook a little, as he whispered, "Straight to General Pershing, Cher Ami!" And then tossed the trusty bird high into the air.

Like a flash of lightning Cher Ami was off. Never had he flown so swiftly. But German snipers were still about, on the lookout for just such messengers. Amid the flash of shots there came a sharp sudden pain. A German bullet had grazed Cher Ami's breast, and his left leg, with its precious tube, was broken and dangled by a mere shred of bleeding skin. With all his strength Cher Ami drew the stub of his leg and its precious message close up to his breast. He felt the blood drop, drop, dropping away, but he never wavered.

On he flew, thirty-seven long miles. Would he ever reach that coop—and General Pershing? Cher Ami did his best, and at last alighted on the welcome perch. Just as the coop door opened, he fainted.

It was a strange hand, gently stroking his feathers, that finally awakened Cher Ami. He felt very queer and weak and lay quite still, not even caring to open his eyes. Then he heard a strange voice saying:

"Cher Ami shall be recommended for the D. S. C. There isn't anything the United States can do too much for this bird. I want him back in Washington, the best cared-for bird that ever was."

The strange voice paused and the familiar voice of Cher Ami's captain answered:

"Yes, sir, General Pershing. You can trust us to take care of him."

You may be sure that Cher Ami is a proud and happy bird to-day as he recalls, in the comforts of peace, the hardships and glory of the World War.

PUCK IN PASTURE

Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry

'T was after a wild and a hedgerow night
  I woke from my sleep the morn,
And I heard a Parson saying his prayers
  All under a sweet white thorn.

O solemn and lovely the words he said,
  Each word like a homing dove,
Till I grew ashamed of my ill-spent life
  And the fern-seed manner thereof.

"O I will go down to Farmer Brown
  His cot in the rushy glen,
And ask for work, and I'll bear my part,
  A man in the world of men."

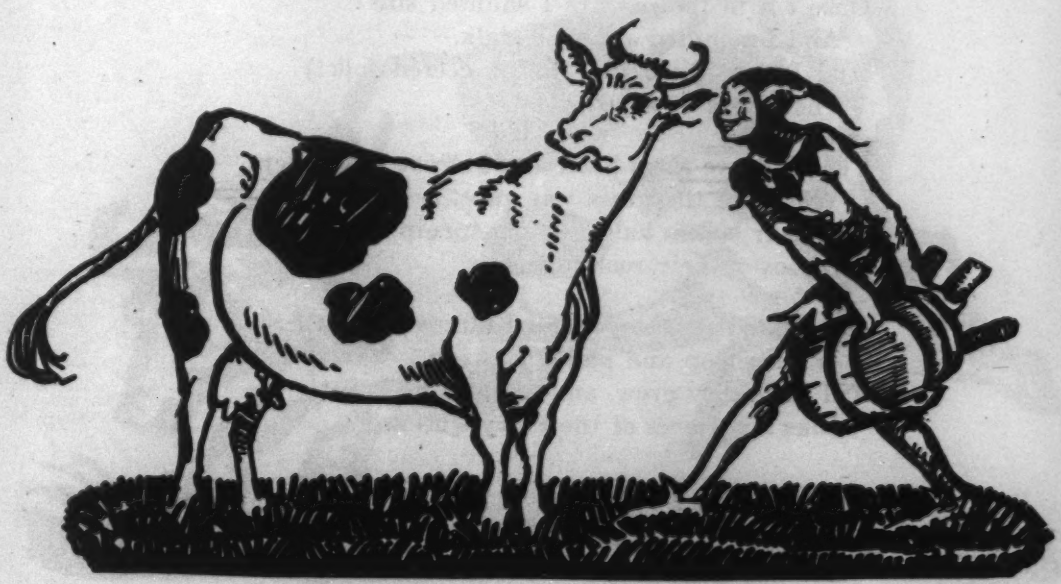
So I routed me up to a mortal size
  With a voice that I thickened rough,
"And could I have bed for milking the cows,
  And the milk would be board enough?"

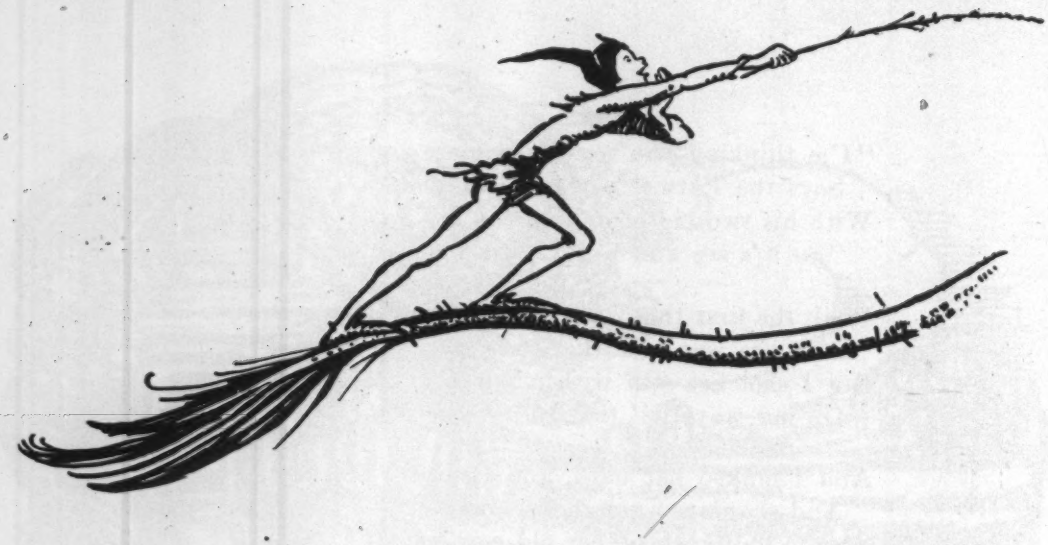
"I'm thinking you've milked more purses than cows,"
  Says the Farmer astraddle the lea
With his two big boots in a cowslip bed,
  "So it's see and believe, for me!"

Well, the first that I tackled was old Brown Bess,
  And she was a shirker sure,
But I shot her stiff with a few cold words
  On her ways wi' the Bull o' the Moor.

And I milked her hard, and I milked her fast,
  And she dared not flicker one red
Square half inch of her old cow hide,
  And the eyes popped out of his head.

"Well, I milked her boy, and milked her man,
  But never in all my days
Has the old cow frothered up such a pail!"
  And the milk sang a roundelays,





Hollow and sweet in the empty pail,
  Tinkling round the brim,
Hushy and soft when the pail was full,
  And O that was the beat of him.

II

Once out in the pasture I shunted size
  And I mounted a mullen stalk,
And I gave the cattle (the ill-geered folk!)
  The a-hem of a Fairy talk.

Then I drove them here, and I drove them there,
  Wherever the grass was sweet,
Till their bellies bulged like a turnip top
  Set over their rootlet feet.

O I hunted them here, and I hunted them there,
  With whoop and halloo between,
Till little they grew, and nimble and sweet
  Like the droves of the Fairy Queen.

O the milk came out of those wee brown cows
  Creamy and rich and great,
And white as a wreath of the Fairy foam
  With the floods of the Hills in spate.

And the milkmaids milked, and the Goodwife milked,
  And the farmlads milked like mad,
And the Goodman buttoned his breeches tight,
  For the wad of a purse he had.

But wow! One night when the moon was full,
  At the minchiken Hour o' Mouse,
The de'il got into the cattle AND
  They danced it about the house.

O! the Goodman swore, and the Goodwife swooned
  And the children were frantic things,
But the de'il got into the cattle AND
  They danced it about in rings.

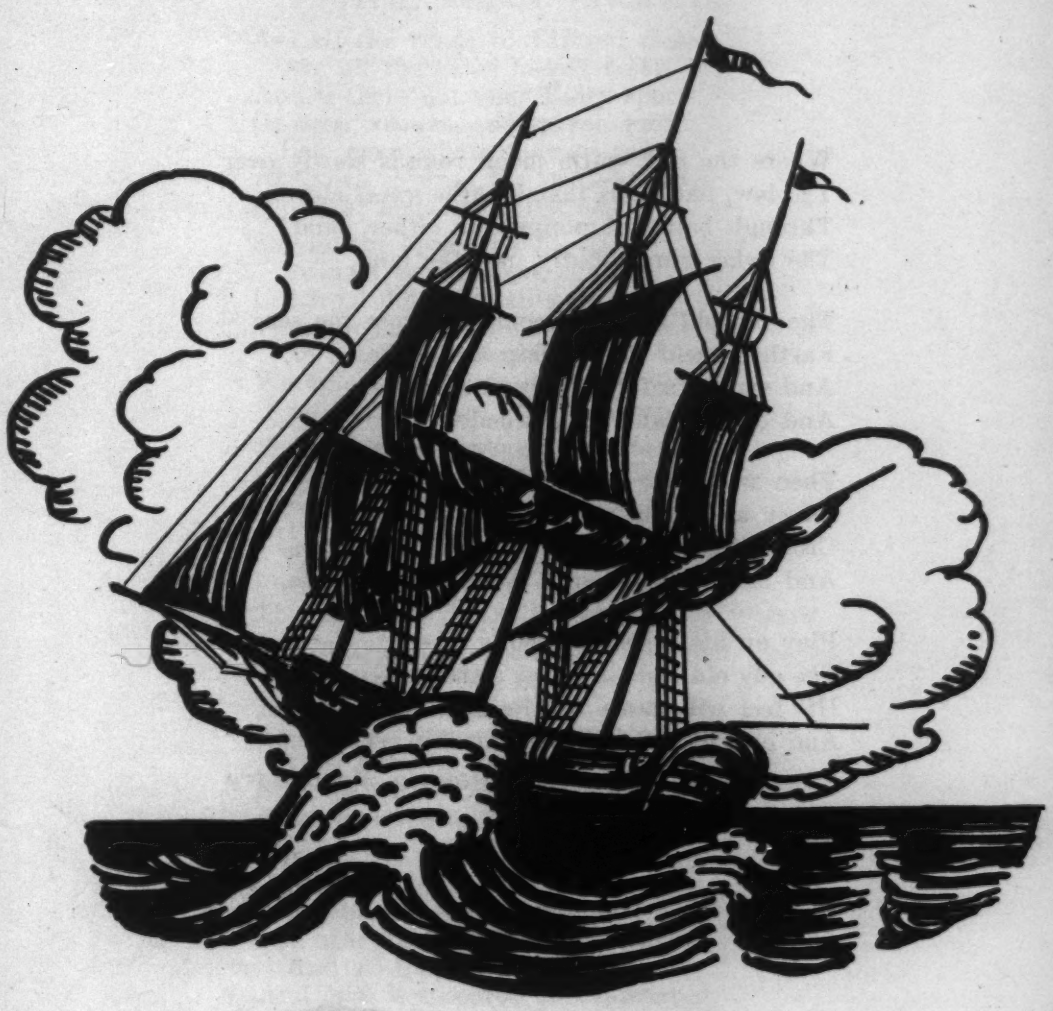
Wi' crumplety horns, and twinklety hoofs,
  They danced to a jigglety tune,
While old Brown Bess in the van gave tongue
  To "The Cow Jumped over the Moon."

O they sent for the Parson who brought the Book,
  And he hammered it out wi' blows,
And that was a wonderful, woeful night,
  And I went under the rose.

O I dared not go, and I dared not stay,
  And my belly was cold the dawn,
But break o' the day, I was up and away,
  And over the fern seed gone!

O I'll not go back, and I daren't go back,
  And the mortals may mind their cows,
But the Goodman knows that the purse was full
  With Puck of the Hills to house.

—Elizabeth MacKinstry



THE OLD SHIP

When the long, low clouds about the West
Are rose, ash-gray, and amethyst,
And the sky between pours saffron-gold,
And the wind along the dykes runs cold,

A huge old bark with an orange sail,
Mellowed and tattered by many a gale,
Will slowly come through the estuary,
Old, sea-haggard, and strange, and merry.

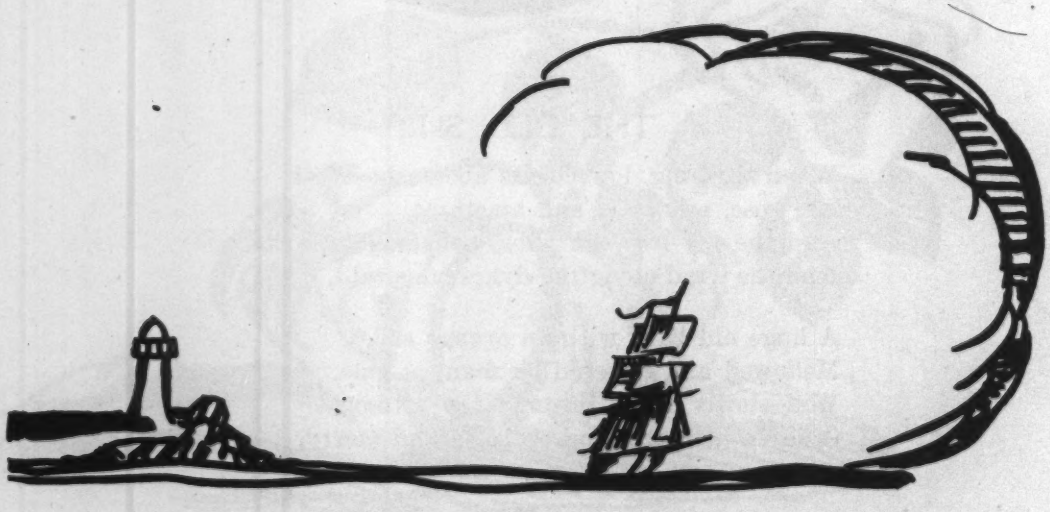
Where the red, warm moon rounds slowly over
The low, flat fields that breathe sweet clover,
Through banks of poppies on either hand
The dykes run liquidly into the land.

The old, old ship will come up from the sea
Farther afield than a ship should be,
And sail on softly, softly and still,
And dock inland by a wooded hill.

Then will come silently, flocks of sheep
Silver as clouds remembered in sleep,
Cross to the moonlight and leap the stile;
And he who shepherds them all will smile,

Play on his pipes and smile to see
The gay old sails lift over a tree.
His feet will dance on the grass like foam
And he will play "When the ship comes home."

—Elizabeth MacKinstry



THE ELFIN ANGELUS

Are all the roads to Elfland closed,
  Are all the gates locked fast?
And is there not some Fairy spot,
Or deep, remote, and sylvan grot
  Left open where they passed?
Ah! hark to what the twilight tells
On silver bells, on silver bells!

Say all the lovely, lonely spells
  Swing free the doors again!
Lo! from the open Hills we ride
Through moss and moonlight, far and wide
  No rider rides in vain!
We fight the old, victorious wars
'Neath silver stars, 'neath silver stars.

Though earth is weary with its scars,
  King Arthur, as it seems,
Lies done to death in Avalon,
Yet living eyes shall look upon
  The mercy of their dreams.
Sure is each hope on vision stayed,
Through long delayed, though long delayed.

Those airy shapes toward which man prayed
  In Nature's holy name,
In shapes as light, as cold, as green
As dancing leaves high boughs between,
  They put him not to shame.
Sure help in all high wars men win
From Fairy kin, from Fairy kin.

For, lo! the veil between is thin
  And easy cast aside,
And when the call of man is heard
The heart of all the Hills is stirred
  And all the doors swing wide.
And man is succored and reprieved,
Though sorely grieved, though sorely grieved.

For no man is by hope deceived
  Though spells may cast their lure,
And though the aspect suffer change
To things unearthly sweet, or strange,
  Or dreadful to endure.
Each man shall win, unless he tire,
His Heart's Desire, his Heart's Desire!

Those things toward which good men aspire
  Although the world condemn,
And though they seem to die, apart,
Safe hid in Nature's holy heart,
  Grow great to comfort them.
So peace from earth be with you still,
Men of good will, men of good will.

—Elizabeth MacKinstry

"GOLDEN RULE" NASH AND HIS MILLIONS

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

ARTHUR NASH was educated for the Seventh Day Adventist ministry, but, after a variety of ups and downs resulting from a radical change in his religious views, he became a manufacturer of men's suits in Cincinnati. About six years ago he reached the conclusion that he could not be a consistent Christian and succeed as a clothing manufacturer. So he resolved to quit business and become a farmer. As soon as he had reached this decision he called his little force of twenty-nine poorly paid sweat shop workers together, and told them that he was going to make the Golden Rule the only rule of his shop. He explained carefully what the Golden Rule meant, and then made raises in pay ranging from fifty to three hundred per cent. His idea was to keep going until he had used all the cloth in stock and then close down.

While Nash was out looking for a farm, his factory workers speeded up production about three hundred per cent, and did so much business that Nash saw a new light, enlarged his factory and his force and went right on making clothing on the Golden Rule basis. His workers have become his co-partners. They own stock, share in the profits, enjoy good wages, work only five seven-hour days a week, and have a voice and a vote in the management.

In five years the Nash factory force has grown from twenty-nine to four thousand, and the business has increased from $100,000 a year to $10,000,000 a year, and is still expanding by leaps and bounds. Nash is making a great experiment in industry, which is being watched by industrial leaders all over the country.—*Editor's Note.*

THOUSANDS of men and women in all parts of the world have been telling Arthur Nash, the Cincinnati "Golden Rule" clothing manufacturer, how to keep from becoming a millionaire. The letters reveal a great deal more than they actually express in words. They are tragic, pathetic and humorous. Each writer wants Mr. Nash to help him in some way with a definite amount of money. Through all of the appeals there runs a note of amazement that anybody should even question the desirability of being a millionaire.

When Mr. Nash discovered that he was being menaced by wealth he asked the public to tell him what he should do for self-protection. He did not feel that he had actually earned the $600,000 dividend recently declared, which, with his previous stock holdings, would have made him worth $1,200,000.

His purpose in laying the matter before the public was to raise the ques-

tion: "How should the profits of a business be distributed? Does the money belong to the management, or to the actual producers?"

Very few of the people who wrote to him caught that point. They thought in personal terms, and seemed to regard Mr. Nash as a big Santa Claus who was going to open a bag of gold and scatter it about so all who got near enough to him might grab a few pieces.

Without waiting for an analysis of the letters, Mr. Nash answered his own inquiry by handing the stock back to his employees on terms that will give them voting control of the business in five years. His purpose is to establish a permanent industrial democracy in his plant, in which the Golden Rule will be the only rule.

In spite of the general failure to catch his altruistic ideal, Nash did aid a number of individuals whose appeals were rather striking. These exceptions reveal as much about Nash himself as the letters revealed about the people. They indicate that he is very human in his impulses and that individuals are not beneath his notice. One writer said that he was a man of sixty, and that he had been laid up sixteen months with muscular rheumatism. He was lonely, unable to sleep, and he did not have a clock. "Send me a dollar watch," he wrote, "so I can hang it at the head of my bed. I can hear it ticking and it will help me to sleep."

He got the watch.

Suits of clothing were given in many instances, especially to preachers. However, one minister in a New England town failed to get three suits for which he asked, because he forgot to put his address in the letter.

A boy of fourteen in Ashburnham, Massachusetts, sent this ingenuous appeal:

"Saw your picture, and got interested to see all the money flying about. Am only a poor boy and have to work for a living, and money looks interesting to me. If money bothers you, what very few pennies I have don't bother me. If I had only $10 I'd buy a new suit of clothes. Being a poor boy I would love to hear from a man who is afraid to be rich. Now Mr. Nash, if every man who has millions was like you, I would not be a poor boy."

One man—a resident of Denver—did not ask for anything, but he said some pertinent things:

"It seems to me that any man who was intelligent enough to accumulate better than a million dollars certainly should have brains enough to direct its application. The picture you present of yourself gives me renewed hope and stamina in my own struggle and efforts to be a very wealthy man some day. If there are dumb-bells in this country who can make a cool million and then have to ask other people how to spend the money, then I am satisfied that I'll be a multi-millionaire some day by diligently applying my brains to the tasks before me."

A letter which produced a deep impression upon Nash came from a man in Detroit who claimed to be a criminal. He told a remarkably interesting and straightforward story:

"I am thirty-three years old and able-bodied. For twelve years I have been a thief, a safe-cracker, and a hold-up man. I have been arrested many times and tried for everything, including murder, burglary, and robbery. I have never killed a man either, or harmed any one, and have never been convicted or imprisoned. I always play square with my friends, and have helped more people than I have hurt. I always took a man's chance, and never robbed any one who could not afford it. I have been in the underworld of Chicago, New York and other places all my life. I have never worked honestly or earned an honest dollar since I was a kid selling papers.

"This is a funny thing for me to say to a man like you, ain't it? Well, I love to study human nature, and I want to see what a man like you thinks of a man like me. Believe me, everything I am saying here is the God's truth.

"Well, the war came on and I went over-seas. I am not a hero. I went because I loved the excitement. I would not have missed it for a million. When I said I had not killed I did not include

the war. I came back without a scratch and was discharged honorably on June 3, 1919.

"So far you might believe me, because there are thousands more of the same kind of fellows.

"But this is where I change.

"I had spent nearly two years in the army. I saw plenty of excitement, and had lots of time in which to do a lot of thinking. After my discharge I came back to Detroit with a lot of good intentions, but no plans, and, as might be expected, within a few days I was looking for a safe to knock off, but not with the same old pleasure. I hated it.

"My old girl from Chicago was here and most of my old gang. I did make an effort—a weak effort—to try another life. I tried to have my girl see some of my ideas but the laugh she gave me settled it. But I was not my old self on the jobs we pulled. Finally I quit the mob cold and went to work in a gambling house. My girl and the old gang were disgusted with me. They said I was yellow, but I knew it wasn't that. I am no coward.

"Then about three years ago the thing happened.

"Sometimes I have cursed the day, and sometimes I have been glad of the day I met my little pal, the girl I am now married to. She is the truest friend I ever had or that it is possible for a man to have, but oh, what a dog she has made of me. At least a year ago I was a man and happy as a king. Now I consider myself lower than a rat, and the most miserable human being in the world.

"This little girl was no saint, but she had plenty of everything, and was happy. We fell for each other on sight. I told her all about myself, and asked her to wait until I had pulled one more big job, and made enough for us to get into some little business. I wanted to buy a taxi cab of my own. If I owned a cab, I could make $15 or $20 a day with it, and gradually buy another, and so get into a good honest business. I needed about $1,000, and did not have it, but I knew where I could get it—in a safe and no danger. She pleaded and begged and I weakened and promised her I would never steal again.

"We married and then my real troubles started. I tried to work in a factory, but sir, I just couldn't stand that grind, doing the same thing over and over again every day, for a few dollars. I would stand and think and almost go crazy. She was not used to living in one little room and neither was I. At night the poor game little kid would smile, and talk and say that maybe they would make me foreman, and then maybe we could rise up to something big. But I knew better and so did the girl.

"Then I quit my job in the factory and went back to the gambling house at $15 a day. She cried a little, but I reasoned with her that we would save and finally get back to a good honest life. But in order to hold a job like mine a fellow has to be a mixer and a rounder, and be liked. So we had to move downtown and my little pal had to meet and mix with rats that were not fit to look at her. She never complained, though I knew her heart was breaking. She always tried to be cheerful, but sometimes I would catch a look in her eyes that would make me want to cry. I just could not lie to her, and swore to myself I would not deceive her, so several times I begged her to go home for a little while and let me pull one more good job, so I could take her away from the underworld. But she said if I did and I made a million she would never see me again, and I knew she meant it.

"Then came the most terrible blow I ever got in my life.

"I had a chance to go away with some fellows hauling whisky and make a fast $200. I went and was gone nearly two weeks because I got arrested.

"When I came back my little wife was a dope fiend. Think of it, sir. I would give my life for her with her cheery smile, and here she was the lowest thing in the world—a junker. Whose fault was it? Mine of course. The poor kid didn't know anything about this life. Some dirty skunks calling themselves

women, living in the same apartment house, started her and she was hooked before she knew what it was. I was crazy. I got a doctor and gave him all I had or could borrow but she was well hooked.

"What happened then? Me, the smart crook, who has been in the underworld all my life, and knows every angle of it, also became a junker. I am a hopeless dope fiend. I suppose you think you see it all now. That accounts for my crazy letter. I guess it does sound like a dope fiend's dream, but believe me it is not.

"I went for it strong for a while, but now I have got it down to nearly nothing, but I just can't make it nothing.

"My poor little partner is nearly dead. She cries all the time. I have broken my promise to her and last night I cracked a safe, and all I got was $100. I must get a thousand. With that I could pay up my debts and take her away to a sanitarium, where we can get cured. It can be done for just one thousand dollars, and I have got to steal it. Where else can I go?

"I have a car, but still owe $235, so I can't raise money on it. Her ring is in pawn for $100. I have nothing to raise money on. There is no way to get it, but to steal, and steal I must or she will die.

"Well sir, I won't say any more. The rest is up to you.

"If you are interested, sir, and think she, not me, deserves a chance for her life, put a line in the personal column of the Detroit Free Press any day this week and tell me what you can do for her. Don't try to have me arrested, unless you want that poor kid's life on your conscience. Address the personal column R. A. B. and be sure I will be looking for it.

"This is at least a straw for me to catch at, and I won't endanger my liberty until I see your reply.

"I guess you will wonder why I don't put her in the city hospital. It's because they don't cure people like her in those places. They kill them."

This tragic letter gripped Arthur Nash, and he resolved to respond. He made preparations to go to Detroit in person to see this man, if possible. First he wired an advertisement to the *Free Press* according to directions. This telegram read:

"Just received a pitiful appeal from a man and wife of the underworld to save them. Both are dope fiends. Please insert the following in personal column in each issue of the *Press* for two days:

"'R. A. B. My brother, I am coming to help you. Call me at Statler Hotel Monday noon.' Sign 'Arthur,' and in parentheses 'Golden Rule' Nash."

While on his way to Detroit word reached Nash that the advertisement had not appeared in the *Free Press.* Later a letter from William B. Lowe, advertising counselor, gave the explanation:

"Your telegram was received after the business office had closed on Saturday afternoon. The clerk at the desk was unable to verify the message, and therefore did not arrange publication of your advertisement. The Statler Hotel prohibits the publication of an advertisement over its name. If you will write us, advising your wishes in the matter, we will be glad to arrange insertion of the advertisement with necessary correction to address."

By the time this red tape had been unwound it was too late to carry out the plan as suggested by the writer of the letter, and there was no other way to get into touch with him.

Whatever became of R. A. B., who had flung his hands above the waves for an instant in a despairing appeal, is still a mystery.

While talking with the writer of this article later, Mr. Nash expressed the hope that he might some day find these unfortunates, and give them the help they needed. His interest was due largely to the nature of the appeal, the urgency of the case, and the further fact that Detroit is where Nash himself passed through a period of despair some years ago, before he set out on the career in which he has become so widely known as "Golden Rule Nash."

POEMS IN THE NEW HANDWRITING

THESE are examples of Broad Edged Pen Writing, which is fully described in the first article in this magazine. They were written by children in the grades of a New York school, after less than two years of practise with the new writing.—*Editor's Note.*

The Paradise of Children

"Pray who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am Hope!" answered the sunshiny figure.

"Your wings are colored like the rainbow!" exclaimed Pandora.

"Yes," replied Hope, "because I am partly made of tears as well as smiles."

"And will you stay with us forever?"

"I promise never to desert you," said Hope. "Trust in my promise, for it is true."

And so they did, and so has everybody trusted Hope that has since been alive.

Hawthorne

Song: On a May Morning

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

— John Milton.

We may shut our eyes, but we can not help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plaster his house hard by.

— James R Lowell

CHRISTIANITY—TRUE AND FALSE

By DR. FREDERIC W. FARRAR, LATE ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER

WHAT is religion?

(i.) It has been made identical with the membership of this and that organization which has arrogated to itself, often in the teeth of all evidence, the exclusive title of "the Church." Religion is *not* church membership. The meek, the just, the pious, the devout, as William Penn said, are all the children of the kingdom of heaven, and they shall meet and recognize each other when their various marks and liveries are taken off. This is the doctrine alike of St. Peter, of St. Paul, and of St. John.

For St. Peter says: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."

And St. Paul says:

"God hath made of one all nations of men—that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us."

And St. John says:

"He that doeth righteousness is righteous," and, "He that doeth righteousness is born of God."

(ii.) And religion has been identified with the intellectual acceptance or profession of a set of dogmas. But it is not this; for the doctrines of Christianity, as laid down by Christ, were few, broad, and in their main facts utterly simple, so that, as Isaiah says, a child, or a wayfaring man, or a fool, need not err therein. All the elaborations of metaphysical definition, exorbitant inferences, and curiously-articulated creeds, which have been based on the simplicity which is in Christ Jesus, may have been safeguards against subtle heresies, but, as intellectual opinions merely, have in them no power of salvation.

(iii.) And religion has been identified with rites, forms, ceremonies, feasts, fasts, new moons, sacraments, sacrifices, and so forth. But religion is not dependent on outward observances. On the contrary, prophets and apostles alike show the utter fatuity of supposing that these things can take the place of righteousness and true godliness, and the utter nullity and invalidity of every form of outward observance *in itself*. They echo in page after page the sentiment of Hosea, of which Christ bade the Pharisee go and learn the meaning: "I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

"Religion" means, as the great thinker Benjamin Whichcot said, "a good mind and a good life." *This*, in essence, is its true and only meaning. How, then, can it be, or ever have been, otherwise than one infinite blessing to mankind?

And "Christianity" means that belief in Christ, and that following of the example of Christ, which renders a good mind and a good life possible to every child of man. It means that faith in Christ, and in the broad, simple teaching of Christ—unencumbered by the mountain-masses of falsification and corruption which were accumulated around it after the first century—which enables every child of man to obtain forgiveness of past sins and strength for future service. The acceptance of the Gospel has nothing necessarily to do with the shibboleths, the ceremonies, or the constitution of this or that church or sect; it means sincere love of God, and self-sacrificing service to man. Any amount of nominal religion which is not accompanied by love, meekness, truth, purity, contentment, is no better than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

To belong to the strictest sect of the purest religion—to be as orthodox as Thomas Aquinas—to be as devoted to forms and ceremonies as Durandus—

to macerate one's self, like St. Peter Damiani or Henry Suso—and yet not to be holy, humble, and loving, is as useless as to rely on the clacking of the Tartar's prayer-mill. "The Kingdom of heaven is within you." To true religion, to genuine Christianity, no human being ever was, or ever can be, an enemy; for they only express the true relation of man to God, and the beauty of holiness, the godlike elevation of spirit, the pure consistency of character, the love and self-sacrifice which spring from that relation.

IN THE MORNING I WILL LOOK UP

When first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
  To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The Spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
  Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun;
Give Him thy first thoughts, then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
  Dawn with the day, there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
  After sun-rising, for day sullies flowers.
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
  And whispering amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath this morning hymn; each bush
  And oak doth know I AM — canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

—*Henry Vaughan*, (1621–1695)

WHY SWEET MUSIC PRODUCES SADNESS

The reason surely is that we have an instinctive sense of the fugitive and perishing nature of all sweet things — of beauty, of youth, of life; of all those fair shows of the world, of which music seems to be the voice, and of whose transitory nature it reminds us most when it is most beautiful, because it is then that we most regret our mortality.

— *Leigh Hunt.*

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RAILROADS AND DIVIDENDS

By SCHUYLER PATTERSON

THE more than seventeen hundred railroads in the United States have outstanding a grand total of $7,592,987,034 in preferred and common stocks. In the year 1924 combined dividends on all of these shares amounted to $310,221,064 or approximately 4.08 per cent, disbursements being made on about sixty per cent and none on forty per cent.

In the same year—1924—thirteen industrial and public utility corporations having combined stock capitalizations of $3,633,783,931 paid total dividends of $311,381,388—or $1,160,324 more than the seventeen hundred railroads—an average return of 8.57 per cent.

The railroads showed gross earnings (Railway Operating Revenue) of $5,908,370,000 and net—or funds applicable to dividends—after operating expenses, taxes, intercompany items and interest on bank loans and bonds, of $561,802,467. Therefore less than one-tenth of total income was potentially available for the stockholders, and of this $251,581,403 was added to surplus. Taxes alone were $339,293,197—about $29,000,000 in excess of dividends—almost a million dollars a day throughout the twelve months.

The thirteen industrial and public utility corporations, on the other hand, on their $3,633,783,931 of stock capital, reported a combined gross income of $3,480,909,297, or 58.91 per cent of what the railroads received. Their net, however, was $545,717,259, or 97.12 per cent of railroad net, while dividend appropriations were approximately the same in dollars and percentage.

While, therefore, the railroads were able to retain but 9.5 per cent of their gross earnings for the stockholders, corporations engaged in other lines held 15.26 per cent. In figures, as shown, the railroads received altogether $5,908,-010,370 and had left $561,802,467, so disbursed for various expenses, including bond interest, $5,346,207,903. The industrial and public utility enterprises received $3,480,909,297 and had left $545,717,259, so expended $2,935,-192,038 for operating and fixed charges. In the items of cost previous to dividends, then, we find that those of the railroads are one and two-thirds times as great as those of other enterprises.

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THE LAST LYNCHING

(*Continued from page* 908)

She spoke with a certain important pride; but Jimmy Lee was staring at her wildly.

"What are you talking about, Hannah? I reckon you've had a touch of sun. *Joe*—in his coffin——"

To his amazement Mandy threw her apron over her head and burst into tears.

"Dar, honey," comforted her mother, "you jes go lay down an' res'. Ain't you heard, Marse Jimmy Lee? Don't you know dem white debbles done lynch Joe, heah on dat old live oak?"

If Betty's face had been gray with fear that morning, her husband's was gray now. He sank down limply on the settle, and gasped, "Lynched *Joe!* Our Joe? What for? And here? Oh, where's my Betty?"

It was Mandy who answered, removing the apron from her face to wipe her tears on its crumpled corner.

"De Cun'l done take her to de plantation, Marse Jimmy Lee. I'd run out to de hen house fer an aig, an' I see Joe come sneakin' through de garden like he skeered. Dat skeered me, too. I's feared de mob'd ask me where dat nigger is, so I jes crouched down in de hen house when Miss Betty called. Den dey come. I heah de horses tromplin' de garden; and dey went an' hammered on de front door. Seem like I lay dar ages 'fore I heah Joe's voice. He holler out somethin' 'bout not doin' it heah, where Miss Betty'd see; an' den——" Mandy's eyes, big with remembrance, seemed to scorch Jimmy Lee's soul "—den I hear Miss Betty scream—dreadful—an' I run in an' found her on de floor by de window. She had her hands over her eyes, Marse Jimmy Lee, an' when she heah me she scream again, like she's beside herself. An' I look out de window an' den I holler, too. An' Miss Betty crouch dar wid de tears all streamin' down her face, an' she say, 'It's my fault, Mandy. If I'd jus' kep' still when dat fiend twisted my arm mos' off, he'd a stayed hidden; but I screamed 'fore I thought, an' Joe rush out o' de cupboard and hit dat brute——'"

"Stop!" cried Jimmy Lee, hoarsely. "I can't stand another word. I must go to Betty. What will she think——"

His eyes were wild, and Hannah laid a soothing hand upon his shoulder.

"Dar, Marse Jimmy Lee, you jes get quiet. De Cun'l done take her home. He come too late fer to save poor Joe, but he made dem debbles cut him down, and den he took Miss Betty and sent Sam for de doctor. Like as not she's not wonderin' 'bout you now, Marse Jimmy Lee. She's got udder things to study 'bout. You don't look no ways fit to see her. You gotter change dem clothes."

"I'm *not* fit to see her," groaned Jimmy Lee. "I'll never be fit again; but it's not the clothes, Hannah, and I can't wait to change them. You bring out Miss Betty's mare, Mandy, while I unsaddle Lightfoot. I can't ride him another mile."

It was seven o'clock when Jimmy Lee dismounted before his father's door. Sam, a white-haired darky, took his horse in silence, and Jimmy Lee, stumbling blindly up the steps, was caught in his mother's arms.

"Betty?" he questioned hoarsely, but got no answer. Then he saw that his mother could not speak, and a sense of hideous calamity rushed over him.

It was his father who told him.

"Your boy's dead, son—born dead three hours ago. And Betty—well, she's not gone under yet, but——"

"Is she *dying?*" came huskily from Jimmy Lee.

"We—don't know, son; but she's been through enough to kill most any one. The doctor hasn't left her, and——"

"May I—see her?"

"No," said the Colonel gently. He put out a kind and steadying hand. "No, son, it isn't best."

In his pity he could not say that Betty's last conscious plea had been, "Keep Jimmy Lee away. Don't let him touch me—ever again."

In the days that followed, while Betty crept slowly back to health, she never asked for her husband. She seemed to Colonel Langdon, who often sat with her and held her hand, like some beautiful, broken thing, ex-

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quisitely fragile, who clung to life only through instinct, and without desire.

It was not necessary to tell her that her baby was dead. She asked, when delirium wore away and consciousness returned, "Was it a daughter or a son, my baby?" And when they answered that it had been a boy, she merely sighed, and turned her head away. Perhaps, remembering what she had been through, and what life makes of some of us, she was dimly glad that her little son was safe.

But because she made no effort, her progress seemed discouragingly slow. It was weeks before they told her of her mother's illness, but even that, once she was assured that Anne was getting better, failed to rouse her. Her brother John, who came at once after reading the ghastly story in the paper, had arrived at a time when she was too ill to see him, or to know him if she had seen him.

He had descended on Langdonvale filled with righteous wrath at his Southern brother-in-law—ready to tell Jimmy Lee what he thought of him—ready to sweep his sister into his arms and carry her away to her own people. He returned, his anger changed to sorrow, his heart filled with pity for Jimmy Lee. For Jimmy Lee had not spared himself in talking with Betty's brother. He felt, he said, responsible for everything that had happened. He was the murderer of not only a faithful friend and servant, but of his baby son. He had estranged the wife whom he adored. To Jimmy Lee the future held forth no hope, for Betty's silence regarding him remained unchanged. His was the name that never passed her lips.

So Betty's brother returned north without seeing her, but taking with him a kinder view of Jimmy Lee, and an unbounded admiration for Colonel Langdon. They sat on the porch together the night before John's departure, talking of many things, but persistently returning to the recent horror. It was a surprize to the Northern man to find his views shared by the old soldier.

"I won't say, sir, that I can't understand the feeling that makes such happenings," he said in answer to a question, "but I believe that mob law is never justified. For years I have been

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fighting things like this—using the little influence I had; and yet"—his voice shook with feeling—"you see, sir, my own son——"

There was a pause, and then he added, "I reckon you couldn't understand, and forgive, like I can, not being raised here. Some day I shall talk with Jimmy Lee, though God knows he's learned his lesson. That boy Joe was a brother to him, sir—always had been since he was a pickaninny——and the knowledge that he failed Betty in her hour of need is bitter medicine. I'm hoping she'll see things clearer when she's better."

But as the weeks passed the Colonel's hope was almost extinguished. Betty was sitting up a few hours a day now. She was still pale, and listless to an extent that was alarming, although at her father-in-law's approach she always smiled. Not once had she spoken of the experience that had brought her to this plight, but on a day in early fall she said, after a long silence, "Daddy Langdon, when shall I be strong enough to travel?"

The Colonel started visibly as he answered, "You want to—get away from us, honey?"

"I must, or I shall lose my reason; but—but there are things I want you to understand. You must know that that poor boy died protecting *me*. He could have remained hidden, but—but I needed help, and—I had *no one else*."

Her tone was bitter, and the Colonel winced.

"I know—I know, dear," he answered sadly, "but there is something you don't quite understand, Betty, and that's the reason why Jimmy Lee——"

"Don't!" she cried. "Don't speak his name to me!" Her eyes were covered with her hands as if to shut out some hateful vision. They looked, those hands, almost transparent in their whiteness. The Colonel said gently:

"Listen, Betty. You are not a coward. Listen. One of those ruffians attacked Olivia Bruce. Don't you see—it was to Jimmy Lee as if it had happened to a sister. He forgot—everything. I'm not defending him, my child; but if you condemn him untried aren't you allying yourself with the very powers that caused those brutes to hang poor Joe?"

Betty's face was still hidden by her hands—those transparent hands that looked so pitiful to the Colonel's tender eyes. Then she dropped them, and he saw tears upon her cheek.

"You couldn't understand—not in a thousand years—you nor any of them. It's just as mother warned me; you're *different*. You've been so beautifully kind, every one of you; but I can see that Mother Langdon thinks me hard, and—and cruel. Perhaps I am. Perhaps I always shall be. You see, I have lost my faith in—in everything."

"Not in my love for you, daughter," corrected the old man.

He arose, fearing that she had talked too long; but she caught his hand and held it against her cheek.

"No, not in that; but—but I feel so terribly alone."

"You have a husband, Betty."

"Oh, no I haven't! I can't even remember how he looks. All I can see, when I try to think of him, is the awful, brutal faces of those men who dragged poor Joe away. *He* must have looked like that to—to some one. He will always look like that to me. I told him that if he joined a mob of that sort he would never be the same to me again. He never can be." Her voice broke quiveringly. "I cannot even remember the man I loved."

"You will," said the old Colonel gently, smoothing her hair. "This will pass, dearie. We must give you time."

"We must give her time," he repeated later to his wife. They were on the veranda in the twilight, and the sound of Jimmy Lee's footsteps, tramping, tramping in the garden, came to them dimly.

"She is very hard," said Mrs. Langdon.

"She is only bruised and broken," said her husband. "She has lost her faith in everything, and she has lost her baby. We must be patient."

"And in the mean time, *my* baby is—*crucified!*" she answered passionately. "Do you hear him, William? He paces till I feel like screaming. And he can't sleep. If this keeps on——"

She dashed away the tears, and her husband said, "It won't, Martha. Something will happen."

(*Continued on page* 954)

How Does a Fire Start?

Not with a big flame, but with a tiny spark which, unnoticed, spreads and grows until it becomes a big flame—a devastating force that burns up a home, a factory, even a big city.

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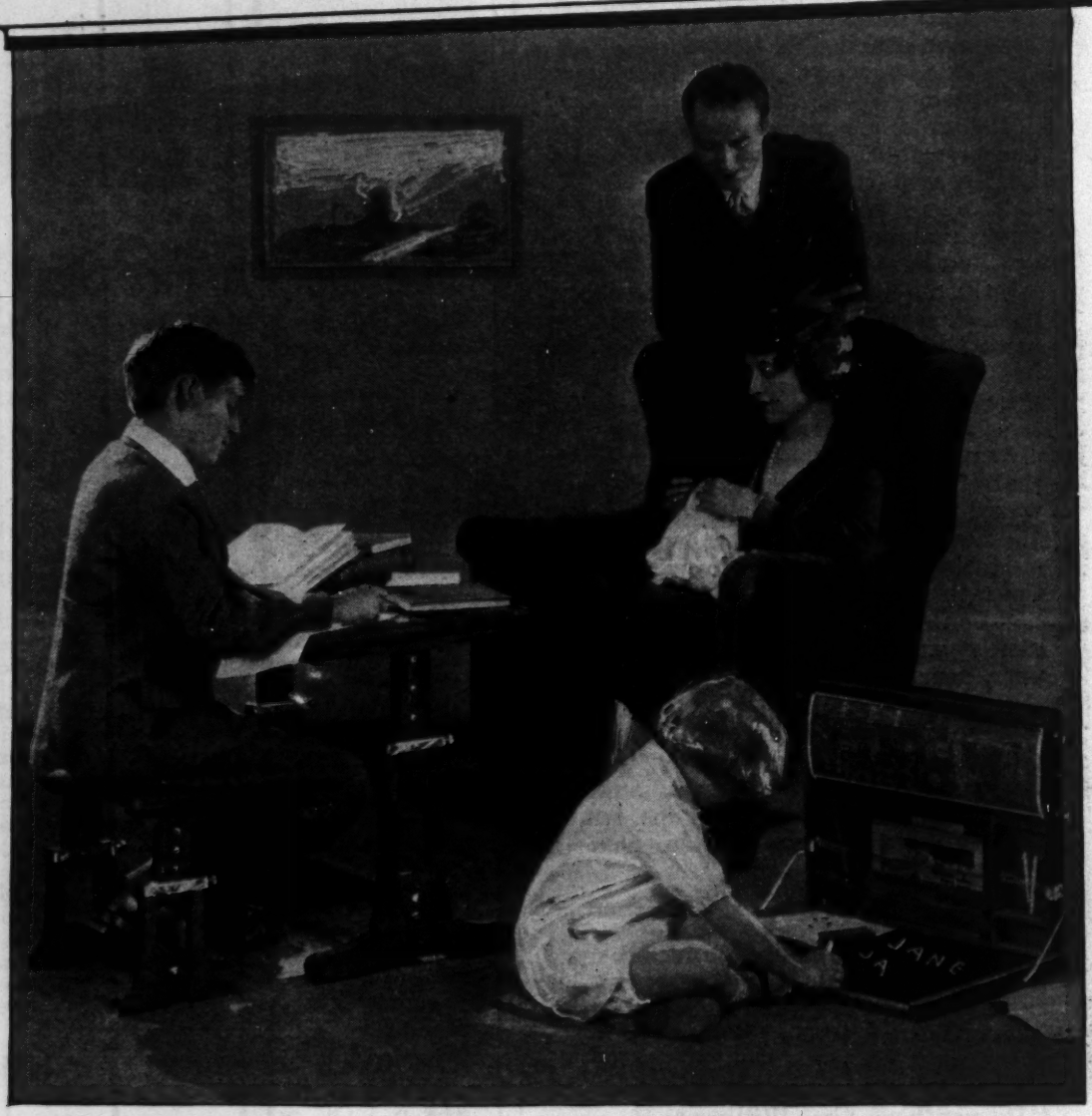

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When Answering Advertisements Please Mention McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

(*Continued from page* 951)

Yet, as another month drifted by and Jimmy Lee was still sleepless, his father became alarmed. The boy wore little resemblance to the Jimmy Lee who had waved farewell to his wife on that sunny morning which now seemed long ago. And Betty seemed powerless to rise beyond a certain point. A few hours out of bed and she would ask wearily to go back. She yearned for her own people, yet could not gather strength to make the effort the journey would require. When she slept, she dreamed—dreams that sometimes woke her with a cry for help upon her lips which more than once roused and startled the whole household. Sometimes she dreamed of her lost baby, and wakened weeping; but no one knew of this. And always present was a sense of loss. If Jimmy Lee had died, she told herself, he would be nearer to her than he was now.

The weather grew cooler as the days passed. The sugar cane season came, and, once when she lay sleepless on her bed, Betty heard gay voices—young people returning from a sugar boiling at some plantation. It seemed incredible that only a year before those gay times had been part of her own life—hers and Jimmy Lee's. It came to her that she must rouse herself, and get away. Her presence must cast a gloom over the whole household. They had been so kind. Even Mrs. Langdon had never failed in her kindness; yet there was a reserve in her manner—something that Betty knew sprang from her love for her one boy. Perhaps it was natural that she should feel so. What was it Colonel Langdon had said about her judging Jimmy Lee untried? Was she then on a plane with those brutes who had murdered Joe? Oh, if for one moment she could picture her husband as he used to look to her—not like those fiends who had struck terror to her heart! She had tried—and could not. Perhaps had her baby lived she would have felt differently. He was Jimmy Lee's baby, too; but now——

Betty turned wearily on her pillow. Yes, she must get away. It would be easier for every one, even for Jimmy Lee, when she was gone.

It was the next afternoon that

Colonel Langdon entered Betty's room, filled with a resolve which he had confided to no one. He was frightened about Jimmy Lee. Even the doctor had said that something must be done or the boy's brain was likely to give way. They had urged him to leave home, but Jimmy Lee had angrily refused.

"Where should I go? And suppose—suppose she asked for me."

"She won't," was on his mother's lips, but she suppressed it. After all, they mustn't take away his hope. Jimmy Lee had been absent all the morning, to Mrs. Langdon's terror; but his answer to her question regarding his whereabouts reassured her, though his haggard eyes tore at her heart.

"I've been helping cut down that curséd tree. Betty must never see it again. We'll set out something in its place—I don't know what—I can't seem to think—but maybe I'll sleep better now it's gone."

"You *must* sleep, son," said the Colonel, almost sternly. "If you're to be any use to Betty you must not break down."

"I reckon," answered Jimmy Lee, wincing sensitively, "that I'll never be any use to her again."

It was then that the Colonel made his resolve, which Betty unconsciously helped by saying the thing that had been in her mind all day.

"Daddy Langdon, I've decided to go—home." She hesitated over the word, not wanting to hurt him; then went on quickly as if to get it over. "I don't believe I'll *ever* feel any stronger—that is, not till time has helped soften things a little. I've written to my brother. I'll go whenever he can come for me. Mother's house is open and they'll be back in another month; but—but somehow I don't feel that I can go alone."

"No," said the Colonel, "I shouldn't want you to go alone, Betty."

His voice was sad, and he stood looking out of the window as if he couldn't meet her eyes. "You'll come back—some day?" he questioned.

She caught her breath quickly. "How can I tell? It seems now as if I never could; but it's wicked of me to stay here any longer. I know how my presence must affect you all, though you're so dear to me. I can't be waited on

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forever, and I mustn't drive Jimmy Lee out of his own home."

"I think," said the Colonel, without turning, "that Jimmy Lee will never know what home is again—unless you forgive him."

There was a silence; then Betty said, "I'll try to—some day. Will—will you tell him that, for me?"

The Colonel turned and took a chair beside her, his eyes fixed searchingly on her face. "You must tell him yourself, Betty, before you leave us. I ask this for your own sake as well as his. He has wronged you cruelly, but he has been punished beyond his deserts. Some day you will believe this, and when that day comes I want you to have no regrets."

"I cannot see him," said Betty firmly.

"Would you see him, my child, if you knew that it would save his reason—perhaps his life?"

"What do you mean?" There was a breathless note of anxiety in her voice that the Colonel was glad to hear.

"For weeks," he answered, "the boy has slept only an hour or two out of the twenty-four. We have urged him to go away, but he will not leave because he hopes the day may come when you will ask for him. He does not expect this, Betty. He knows he does not deserve it; but without it he will die."

This was the Colonel's verdict, not the doctor's, but it was not without effect. Betty leaned forward tensely.

"What does he want—me—to do?"

"Only to tell him that you will try, when you are stronger, to understand. But, child, I don't ask you to do this for Jimmy Lee. I ask it for myself, for the sake of the love I feel for you and which I think you feel for me. He is my only son, Betty; and if your own little boy had lived and you'd seen him change from something blithe and beautiful into the haggard man that *my* boy is to-day——"

"Don't!" cried Betty. She caught back a sob, and took the old man's hand in hers. "I'll see him, Daddy Langdon, if—if it kills me. I'll do anything you ask. Send him now—now while I have the strength."

The Colonel arose; then bent to kiss her. He couldn't see for tears as he went down the wide stairway to the

porch, where Jimmy Lee was moving restlessly about.

"My boy——"

Something in his father's voice arrested Jimmy Lee. He turned and saw tears on the old man's cheeks.

"Has—has anything happened to *Betty*?"

He was clutching his father's arm as the Colonel said, "Steady, son. I don't rightly know what *has* happened, but—she'll see you, Jimmy Lee."

"See *me*!"

His voice was unbelieving. The moment for which he had hoped and prayed had come, yet he could not move.

As for Betty, her heart was beating to suffocation. If he would only come quickly—and then leave her—— This awful waiting——

Then she looked up to see Jimmy Lee standing in the doorway. He stood quite still, as if waiting for her permission to come nearer. But Betty did not speak. She looked at him, at first curiously, as if he were some one strange whom she had never seen; then, pityingly, because of the suffering in his eyes; and at last thankfully, for in her husband's face there was nothing of the beast she had expected. Something was gone from it, of course—youth, perhaps, and a sense of days well lived. Regret was there, suffering, sorrow, and, yes, thought Betty, fear was there, too—fear of *her*, his *wife*, the mother of his little son! The thought struck her as more unbearable than all she had endured before. She tried to rise, but could only stretch out her arms in pity.

"Jimmy Lee—— *Dearest*——"

He was across the room—on his knees before her, his face buried on her lap.

"They did not tell me you were sick," she whispered. It was, somehow, impossible to speak aloud; and when he did not answer she saw that he was sobbing—hard, man-sobs that had been suppressed for weeks—sobs that needed only the touch of Betty's hands to set them free. And at that her tears came too, and they clung together, comforting one another.

It was Jimmy Lee who first controlled himself. He said, a trifle shakily, "I didn't know I'd cut up like this, Betty; but the sight of you—so frail—so *different*——"

He turned away, gazing out of the

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window as if for strength; and Betty said, "I guess we both look different, Jimmy Lee. We *are* different."

"I know." He turned to her suddenly. "Nothing will ever be the same again. I realize that. I suppose you'll leave me, Betty. If you want your freedom I sha'n't lift a finger to prevent it. I haven't the right. I'm ashamed even to ask you to give me another chance; and yet—if there's an atom of your love for me left——"

"What is it you want to tell me?"

"Just this." He met her eyes. "I've come to believe as you do, Betty. All these nights I've lain awake my mind has been working—working—till I wonder I've any left to reason with. And I see now that whatever the provocation, we must respect the law if these outrages are to cease. I'd like to think——" He started nervously to rise, but she placed her hand in his and he sank back, clasping it hungrily. "I'd like to think that dear old Joe didn't die in vain. I'd like to think that his was the *last lynching*—that the horror of it will sink into those who hear his story, making such an unforgetable impression that they will join me in working to right an evil that has become the nation's shame."

"You mean——"

"Oh, I grant you it sounds idealistic—impossible," he answered passionately, "but I shall work for it. I'd have given my life for Joe. The least I can do for him now is to make his death count for something, isn't it? Father has friends in Washington—men of influence who'll give me a chance to tell the story—Joe's story—and—and mine. Won't it help, Betty, coming from a Southerner, a man who so far forgot his manhood as to do what I did? And I sha'n't spare myself. I shall hang on if it takes all my life, and all my money. It will be a fight. I can't ask you to share it. It may mean hardships, and even poverty. But if I know that somewhere you're standing by me, if only in spirit——"

In his agitation he had arisen, and was looking down at her, the light of a great vision in his dark eyes. And as she saw it new life swept through Betty.

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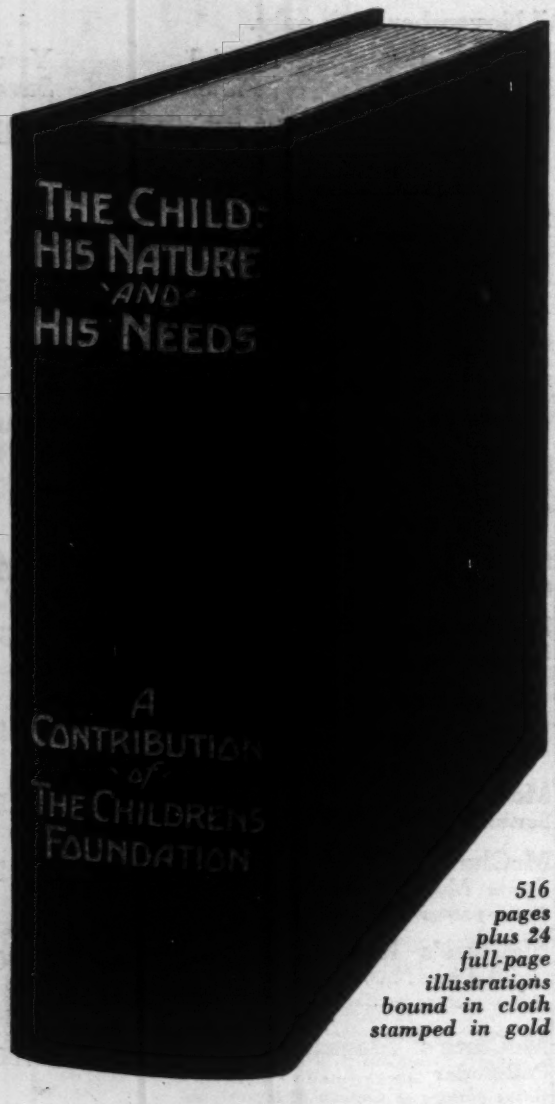

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